THE LITERARY DIGEST
(Title registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)
PUBLIC OPINION, *New York*, and CURRENT OPINION, *New York*, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST
(Titles registered in U. S. Patent Office)

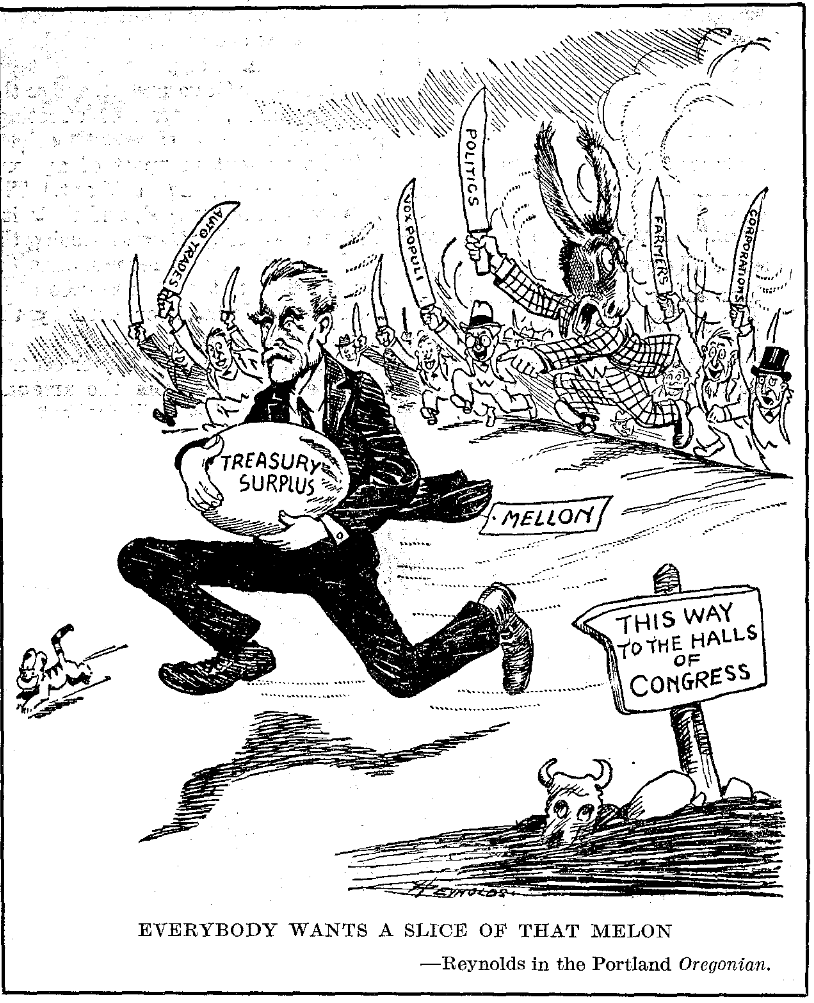
Vol. XCV, No. 8 New York, November 19, 1927 Whole Number 1961

TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

WHO WILL GET THE DOLLARS CUT FROM THE TAXES?

HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS OF DOLLARS are to be slashed from the country's tax bill by the next session of Congress, Republican and Democratic leaders assure us—$225,000,000, if Secretary Mellon's cautious counsels prevail, or more than $400,000,000 if the Democratic program is adopted. "Whose shoulders will be eased by this substantial lightening of the tax burden?", is a question naturally uppermost in the public mind. First of all, the corporations will be relieved, it seems, and taxpayers getting over $18,000 a year. Then the dispute over other taxes begins. The "little taxpayer" has apparently had his cake in previous years and must be good and not ask for any more now. Secretary Mellon, speaking for the Administration, and Senator Simmons of North Carolina, ranking Democratic member of the Senate Finance Committee, agree that the corporation income tax and the tax on personal incomes in the middle brackets—between $18,000 and $70,000—should be reduced, and that the Federal estate tax should come off. Secretary Mellon, however, would retain the tax on automobile sales, which Senator Simmons would repeal. Representative Garner, of Texas, Democratic leader in the House Ways and Means Committee, agrees with Secretary Mellon and Senator Simmons that the corporation tax must be cut; and he is at one with his Democratic colleague in wanting the automobile tax removed.

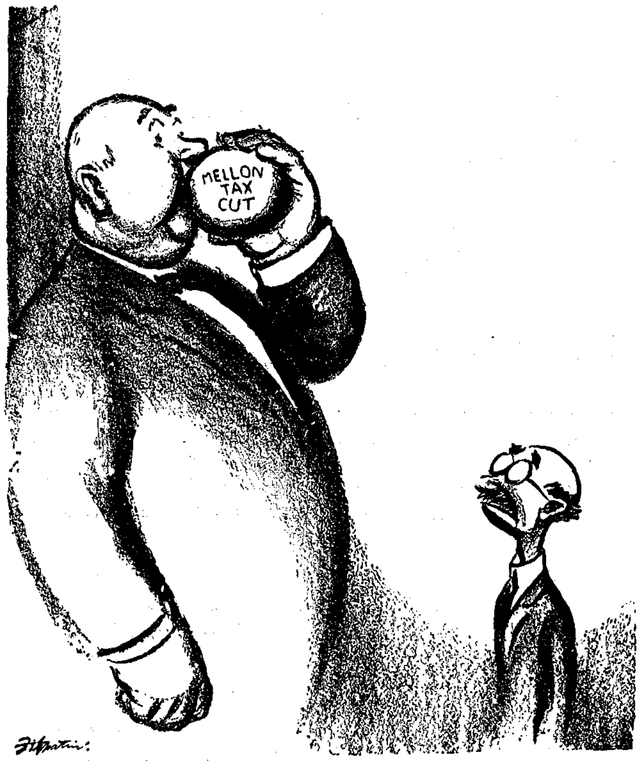


EVERYBODY WANTS A SLICE OF THAT MELON

—Reynolds in the Portland *Oregonian*.

While these facts were being brought out at the recent tax hearings before the Ways and Means Committee, it further developed that the Democrats were willing to cut 2 per cent. deeper into the corporation tax than Secretary Mellon; that spokesmen for the United States Chamber of Commerce and other powerful organizations representing American business are more nearly in accord with the Democratic than with the Republican tax-reduction program; and that the American Farm Bureau Federation, speaking on behalf of the farmer, is opposed to the reduction of any of the present Federal taxes except possibly that on automobiles, and urges instead the use of the Treasury surplus to reduce the public debt at the rate of at least $1,000,000,000 a year. The Committee also listened to a delegation from the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, who urged that an unmarried woman or man should have the same exemption on income-tax returns as a married man without children.

The man who pays a tax on a small income, it will be noticed, gets no direct relief from either the Mellon plan, which has President Coolidge's indorsement, or the Democratic reduction program. This failure to do anything for the little fellow, remarks the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Dem.), is understandable in the light of the reductions he received in the last two revisions. In this connection the Wichita *Beacon* (Rep.) reminds us that the married man with a net income of $3,000, who paid an income tax of $60 in 1918, paid only $10 in 1924 and nothing in 1926; and the man with a net income of $10,000, who paid $770 in 1918, paid $220 in 1924, and only $135 in 1926. Nor is the whole story of tax-reduction and the little fellow told, other papers point out, when we say that no direct relief is promised him. For a reduction in the corporation tax, Representative Garner and others maintain, would bring down the prices of corporation products, and thus lower the cost of living among the people generally. According to this view, while corporation taxes are paid by the corporations, they are ultimately charged up to the consumer.



"AIN'T GOIN' TO BE NO CORE"

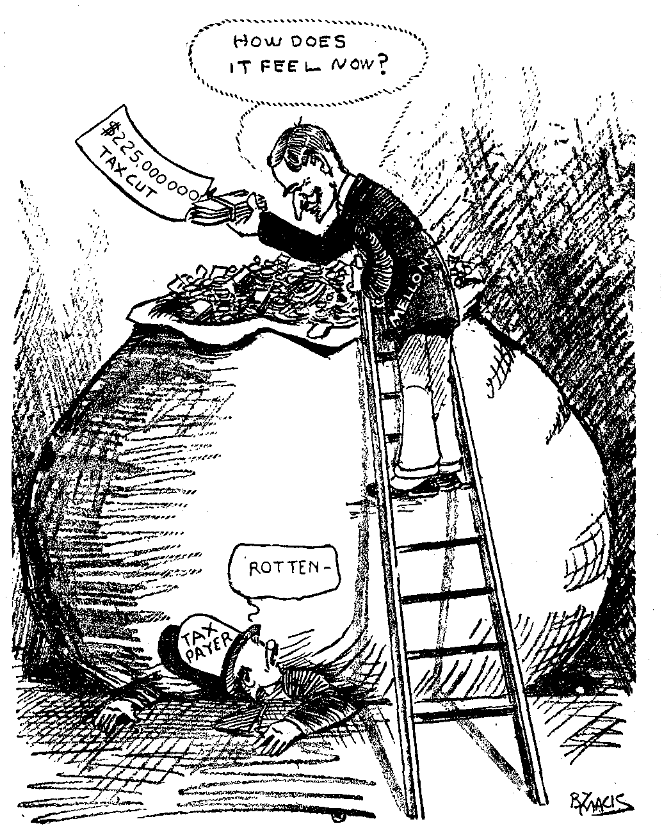
—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

Moreover, commentators remark, the proposals laid before the House Committee do not necessarily correspond to the provisions of the tax bill that will ultimately emerge from the legislative hopper. As the Asheville *Citizen* (Dem.) sees it, they offer only a starting-point for discussion. And in a Washington dispatch by David Lawrence for the Consolidated Press we read:

> "If ever there was anything certain about tax revision, it is that the new tax law will be written in the conference committee of both Houses of Congress, and not in the Treasury Department or the Ways and Means Committee of the House or the Finance Committee of the Senate or in the caucus of any political party or group.
>
> "When the final bill is written it may approximate some of the proposals being made by Secretary Mellon, but this will be a coincidence rather than the result of any deliberate planning. For it is evident that sentiment on just where the cut in taxes shall be made is just about as confused as the estimates of what the total tax-reduction could be with safety.
>
> "The clamor of interested groups has begun. The cry for the repeal of special taxes by the motor industry, the theaters, etc., indicates a spirited fight with political alinement broken up.
>
> "The politicians will have a difficult time deciding where the cuts should be made that can yield the maximum amount of gratitude in votes. For obviously the people of small income are not going to get enough of a change to make them aware of a tax-cut. The only opportunity to reach the masses is through indirect taxes as well as through the improved condition of corporations whose securities have been widely distributed. There are various estimates, of course, as to how many people have a financial interest in corporations nowadays, but it is considered no exaggeration to place the figure in the neighborhood of ten million persons.
>
> "As for the specific proposals, Congress will reserve the right to eliminate and substitute, and even add new forms of taxation, depending upon the sentiment of the members when they return here. The bill may go through the House with one set of rates, but that will be merely to expedite its journey to the Senate, and ultimately to the Conference Committee."

All that Congress has to do, remarks the New York *Evening Post* (Ind.), "is to take the tax-burdens off of everybody's shoulders by shifting it to the shoulders of somebody else." For, as the Boston *Globe* (Ind.) reminds us, that august legislative body will be preparing for a national election, and will keep its attention fixt on the problem of making the greatest number of voters feel kindly toward those who make the laws." This political aspect of tax-reduction, many papers note, does not seem to have been uppermost in Mr. Mellon's mind when he drafted his proposals. Says the Chicago *Evening Post* (Ind.): "We are disposed to think that Secretary Mellon's tax-cut program is fairly conclusive proof that he has no intention of being a candidate for the Presidential nomination, and strongly confirmatory of the belief that the President means 'I do not choose' to be interpreted as 'I will not.'" And in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* (Ind.) we read:

> "Secretary Mellon's suggestions for tax-reduction are based on economic, rather than on political reasons. He has outlined a series of changes that he is persuaded will make the law more equitable, and he has opposed other changes that would relieve from taxation groups of citizens who, he thinks, should be taxed.
>
> "The first reactions in Washington have been political. The automobile sales tax and the tax on admissions to entertainments affect large numbers of persons. There is no doubt that the people who go to the theater and to the movie-shows would be grateful if the 10-per-cent. tax on their tickets were repealed. Mr. Mellon, however, reminds them that the Government collected $242,065.71 from the admissions to the Dempsey-Tunney fight in Chicago, and he remarks that a tax of 60 cents for a box seat at a World Series baseball game, or 30 cents for a box seat at a popular theater is not excessive. Mr. Mellon has argued that such taxes should be preserved, so that the largest possible number of persons might be forced to contribute to the support of the Government, and so that the tax system might be broadly based, instead of affecting a limited group of the population.
>
> "The present prospect of agreement in Congress with this point in view is not brilliant. The Congressmen know that these taxes are disliked, and their inclination is to repeal them, if it can be done, without reducing the revenues too much.
>
> "Mr. Mellon also recommends the repeal of the inheritance tax, and insists that this source of revenue properly belongs to the States. It has been used by the Government in the past only in time of war, and has been repealed when the war was over. In spite of the fact that 80 per cent. of the tax paid in the State may be deducted from the amount to be paid to the Federal Government, which will make the Federal revenues from this source not more than $4,000,000 a year for the next five years,



GET A SHOVEL

—Mack in the New York *Morning Telegraph.*

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. What effect on divorce in England has the "secret trial"? (p. 30).
2. How high into the air can a man go? (p. 23).
3. Who wrote the most famous poem to autumn? (p. 34).
4. What is a tupan? Name one who does not know how much money or how many children he has. (p. 42).
5. Why is a bad horse best for a long ride? (p. 48).
6. What is the penalty for proof of tampering with a Federal jury? (p. 8).
7. What Far Eastern country is increasing its population at the rate of 1,000,000 a year? (p. 17).
8. What new English sport is said to be inducing gambling and Sabbath-breaking? (p. 31).
9. Do birds wear raincoats? (p. 24).
10. What famous pianist talks during his recitals? (p. 28).
11. Where is the Ukraine, and what part of the former Russian Empire does it include? (p. 41).
12. Why is training in science a blessing to the novelist? (p. 53).
13. What is the meteorological explanation of the New England flood? (p. 13).
14. What city has a new Mayor who won on a campaign of silence? (p. 11).
15. Have missionaries begun to return to China? (p. 32).
16. In what part of the twenty-four-hour day are births more frequent? (p. 24).
17. What lay behind the buffaloes' trick of sudden disappearance in the days when they still ranged the plains? (p. 44).
18. Are railroads legally responsible for grade-crossing accidents? (p. 14).
19. Who is the new leader of the Egyptian Nationalist party? (p. 20).
20. What makes earthworms come to the surface? (p. 22).
21. What is the longest non-stop railway run? (p. 25).
22. What ancient Greek made the first archeological text-book? (p. 26).
23. How did the Indians disguise themselves in order to approach the buffalo? (p. 47).
24. Who are the two most famous bull-fighters in Mexico? (p. 60).
25. What was the sequel to the recent sinking of the *Horatio Foss* 400 miles north of Bermuda? (p. 50).

there is a strong faction in Congress insisting on the preservation of this tax in the Federal law. The States, however, are demanding its repeal, and all the equities argue in favor of allowing the States to monopolize this source of revenue.

"There will be no serious objection to the plan for reducing the corporation tax by 1½ per cent., making it 12 per cent., and the proposal that corporations with an income of $25,000 or less be taxed as partnerships will be welcomed as an act of justice to the little business men. And the reduction in the income tax on the middle brackets will be approved by every one except the extreme radicals."

Reduction of the corporation tax, it is generally agreed, will be the outstanding feature of whatever tax legislation the coming session of Congress enacts. In 1917, the rate was only 4 per cent., and in 1918, when the income-tax rates as a whole were at their peak, it was 12 per cent. The present tax rate on corporation incomes is 13½ per cent. Mr. Mellon proposes to cut the rate to 12 per cent., while Democratic leaders like Senator Simmons and Representative Garner agree with the United States Chamber of Commerce and other organizations representing the business world that it should not be higher than 10 per cent. Even Mr. Mellon's cut would involve a revenue loss of $135,000,000, it is estimated; and each further cut of 1 per cent., according to the Indianapolis *News*, would diminish the Government's income by about $100,000,000. The Democratic Providence *News* believes that "the country favors a larger cut in the corporation tax than Mr. Mellon advocates"; and in the Republican Philadelphia *Bulletin* we read:

"Corporation taxes necessarily must come from one of two sets of pockets, either the pockets of their stockholders, through the depreciation of profits available for dividends, or the pockets of the patrons and consumers of corporation service and products. In either case their name is legion in the United States to-day.

"Secretary Mellon refers to the estimate of 3,000,000 stockholders in American corporations to-day. There are estimates that run the number up to 5,000,000. In any event it is continually growing, and the profits of the biggest of the corporations are widely distributed. Many of these stockholders are possessors of small incomes. A considerable number are exempt from all direct income tax. Others pay only the normal income tax. It is an anomalous condition that such part of their income as is derived through ownership of stock in a corporation is stript of 13½ per cent. before it is distributed to them.

"There is equal inequity in the discrimination which exists between the tax on business income resulting from partnership operations and that which is developed through an incorporated organization."

The tax on automobile sales seems to be widely unpopular, and there is evidence that a determined fight will be made in Congress for its abolition. Mr. Mellon, it will be remembered, defends it on the ground that the automobile is a semi-luxury article of such wide-spread use that it furnishes a broad base on which to apply a low tax, without appreciable hardship to the taxpayer. This defense rouses the Detroit *Free Press* (Ind.) to the following reply:

"Definition of the motor-car as a semi-luxury is so absurd that it has acted as a boomerang. Millions of farmers in America know that their automobiles are no more luxuries than the old horse and buggy used to be. They would be isolated from the world without their cars; they literally could not live and do business without them. Equally, some millions of workers are painfully conscious that they must own and operate motor-driven vehicles in order to earn their livings in shop or factory; unless they are content to live in congested, disease-infested slums where their wives will droop and their children die. And practically every business man is obliged to have a machine if he is to get to his store or office and take care of his affairs in an efficient, profitable way.

"All modern business, economic, political and social contacts would die overnight in the United States if the automobile should disappear, and we would no longer be a modern, progressive nation. If anything was needed to infuse Congress with a determination to repeal the national tax on automobiles, the position Mr. Mellon has assumed ought to provide the stimulus."

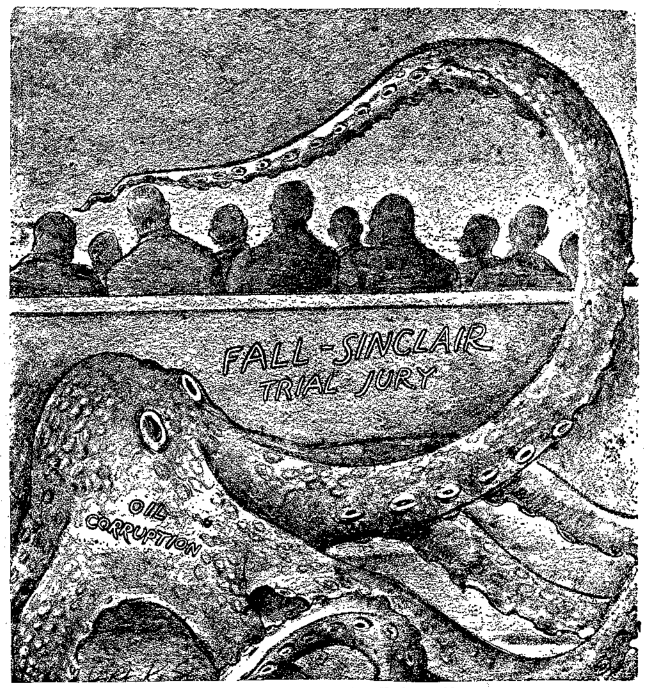
On the other hand, the Republican Springfield *Union* is imprest by the Secretary's argument that the excise tax on automobiles, like that on tobacco and admissions, is an available and profitable source of revenue which should be kept open. Says this Massachusetts daily:

"Compared with these taxes, the income tax, as he points out, is so restricted in its application 'that it is a class rather than a national tax.' By depending upon it almost solely for the national revenue, the country would in effect place its chief reliance in financial matters upon the welfare of a relatively small group in the country whose income is likely greatly to fluctuate and possibly be wiped out. Reliance upon such an uncertain source of revenue might, in pressing times, be almost disastrous.

"In urging the retention of these taxes, contrary to the general expectation, Secretary Mellon has considered future possibilities rather than present expediency. The 'nuisance taxes' have a bad name, but in so far as they partake of the nature of a sales tax they have obvious economic merits. Those that remain are not for the most part difficult to collect, and cause little inconvenience to the taxpayer. In urging their retention as 'an essential part of a well-rounded, well-balanced' tax system, Secretary Mellon makes the best possible case for them."

THE FALL-SINCLAIR MISTRIAL

ONE OF THE MOST DISGRACEFUL CASES of mistrial that has ever clouded the administration of justice in this country, a majority of American newspaper editors agree, is that of the Teapot Dome oil conspiracy case. On November 1, a bare fortnight after it had begun, the Fall-Sinclair trial was brought to an abrupt and sensational halt by the Government's charge that efforts were being made to hamstring a verdict of guilty, and involving one of the jury. With the suddenness of a curtain falling on an unfinished play, Justice Frederick L. Siddons, of the District of Columbia Supreme Court, after a conference with the special government prosecutors and defense counsel, terminated the proceedings because an Assistant District Attorney had discovered that detectives in the employ of a Sinclair official had placed jurors under "close, intimate, objectionable, and improper surveillance." This was done, says the Washington *Star*, "with the possibility of improper approach or pressure to induce them to vote for acquittal." A Federal grand jury is investigating the charge.



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ANOTHER TENTACLE
—Rose for the New York *Evening World.*

The first reaction of the Charleston *Gazette* to the news of the mistrial is disgust. "The next is amazement at the effrontery of a Sinclair official in hiring a corps of Burns detectives to put eleven of the jurors under improper surveillance. After that comes sympathy for Messrs. Pomerene and Roberts, government counsel, who see their weeks and months of work nullified." Certainly, observes the New York *Times*, "nothing for a long time has so stirred American indignation as the events leading to the Fall-Sinclair mistrial." In their affidavits, the government counsel charged, according to the Brooklyn *Eagle:*

"1. That in an apartment occupied by employees of the Burns Detective Agency, papers were seized which indicated an effort 'to find contacts and relationships with the jurors for some ulterior and improper purpose.'

"2. That the detectives operated under the direction of one Henry Mason Day who, in turn, was in direct contact with Harry F. Sinclair, one of the defendants.

"3. That Edward J. Kidwell, a member of the jury, had exprest admiration for Sinclair; that he saw no reason to convict him, and that he (Kidwell) expected to become the owner of a high-priced automobile immediately after the trial.

"4. That the above information regarding Kidwell was given by the juror himself to a street-car conductor, that the conductor gave it to a newspaperman, who passed it on to the United States District Attorney."

In the opinion of the Brooklyn newspaper:

"An examination of these documents indicates that a most brazen attempt was made to befoul a court of justice through the maintenance of this highly organized and expensive detective bureau for the sole purpose of establishing improper contact with members of the jury. No defense or explanation has been attempted, because no defense or explanation is possible. All that has been done in behalf of the defendants is the filing of a plea of ignorance by counsel and the publication of a statement by Mr. Fall lamenting that he has lost an opportunity to state his case.

"That bribes were given or promised has not yet been proved. But it is proved that a close business associate of the defendant Sinclair put the Burns detectives at work upon an enterprise which was palpably criminal. That Sinclair knew of what was being done to 'fix' the jury will be commonly believed, even if it can not be legally proved.

"Never before has the public seen such a flagrant example of the power of wealth to hamstring justice as in the oil scandal. It was not enough for the principals in this scandal to obstruct the Senate investigation in every possible way, to raise one legal technicality after another to avoid trial, to send important witnesses out of the country and close the mouths of others by having them refuse to testify on the ground that their evidence would be self-incriminating. When all subterfuges failed to prevent trial, the last and most reprehensible recourse was to jury-tampering.

"This last offense should prove to be the final straw. It is time for some one to go to jail. Twice the Supreme Court has spoken on the oil cases. In each instance it has said that the leases made by Fall, one with Doheny and one with Sinclair, were fraudulent and corrupt. It is a crime to deal fraudulently and corruptly with the Government. Yet no one has been punished for these crimes.

"It is not a crime under our absurd criminal procedure for lawyers to delay justice, but it is a grave crime to tamper with jurors."

"The dogging of jurymen and jurywomen in an attempt to 'get something' on them," agrees the Boston *Transcript*, "is so unutterably base a proceeding as to arouse the indignation of the whole people." It emphasizes this question, says the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch:* "Can malefactors of great wealth and influence be punished for crime?" To the Albany *Knickerbocker Press*, "the reckless disregard of constituted governmental authority and the contemptuous trifling with public opinion in this case is appalling." Nobody, believes the Boston *Herald*, "can read the four affidavits without concluding that Justice Siddons had no other course open to him than to stop the trial instantly." Incidentally, points out the New York *Evening Post*, "the charge against Fall and Sinclair—conspiracy—is difficult to prove, and carries a possible sentence of but two years. Tampering with a Federal jury is a crime not hedged about with technical precedent. Those guilty of it face a six-year term in jail."

The whole story of the oil leases, from beginning to end, has been full of startling episodes, recalls the Manchester *Union*, "but none more amazing than this latest development." According to the New York *World*, "the annals of American courts do not contain a more shocking instance of willingness to use vast wealth to hamstring justice." Continues this paper:

"The affidavits submitted by the Government in the Fall-Sinclair trial establish beyond a reasonable doubt that the Burns Detective Agency was employed on behalf of Harry F. Sinclair to shadow the jury. Mr. Sinclair's counsel, Messrs. Littleton and Hoover, have disclaimed all knowledge of what the detectives were doing for their client. We are prepared to believe them, and suggest that they might appropriately withdraw from the case. But we are not prepared to believe any disclaimer from Mr. Sinclair. The affidavit of Mr. Burkinshaw, an Assistant United States Attorney for the District of Columbia, states that the Burns detectives reported to H. Mason Day,

> Vice-president of the Sinclair Exploration Company, and that Mr. Day is registered at the hotel where Harry F. Sinclair is living. It is impossible to suppose that Mr. Sinclair did not know what his Vice-president was doing.
>
> "It is as certain as anything can be that the detectives were looking for ways of terrorizing or bribing at least one juror, in order to insure a disagreement. The mere employment of this detective agency to shadow the jury is an outrage upon the administration of justice.
>
> "Why did the Burns Agency wish to know about the mortgage on Mr. Kern's home? Mr. Kern was a juror in the trial of Harry F. Sinclair. There is no honest relationship between the mortgage and Mr. Kern's duty as a juror. The purpose of investigating the Kern mortgage was to find out whether it could be called so as to embarrass Mr. Kern and thus to terrorize him into standing out against a verdict of guilty, or to bribe Mr. Kern with money to pay off his mortgage.
>
> "It is high time that the Burns Agency and other organizations of its kind were thoroughly investigated and brought under some kind of public control. American citizens have a right to be protected against moral violence of this kind. They have a special right to be protected when, as in the case of Mr. Kern, they are called by the Government to serve the nation."

"Once permit the people of the United States to believe that this sort of thing is taken lightly, and no one will have any regard for the law or the courts," maintains the New York *Evening World*. The fact that a Sinclair official "employed improper methods in keeping an eye on the jury, to the public mind, implies an admission of guilt on the part of the defendants," thinks the Oshkosh *Northwestern*. As the Nashville *Tennessean* puts it: "Innocent men do not have jurors shadowed, spied upon, and followed to their homes." Furthermore, asserts the New York *Telegram* and other Scripps-Howard newspapers:

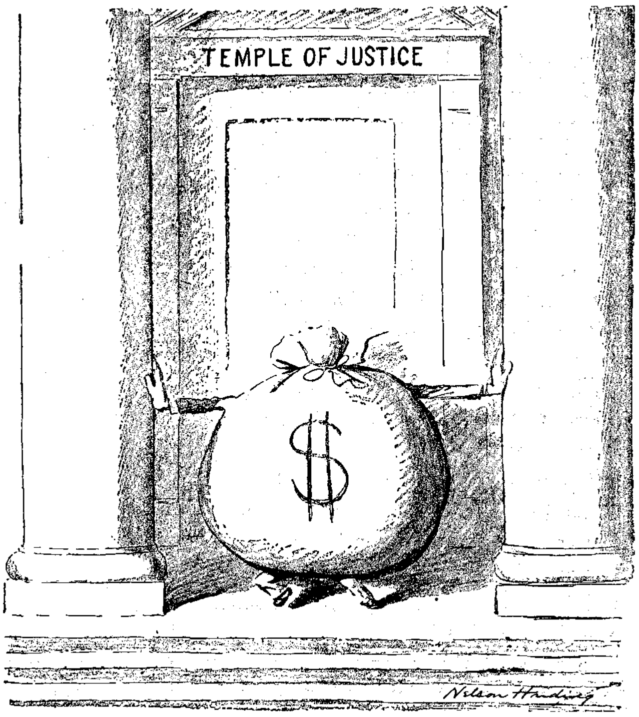
> "The public wants to know whether it is possible for a multi-millionaire to drag the American judiciary through the slime of corruption; whether our judicial system can stand up in the face of great wealth.
>
> "Of the truth of this new charge, none can say until a hearing has been had. There is no desire on the part of the New York *Telegram* to prejudge Harry F. Sinclair or Albert B. Fall, so far as this new accusation goes. They are innocent until they are proved guilty.
>
> "But the people of the United States are going to know the truth in this matter, or know the reason why. If a multi-millionaire crook—and the term is used coolly and dispassionately—can be permitted to use his wealth to tempt humble citizens who have been selected to act as jurors, our system of justice is a complete failure."

At this point, however, William J. Burns, head of the detective agency which is charged in the Government's affidavits with "improper surveillance" of jurors, denies that his agents have done anything improper; Mr. Fall issues a statement, in which he says: "Neither directly nor indirectly did I, or any one on my behalf, have any communication of any kind with any member of the jury. Neither directly nor indirectly did any one on my behalf have the jury under surveillance." Henry Mason Day, Sinclair official, to whom the Burns operatives are said to have reported, says in a Washington statement: "I have committed no offense, done nothing unlawful, nor have I been a party to any unethical practises." Finally, Edward J. Kidwell, the "talking juror" who, according to a Washington *Herald* reporter, said the jury would be "hung" and that he, Kidwell, expected to get an expensive automobile after the trial, has denied in detail the affidavit which this reporter, Donald King, and J. Ray Akers, a Washington street-car conductor, gave to the Government. Says the former juror's affidavit, in part:

> "Petitioner finally says that he served faithfully as a juror in this case, obeying all of the injunctions placed upon him by the Court, that he had been gravely and grievously injured in his reputation and standing in the community, which reputation has always been above reproach; that J. Ray Akers and Donald King, in approaching this petitioner and in endeavoring to converse with him, and then in swearing that they had conversed with him when as a matter of fact they had not, have been guilty of contempt of this court."

Moreover, there is this much to be said for the Fall-Sinclair side, notes the Fargo *Forum:*

> "The defendants, already smarting under the whip of public scorn and criticism, have been put in a very bad light. The public and press, particularly the press opposed to the Administration, must be careful about making charges at this time. Mr. Fall and Mr. Sinclair are entitled to fair consideration in this manner. Before they are criticized or condemned for this act, the public must be sure of the facts. Jury approaching, if jury approaching there was, may not have been their doing at all, and they must be given the benefit of the doubt until that point is cleared up."



SAMSON?

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

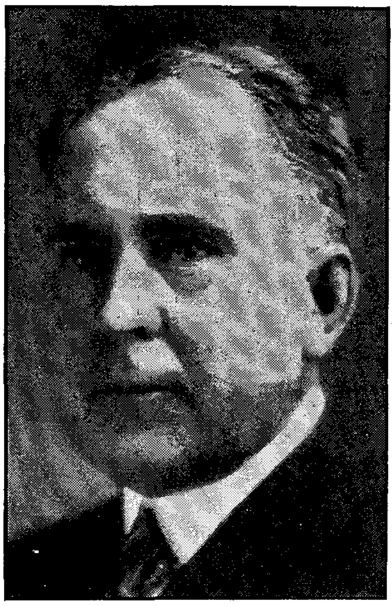
The Macon *Telegraph* and New York *Journal of Commerce* agree, as a result of the "Fall-Sinclair fiasco at Washington," that our jury system needs a careful overhauling. Chief Justice Taft is also quoted as saying that something is radically wrong with our methods of selecting and dealing with juries. The Springfield *Union*, on the other hand, declares that "our jury system is not indicted or on trial" as a result of the Fall-Sinclair mistrial. The great trouble with our judiciary system to-day, believes the Atlanta *Constitution*, is that it permits "any one able to engage a battery of high-priced lawyers to avail himself of technical loopholes in the law."

There has also, it seems, been criticism of Justice Siddons for failing to lock up the Fall-Sinclair jury. The New York *Times*, however, takes the position that if any juror is inclined to "make a pecuniary use of his presence on the jury, seclusion would have had no effect." Nevertheless, half a dozen widely read newspapers take the opposite view. These include the New York *Evening World*, St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, Newark *News*, Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, Houston *Chronicle*, and Minneapolis *Tribune*. Says the Cleveland daily:

> "In view of charges now made public, one may well question the wisdom of giving the jurors the freedom they have enjoyed since the beginning of the trial. Even tho it might have entailed inconvenience to individual members, the jury probably should have been kept together under official surveillance.
>
> "When this case is retried—as it should be retried at the earliest possible moment—we believe the new jury should be locked up between sessions. This is for the jurors' own protection, as well as for the purpose of insuring a verdict in accordance with the evidence."

KENTUCKY'S HORSE-RACE ELECTION

THE KENTUCKY ELECTION has come and gone, and dispatches from the State press say that the powerful race-track ring that is reported to have the State in leading-strings has apparently scored a victory over the reformers who would do away with legalized gambling. From the indications afforded by the vote as to the defeat of the Democratic candidate, J. C. W. Beckham, one-time "boy Governor" of the Blue Grass State, and the election to the Governorship of his Republican rival, Judge Flem D. Sampson, the victory was a bipartizan one, voters of both political faiths combining to repudiate the man who has been outspoken in his condemnation of the pari-mutuel law which legalizes betting on horse-races in the State. Judge Sampson, now Governor-elect, carefully refrained during his campaign from any reference to the betting issue, in the belief, seemingly justified by the outcome of the vote, that side-stepping the question would prove to his advantage in a State as devoted as Kentucky to "the sport of kings." The Democrats, it seems, have carried both the State Senate and the Assembly by considerable majorities, running behind only in the case of the head of the ticket, whose election threatened to make things uncomfortable for the strongly entrenched group in control of the gambling monopoly. Charges of fraud and corruption are being freely made by Democratic leaders, and it is possible that the courts may yet be called in to decide the election.



Keystone View photograph

THIS KENTUCKY THOROBRED

Judge Flem D. Sampson, has won his race for the Governorship stakes by ignoring the betting issue.

Some idea of the strong feeling lying behind this gubernatorial contest may be gathered from a telegram to THE LITERARY DIGEST from a Kentucky editor, which states that the triumph is not so much that of Judge Sampson as of the race-track machine "over the man who dared to challenge its enjoyment of a gambling franchise which earns millions of dollars annually." Continues the Democratic Paducah *News-Democrat:*

> "There are more Democrats than Republicans in Kentucky, and had the balloting been along strict party lines, Hon. J. C. W. Beckham would have been elected Governor by an overwhelming majority.
>
> "Mr. Beckham failed because the political power of the racing interests, working through henchmen, throughout the State and through the lavish expenditure of campaign funds, was more potent than party shibboleths or the moral sense of thousands of voters who were expected to rise in indignation and smite the gambling clique that for years has made the seeker after State office, from Governor down to janitor, bow to its commands or bow himself out."

The editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* (Dem.) telegraphs that his paper "is more than content to have had no part" in bringing about the election of Judge Sampson. "It makes no modification of any position it took against him in the campaign, no qualification of anything it said. It supported Beckham because of his previous fine record, his sterling personal as well as official character, and because of the purpose on which he frankly and fearlessly based his campaign." The Louisville *Times* points out editorially that Sampson's victory must not be set down merely as a triumph for "the sport of racing in a sport-loving State," but rather as "the spectacular political achievement of a gambling ring made up of practical business men of both political parties and devoted solely to its own business enterprise." It describes the operations of the pari-mutuel syndicate as "dwarfing not only such undertakings as the Louisiana lottery, but also, if given a little more time and leeway, even Monte Carlo itself." The Park City (Ky.) *Daily News* (Dem.) wires that altho Sampson is apparently the victor, "this newspaper is of the opinion that gross irregularities were committed at the polls and that hundreds of thousands of dollars were used illegally to elect him. Charges of Republican frauds convince this newspaper that a court contest is likely." Another Democratic newspaper, the Bowling Green *Times-Journal,* telegraphs that it does not regard Sampson's election as a Republican victory, Beckham's defeat being due to the fact that "the fight was not made along strict party lines"; to "factional differences within the Democratic party, and to the loss of the votes of many thousands of Democrats who did not agree with Beckham in his position on the pari-mutuel question."

On the other hand, the Democratic Lexington *Herald,* which opposed Beckham, characterizes his defeat as "the crystallized repugnance of the State against the campaign waged by Bingham's newspapers (the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and *Times,* both Democratic) and the fiction of Beckham's popularity." And *The Herald* goes on to say bitterly:

> "It was a campaign begotten by greed, inspired by malice, and waged with venom. Beckham yielded to the synthetic campaign concocted by his supporters, and emerged from the retirement to which he had been sent by the voters in 1920 to stand upon a platform of false pretense and blatant hypocrisy.
>
> "By a decisive majority the intelligent voters of the State repudiated and put the seal of condemnation upon him."

To the Ashland *Independent* the result of the Kentucky election seems to be due to purely local questions. Its editor telegraphs that "the horse-breeding industry and, incidentally, the institution of horse-racing, felt it was in danger of being badly crippled by Beckham's stand on the use of pari-mutuel machines, and came out boldly for the Republican candidate," and adds: "Kentuckians are a brave and noble people. They revere the memory of those who fought to make the State what it is, and they challenge the right of any party to change conditions which they think ought not to be changed."

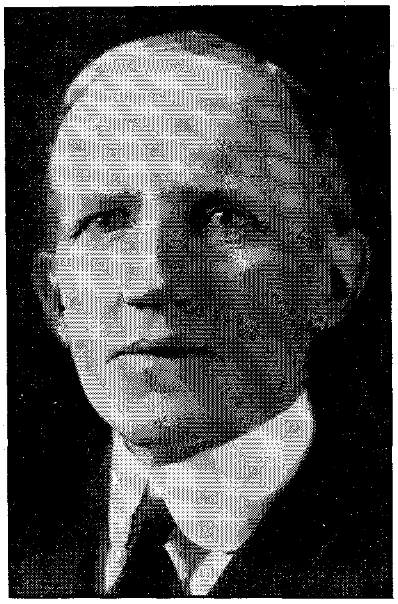
In a Consolidated Press dispatch from Louisville regarding the Kentucky contest, Owen L. Scott tells us that:

> "Everybody, Democrat and Republican alike, is a friend to the Kentucky thoroughbred. They are all proud of the State's horseflesh royalty. And nobody kicks about the continuation of the sport of kings. But the Democrats are out to break what they term the iron grip that the rich Kentucky Jockey Club has taken on State politics. Before they strike at pari-mutuel betting—organized track betting—they hope to break down this political strength. Both sides want the world to know that there is no reform issue involved. Kentucky has 'open' Sundays. It killed in jig-time an anti-evolution bill, and is reputed to be liberal in other lines. The trouble is due to the political control claimed to be exercised by the Jockey Club through the use of its wealth.
>
> "The Club supposedly earns between $1,500,000 and $2,000,000 a year through pari-mutuel betting and operation of race-tracks. The claim is that it has spent about $500,000 in the primary election this year backing favorable candidates.
>
> "Robert H. Lucas, Collector of Internal Revenue for this district, and a Republican candidate for Governor in the primary, made this statement: 'It is not the horse-breeding industry that has caused all the trouble in the politics of Kentucky, but rather those who are getting a big rake-off from the take-out on pari-mutuel gambling machines and a few high-hat millionaires from New York, Chicago, and Florida who have come to Kentucky to set up the greatest gambling institution in all the world.'"

DETROIT'S WET-DRY BATTLE

A COME-ON NOTICE TO BOOTLEGGERS is not the best kind of campaign oratory for a mayoralty candidate, even in a very wet community, according to the post-mortem conclusions of the Detroit papers on the defeat of John W. Smith for reelection as Mayor of that city on a "vote-as-you-drink" platform. Mr. Smith's opponent, John C. Lodge, former President of the City Council, was elected by over 12,000 majority, after a struggle that was watched with interest by the whole country. The contest was unique, as the Detroit *Free Press* points out, in that one of the candidates, Mr. Lodge, remained absolutely "silent and passive, literally in the hands of his friends, while the other conducted an intensive, and, in spots, hectic campaign." The unique silence of the man who won, however, seems less significant to this home paper than some other aspects—thus:

> "Looking at the matter in a detached, cold-blooded way, it seems to *The Free Press* that Mayor Smith's most material handicaps were some of his own words and acts. The wet statement which he made shortly after the primary election was frank and aggressive, but it was widely interpreted as a declaration against enforcement of the dry law in Detroit, and as a notice to bootleggers that they would not be interfered with by the police if the present Administration should continue. So it injected an issue that did not properly belong in the campaign, and the efforts of the Mayor to give his words a softer meaning failed to convince. Unquestionably many people who are by no means dry, but who dread the practical perils of a wide-open town, voted against Mr. Smith, because they were afraid to vote for him."



P. & A. photograph

HIS SILENCE WAS GOLDEN

John C. Lodge, Mayor-elect of Detroit, who won without turning his hand or opening his mouth in his own behalf.

While both men were Republicans, as a Detroit correspondent of the New York *World* points out, it was a case of an avowed wet pitted against an opponent who was "just a bit damp," and who refused to announce his policy by word or gesture. Scared by the silent man's 30,000 plurality at the primaries, the *World* writer continues, Mayor Smith had "staked all on what he considered his trump card," and had "declared that the Eighteenth Amendment could not be enforced, and that, as Mayor of Detroit, he would not attempt to enforce it. From him the bootleggers would have nothing to fear."

The result was that while Mr. Lodge said not a word, the drys rallied to him, and the campaign developed into a hot and often bitter conflict between the wet and dry elements of Detroit. The city's 15,000 "blind pigs"—the figures are those of Mayor Smith's Corporation Counsel—became the storm center of the campaign. Welfare organizations plunged into the fray, telling of the injury that was being done by these resorts to the city's boys and girls. Realty men came out with figures to show how they destroyed neighboring property values. The Detroit *News*, a Scripps-Howard paper, attacked the Mayor's wet policy, and was in turn bitterly attacked by him. The fact that one candidate was a Catholic and the other a Protestant also figured in the struggle. The city was divided into two warring camps, which were thus described by a Detroit correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* during the thick of the campaign:

> "All the agencies of reform—the Anti-Saloon League, the Detroit Citizens League, the Ku Klux Klan, and the Protestant churches—have well made up for the silence of Lodge, their candidate. They are holding the meetings, making the speeches, flooding the mails with pleas for the restoration of righteousness in Detroit.
>
> "For Mayor Smith have been rallied together the drinkers of Detroit, who vote as they drink. The Mayor says there are few citizens, indeed, who do not drink, but he confesses that many of them vote dry. The Mayor's spellbinders have gone into the wet belts summoning bartenders and bootleggers to the cause."

For Mayor Smith, therefore, the issue was Prohibition, we are told, and he was defeated upon it. For Mayor-elect Lodge's most active champions, also, the issue was Prohibition, and it won, tho the New York *Herald Tribune* is at pains to point out that "the issue in this case was complicated with personalities." For Mr. Lodge himself, however, the real issue, as he saw it behind his veil of silence, was merely one of executive efficiency. The only thing he had said from the beginning was that, if the citizens of Detroit thought he would make a better Mayor than Mr. Smith, and drafted him, he would serve to the best of his ability. Then, after the election was over, he broke his long silence with this remarkable statement, indicating his determination not to be dictated to by either side:

> "I took no part in this hectic campaign, made no speeches, had no platform, made no promises or pledges. I shall take the office of Mayor in January absolutely free from obligations, having made no pledges or promises to any individuals or any society. The Administration will be my Administration solely, and I will be solely responsible for it to the people.
>
> "There were two things injected into this campaign and called issues that I never recognized as issues. This wet-and-dry matter was never an issue. We can have orderly law enforcement without asking either the aid or advice of the professional drys, with the emphasis on 'professional.' There will be positively no snooping.' The other terrible thing that was dragged in as an 'issue' was the religious question. I hate intolerance, and there are thousands of Detroiters who know that I do."

The personal qualities of Mr. Lodge and his eighteen years of efficient public service are generally conceded to have played as large a part in the result as the mistakes of his opponent. The fact that he is a granduncle of Colonel Lindbergh, who paid him a friendly visit during the campaign, also is cited as in his favor. Other writers note that Mr. Lodge, now sixty-eight years of age, comes of an old and highly respected family, and that his long service in the City Council, and at times as acting Mayor, had much to do with his election. His friend, William H. Maybury, a member of the Detroit Board of Health and a former commissioner of public works, after stating that he had no quarrel with Mayor Smith, paid this tribute to Mr. Lodge:

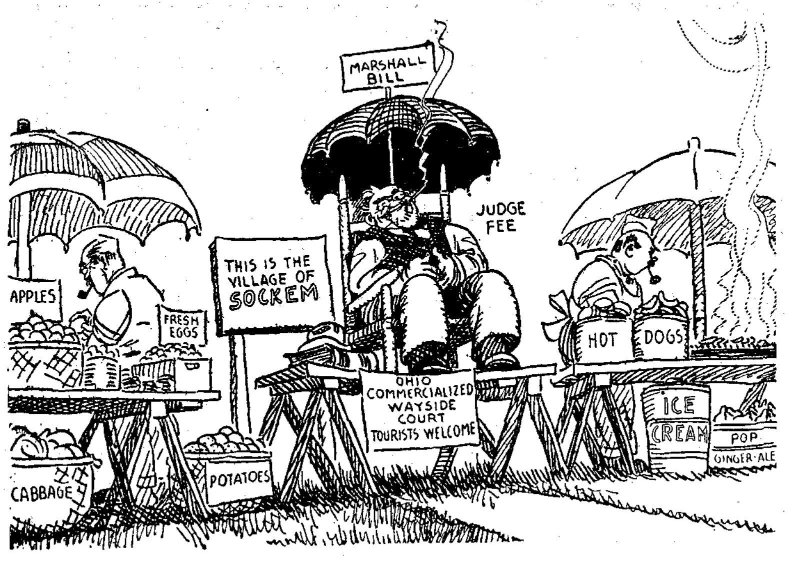
> "John C. Lodge is honest in all things. He is law-abiding. He is faithful to any trust reposed in him. He is tolerant, regardless of race, creed, political or fraternal affiliations; always considerate to rich and poor alike; loyal to country, State, and city; a true friend, a polished gentleman, and one who would make a dignified, able and ideal chief executive."

"One of Detroit's outstanding public-spirited citizens," says former Governor Groesbeck of Mr. Lodge, adding:

> "He has refused to ally himself with interests seeking special favors and privileges from the city, or make promises that would tie his hands or embarrass him in the proper performance of his duties as an official. In fact, his position relative to all matters of public concern is commendable.
>
> "He has uniformly frowned upon petty attempts to inject either race or religious prejudices into the mayoralty campaign, believing that a resort to such tactics is un-American. That he will make an exceptionally good Mayor, no one can doubt."

OHIO KILLS THE "KANGAROO COURTS"

NO QUESTION IN YEARS, Ohio newspaper editors agree, has stirred the people of that State so deeply as the referendum on the so-called Marshall bill, sponsored by the Anti-Saloon League, adopted by the last legislature, and swamped by the voters on election day. The defeat of the measure by a two-to-one vote is construed by the majority of Ohio editors, as well as the more liberal outside dailies, as a repudiation of the League's legislative methods. The purpose of the Marshall bill, we are told, was to reestablish the village and township courts of the State, presided over, respectively, by Mayors and justices of the peace, for the trial of misdemeanors, principally liquor-law violations and motor-car-law infractions.



AN OHIO VIEW OF THE SYSTEM THE VOTERS REJECTED

—Westerman in the Columbus *Ohio State Journal*.

According to a New York *Herald Tribune* staff correspondent, writing from the Ohio capital:

> "The Supreme Court of the United States had outlawed these courts on the ground that they received fees as compensation only in the event of conviction of defendants, and on the ground that the officers were tempted to fill the coffers of their villages and townships with fines. The magistrates had final jurisdiction, and their authority was county-wide. They were called 'kangaroo courts.'
>
> "The Anti-Saloon League dominated the Ohio legislature and brought forth what is called a corrective of the outlawed system. This was denounced by motor clubs and by the Constitutional Law Enforcement League, on the ground that it continued 'commercialized justice' in the petty courts by placing a premium on arrests and imposition of outrageous fines, and because it set back to work a horde of petty officers to lay speed-traps and to raid homes for suspected liquor."

The Anti-Saloon League, say Ohio dispatches and editorials, made the fight for the Marshall bill a wet-and-dry issue, maintaining that the bill was necessary to the enforcement of the Prohibition Law. In the opinion, therefore, of the Alliance (Ohio), *Review:*

> "The defeat of the Marshall bill in the Ohio referendum will result in a serious situation in the rural districts. It means that henceforth, justices of the peace, constables, and Mayors in the small towns will be shorn of their authority to enforce the dry laws of the State. With municipal courts in our cities already swamped with cases, and officers of the law prest to the limit, it will be physically impossible either to police the rural districts or to take charge of the additional cases that may come before the courts in our cities. The ultimate result will be an increase in the bootlegging business and a multiplication of the illicit stills in operation throughout the rural districts."

The American Issue, of Westerville, Ohio, official organ of the Anti-Saloon League, ascribes the defeat of the Marshall measure to the fact that this was an "off year" in politics:

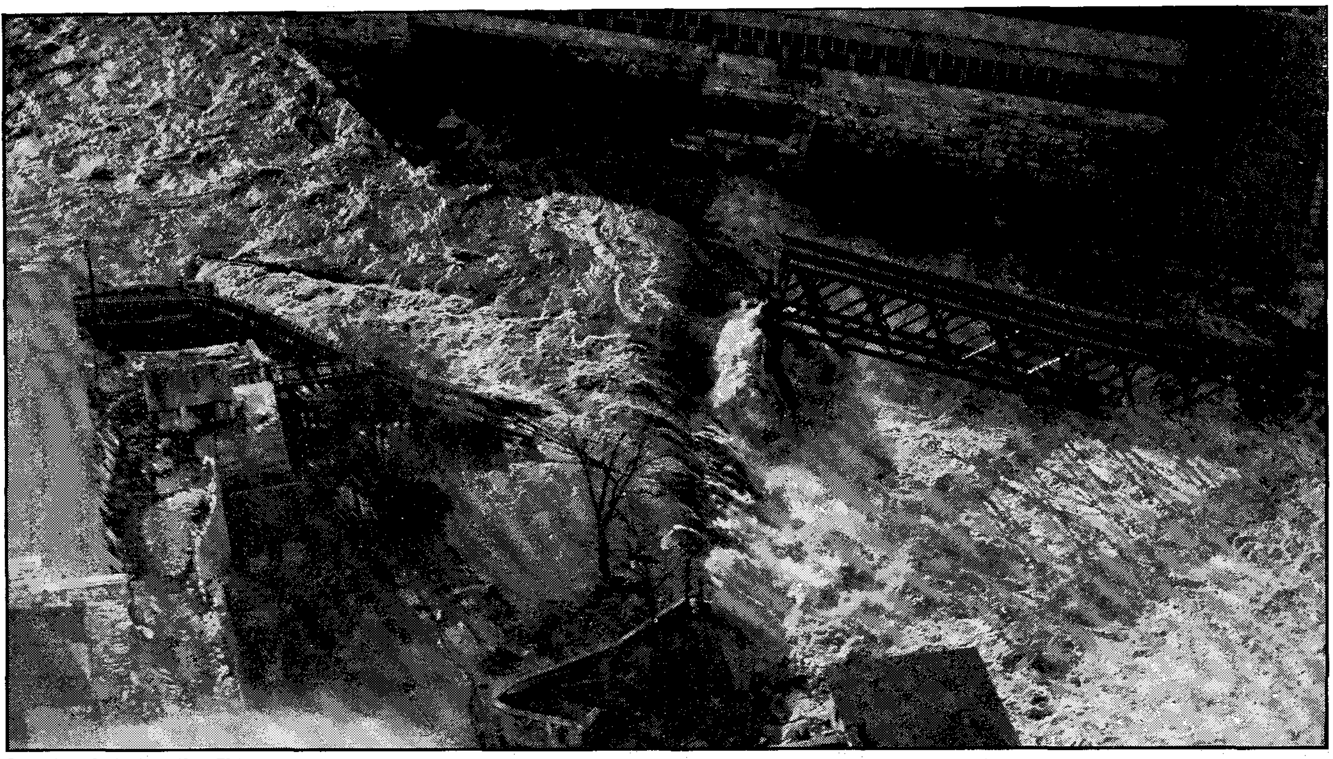
> "The voting all over the State, especially in the rural districts where the natural friends of the Marshall bill live, was extremely light. Less than one-half of the electorate troubled itself to go to the polls. But the defeat of the measure must not be interpreted as a repudiation of the Prohibition policy and its enforcement. Newspapers agree that it was not a wet-and-dry issue."

Turning to hostile Ohio comment, we find the Toledo *Blade* declaring that "the Marshall bill was almost as bad as the old law which the Supreme Court invalidated last spring." This is the first substantial defeat the Anti-Saloon League has suffered in Ohio, we are informed. Furthermore, says the Dayton *News*, "it is the best day's work the Ohio electorate has done in a generation." "They have administered a stinging blow to the League," declares the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, and the Columbus *Citizen* agrees that "the myth that the dry organization is invulnerable has at last been exploded." Incidentally, adds this paper, "the real value of the referendum was never better illustrated. A legislature controlled by a bloc is reversed by the people." It is "the clearest reminder in years that there are such things as a Constitution and a Bill of Rights, and that both will be upheld," points out the Akron *Beacon Journal*. As the Toledo *News-Bee* explains:

> "The Anti-Saloon League insisted throughout the campaign that the Marshall bill was a wet-and-dry measure, and its adoption was necessary to keep Ohio in the dry column of States. On this issue the League staked its prestige and its influence with the lawmakers. The League has lost its fight, but that does not mean that Ohio has 'gone wet.' On the contrary, Ohio is still dry, and can safely be counted upon to resist any attempt to modify the laws relating to the liquor traffic."

As the Youngstown *Vindicator* sees it, the Marshall measure was pushed forward during the campaign in plain and open defiance of the United States Supreme Court, which already had held that Ohio could not violate the Constitution by giving justices of the peace a financial interest in the cases they tried. Tired of being arrested and fined—and of realizing that the arresting officer and justice of the peace kept part of the fine as a fee for their services—the motorists throughout Ohio are credited by the Sandusky *Register* with at least 50 per cent. of the vote cast against the Marshall bill. According to the Canton *Repository*, Ohio has 1,350,000 passenger-car owners, "many of whom have been arrested and fined by these roadside courts." Having arrived at the end of their patience, the people simply set out to protect themselves, notes the Lima *News*. "The voters have said to the League that it must keep its hands off the courts," remarks the Cleveland *Press*. The crushing defeat of the measure convinces the Columbus *Ohio State Journal* that Ohio has "escaped the reestablishment of commercialized courts and dealt the Anti-Saloon League a staggering rebuke." Outsiders will interpret the referendum result as a wet victory, observes the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, "but Ohio is still dry despite the tactical blunder of the League." In the opinion of the Cincinnati *Times-Star:*

> "No measure ever submitted to the people of Ohio deserved defeat more clearly than the Marshall bill. No organization was ever more severely rebuked. There was a time when the Anti-Saloon League was regarded as a great reform organization. Now the organization is generally—and rightly—regarded as tricky and unscrupulous.
>
> "Of course, some idealists are still connected with the League. But the organization has made it clear to all unprejudiced people that it is deep in the mire of ultra-practical politics, and that it no longer deserves the confidence of any considerable section of the people."



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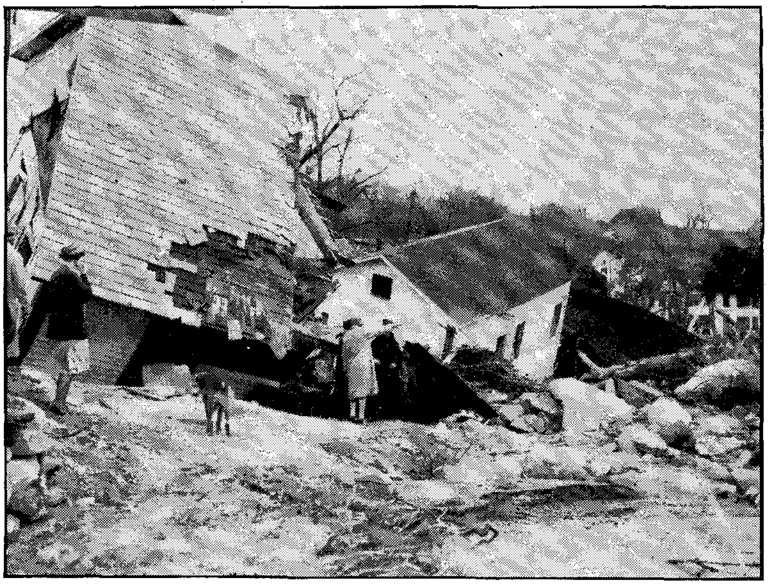
RAILROAD TRESTLE AT RUTLAND, VERMONT, WRECKED BY THE SWOLLEN WATERS OF OTTER CREEK

P. & A. photograph

HIGH TIDE AT WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VERMONT

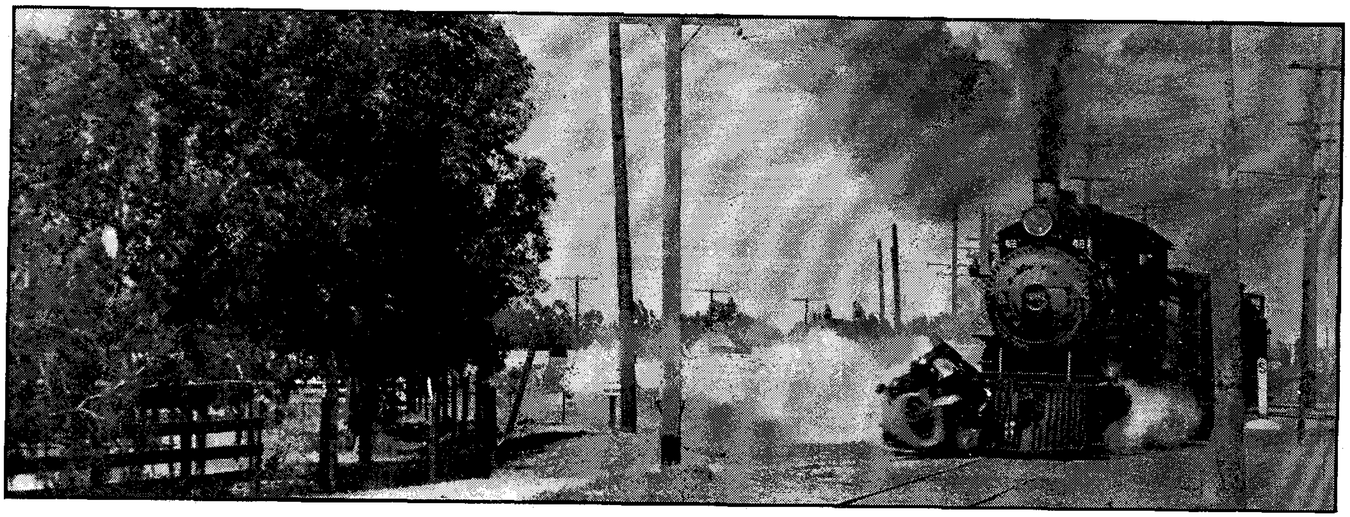


International Newsreel photograph

HOUSES AT BECKET, MASS., SWEPT 100 YARDS DOWN STREET

THE DISASTROUS FLOOD IN NEW ENGLAND

AFTER A BRIEF PERIOD of almost tropical warmth, Western New England, as told in the news dispatches, was visited on November 3 by a deluge of torrential rain caused apparently by the advance of a storm-bank of cold air from the West that met a warmer Eastern storm over Vermont, New Hampshire, and Western Massachusetts. The many hill streams, already higher than usual from autumn rains, began to rise rapidly. By the next morning New England found itself without warning in the grip of a flood that soon assumed unparalleled proportions. There was no withstanding the walls of raging foam that swept down the valleys. Bridges collapsed before the onrushing waters, swollen at various points by bursting dams. Houses were swept away bodily or left standing two-thirds deep in water. Their occupants succeeded in most cases in escaping to places of safety, but the toll of lives was heavy. Latest reports place the dead at 132 and the homeless at 7,500 or more. The loss of life was nearly all in Vermont, 12 deaths occurring in Massachusetts, 4 in New Hampshire, and 2 in Maine. Cattle and sheep at pasture or in barns, together with other domestic animals, are reported drowned by thousands. Electric light and power, we learn, failed in many towns and villages. Industry came to a standstill, not a wheel turning over a wide area. Schools were closed. Railroad traffic was disrupted and in many cases stopt altogether. Autos were everywhere abandoned along the highways as the waters overtook them. Landslides swept away roads and railroad tracks. Telephone and telegraph service was crippled, many towns being isolated entirely. The money loss to property and industry runs to many millions, that in Rutland, Vermont, being estimated at $5,000,000, with a possible $2,000,000 for Montpelier, capital of the State. Towns in the Winooski Valley have been virtually wiped out. Connecticut later suffered greatly as the flood waters swept down to the sea. Snow and bitter cold added their terrors to the situation and impeded the work of relief, which is being conducted with thoroughness and efficiency. The Red Cross and the Salvation Army have labored splendidly, and State troopers have kept down lawlessness. Many tales of heroism shine out against the dark background of tragedy, such as that of Esther McCormick, who, like another Paul Revere, drove about the town of Becket in the darkness to warn those without telephones of the impending bursting of the dam above them, while her father notified the rest over the wire.



THE MOST DANGEROUS SPORT IN AMERICA—RACING A TRAIN TO THE CROSSING

"STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!" MEANS IT NOW

THE "STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!" SIGNS at railroad grade crossings take on new significance through a recent ruling of the United States Supreme Court. The public, we are reminded by the New York *Times*, "has been accustomed to throw the blame for all grade-crossing accidents on the railroads." But the Supreme Court, in a decision handed down by Associate Justice Holmes, holds that motorists, not railroad companies, are responsible for their own safety when crossing railroad tracks. The case, which was carried to our highest tribunal, was that of an Ohio automobile truck driver who approached a railroad crossing at five miles an hour, and was killed by a train going at the rate of sixty. His widow testified and the lower courts held that this driver had taken all the precautions required of him; the Supreme Court holds otherwise. Said Mr. Justice Holmes, in his ruling:

> "When a man goes upon a railroad track, he knows that he goes to a place where he will be killed if a train comes upon him before he is clear of the track. He knows that he must stop for the train; not the train for him.
>
> "In such circumstances, it seems to us that if a driver can not be sure otherwise wherever a train is dangerously near, he must stop and get out of his vehicle, altho obviously he will not often be required to do more than stop and look. It seems to us that if he relies upon not hearing the train, or upon any signal, and takes no further precaution, he does so at his own risk."

"It would be hard to exaggerate the far-reaching effects of this dictum of our highest Court," observes the Providence *News*. One editor recalls that two thousand persons are killed each year and six thousand injured, on the average, in grade-crossing accidents throughout the United States. "It is the proper duty of the railroad to mark the crossing so that even the stranger along the highway shall be aware of its presence. The railroad should also warn the motorist of the train's approach. But the responsibility of 'due care' rests upon the individual driver," maintains the Philadelphia *Bulletin*. If he can not be sure that it is safe to cross the railroad tracks, points out one editor, he must satisfy himself on that point, "even if to do so it is necessary for him to alight and look up and down the tracks." To quote the New York *Morning Telegraph:*

> "Frequenters of the highways, drivers as well as pedestrians, must sooner or later realize that the right-of-way of a railroad is private property and that railroad trains, operated on standard schedule, have the right-of-way and are not supposed to stop to permit the passage of persons or vehicles across the tracks. Conservative people are duty-bound to exercise the greatest precautions at all crossings. It is unfair to expect the railroads to pay huge sums for lives wiped out because of the carelessness and neglect of individuals. The Supreme Court decision is proper and just. It should serve as a warning to the public and a protection to the railroads."

"The ruling of Mr. Justice Holmes puts the issue squarely up to the motorist," agrees the Washington *Star*. For—

> "In spite of watchmen, gates, bells, lights, and road barricades, motorists insist on 'taking a chance' with their lives. There have been innumerable cases when the driver of an automobile with an approaching train in sight has driven squarely upon the tracks, there to stall his motor in his excitement, and a few seconds later add his name to the long list of victims of grade-crossing accidents. There have also been cases when, with the gates down, motorists have tried to drive under them to get across the tracks.
>
> "The grade-crossing menace has long been recognized as a potent factor in the annual automobile fatality toll. Railroads are working for the elimination of grade crossings, but the expense is so great that it will be many years before this desirable condition is brought about. In the meantime the railroads are safeguarding motorists by gates, signals, and watchmen. In view of these efforts it is logical to put the responsibility upon the driver of an automobile."

But other newspaper editors take the position that the Supreme Court decision does not relieve the railroad companies of the duty of protecting grade crossings. In the opinion of the Albany *News*, the ruling "is another argument for grade-crossing elimination," and the Washington *Post* would meanwhile make it impossible for any railroad to lay down a new grade crossing.

Motorists should be careful at grade crossings, admits the Newark *News*. But at the same time—

> "The convenience of the public is something the railroads have a moral as well as a legal obligation to respect. It is to their interest as well to make their crossings safe. The Supreme Court decision does not license them to be reckless and negligent. Altho the Court's decision frees them from damages for injury to negligent drivers, the railroads cross the highways at their own risk. Delay, damage to their property, harm done to their reputation as safe public carriers, and public ill-will are liabilities they incur unless they do their full part to avoid accidents.
>
> "The highways and railways alike are for the service and convenience of the public. Both should be made as safe as possible."

Whether the new ruling of the Supreme Court "will greatly tend to promote safety at railroad crossings, however, is open to question," thinks the Boston *Transcript*. Furthermore—

> "Question arises whether or not the rule of conduct laid down by the learned Justices is in all cases as much of a safeguard against accident as it might seem to be. The train which killed the man whose wife sued the Baltimore & Ohio was alleged to be moving at the rate of sixty miles an hour. It is not improbable that a man who had taken the precaution to stand upon a railroad crossing and look both ways, might be struck and killed by a rapidly moving train after he had returned to his motor-car and driven onto the tracks."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

"Authors' Dinner." It is still a novelty, apparently.—*New York Evening Post.*

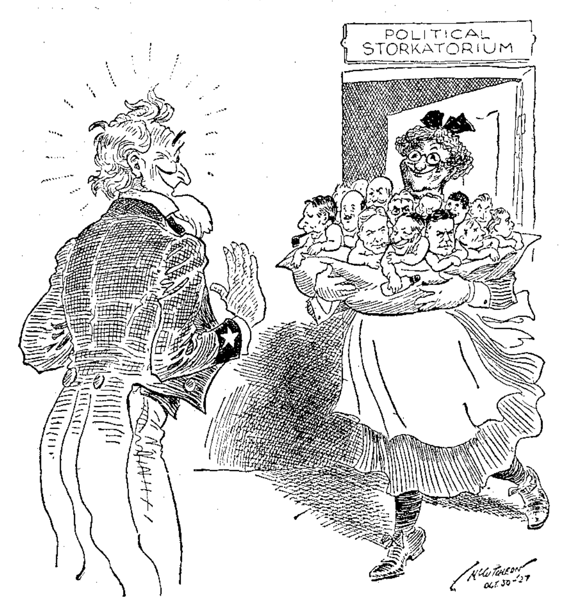
The greatest invention of the age would be a mechanical taxpayer.—*Dallas News.*

One of the most unfortunate farm surpluses is that of farm aid proposals.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

So often the law's teeth seem to be the kind that don't stay in place at night.—*Vancouver Sun.*

Every man has his day. The pedestrian has the right of way in an ambulance.—*Anaheim Plain Dealer.*

Boston should be grateful to Chicago. At least Mayor Thompson's antics have made us forget the asininities of censorship in the older center of culture.
—*New York Evening Post.*



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FAVORITE SONS
—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune.*

If Big Bill can make George III an issue, us Democrats ought to be able to dig up one somewhere.—*Dallas News.*

Airplanes aren't the only things that cross the Atlantic only one way. There are loans.—*Chico (Cal.) Record.*

Trotsky has just been thrown out of the place he landed in the last time they threw him out over there.—*Dallas News.*

It is said that green quiets the nerves, but a roll of long green sometimes excites them, too.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

One of the indictments of civilization is that happiness and intelligence are so rarely found in the same person.—*Baltimore American.*

So it cost only ten dollars to be tapped for the America First Foundation which Mayor Thompson of Chicago is said to be organizing! Cheap enough, surely. But maybe he intends his members to buy their own bedsheets and pillowcases.—*Buffalo Courier-Journal.*

"The Dawn," Mrs. Grayson's trans-atlantic plane, evidently is the "Dawn of a to-morrow."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Now, to show our true American spirit, let us all join in and murder the king's English.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Enforcement of Volstead Law up to Coolidge, says dry head. From the appearance of things, it's way past him.—*St. Louis Star.*

If Dr. Vizetelly's forty-eight-letter alphabet is ever adopted, it will be over the dead bodies of all proofreaders.—*Louisville Times.*

Ruth Elder proves that, even under the most distressing circumstances, there's never a slip 'twixt the stick and the lip.—*Brunswick (Ga.) Pilot.*

Chicago lady recently won a husband-calling contest but the piece in the paper about it didn't say whether she called him up or down.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

One of the amazing things about Mayor Thompson's inquiry into those school books is the fact that it is being conducted in English.—*New York Evening Post.*

Owing to the unexplainable laxness of Mayor Thompson it is still possible to order an English mutton chop in the outlying districts of Chicago.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Deaf and dumb drivers are the safest, according to the Vancouver chief of police. So most of the drivers you meet are only half safe.—*San Diego Union.*

Fascism is five years old, and behaves just like that.—*Alba Knickerbocker Press.*

Another of life's problems is how to keep dumb people from talking.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Where the William Hale did Big Bill get the idea that Chicago was America?—*Dallas News.*

It's always easy to pick out the man with the inimitable style. He has so many imitators.—*Detroit News.*

Public speaking is the art of diluting a two-minute idea with a two-hour vocabulary.—*San Diego Union.*

A plane has been invented to fly straight up in the air. It will be used at the Navy Department when Admiral Magruder writes another article.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

Colonel Lindbergh denies that he'll go into politics. His realm is in the air, not in the hot air.—*Beloit Daily News.*

If Premier Bratiano of Rumania has his way there will be little or no Christmas Caroling this year.
—*Seattle Times.*

Coolidge and Wilbur made Admiral Magruder shut up but they started a lot of others talking.—*Des Moines Tribune.*

The prohibition question is so hard to down partly because the stuff you get under prohibition is.
—*Virginian-Pilot.*

A street in London has been named after a well-known Dean. Lamp-posts at short intervals, however, disperse the gloom.—*Punch.*

Big Bill Thompson still insists that the histories of this country are being poisoned with British propaganda. Devilish clever people, these British! Where we made our mistake was in allowing them to settle in our country in the first place.—*Detroit News.*

Perhaps the nations could end war by erecting a few bronzes of tax payers shelling out.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

There isn't much more science can do for the kitchen, except to invent an electric can opener.—*Sacramento Bee.*

Until the other day a lady aged a hundred-and-three, living in Co. Tyrone, had never seen a motor-car. That explains it.
—*Punch.*

Everything will be ready for the election just as soon as one party finds a candidate and the other finds an issue.—*Denton Record-Chronicle.*

In the near future Chicago gunmen probably will be acquitted of murder if they can prove that the victim dropt his "haitches."
—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

History Questionnaire: What British propagandist was it who disguised himself as Mrs. O'Leary's cow and started the Chicago fire?—*Detroit News.*

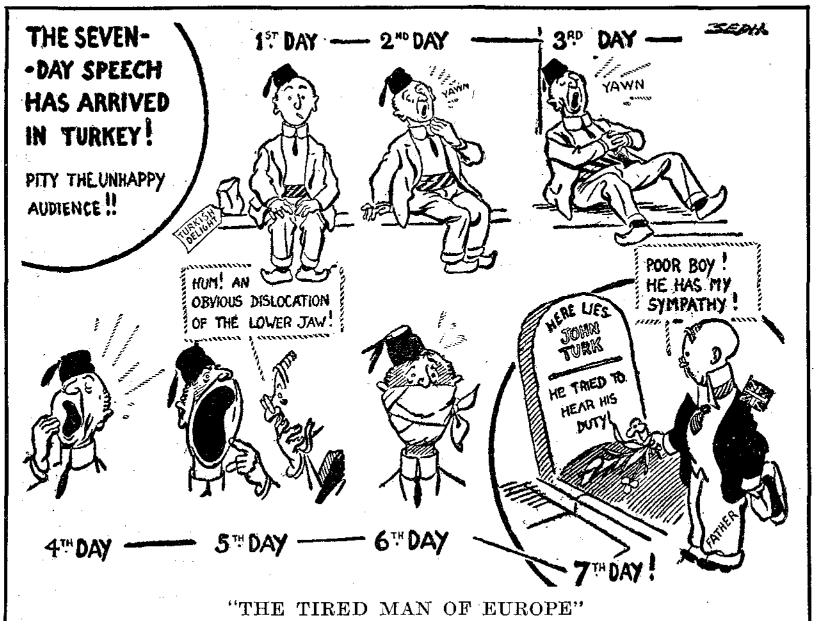
Nations are much like people. When they get big they can do things they would have been spanked for while little.—*Jackson (Minn.) Clarion-Ledger.*

The fact that a Texas cowboy fell out of bed and broke his collar bone probably will lead to a movement to put stirrups on nightmares.—*New York Evening Post.*

The science of aviation has now advanced to the point where the airplane is a reasonably safe means of transportation, if Colonel Lindbergh's flying it.—*Ohio State Journal.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

A TURKISH PRESIDENTIAL MESSAGE OF 400,000 WORDS


THE SEVEN-
-DAY SPEECH
HAS ARRIVED
IN TURKEY!
PITY THE UNHAPPY
AUDIENCE!!
1ST DAY — 2ND DAY — 3RD DAY —
SEPH
TURKISH DELIGHT
YAWN
YAWN
HUM! AN OBVIOUS DISLOCATION OF THE LOWER JAW!
POOR BOY! HE HAS MY SYMPATHY!
HERE LIES JOHN TURK
HE TRIED TO HEAR HIS DUTY!
FATHER
4TH DAY — 5TH DAY — 6TH DAY
7TH DAY!

"THE TIRED MAN OF EUROPE"

—*The Daily Chronicle* (London).

WHILE THE WORLD WONDERED whether the audience of President Mustafa Kemal of Turkey might not be talked to death by his stupendous address of 400,000 words, delivered over a period of seven days, it seems that in telling the story of the foundation of the Turkish Republic after the Armistice, he made many interesting revelations that kept his listeners decidedly awake. One of these was the fact that the Turks seriously considered the choice between Great Britain and America as overseer of a Turkish protectorate. It was felt, in 1919, we are told, that Turkey could exist only under the protection of some great nation. The history of the foundation of the Turkish Republic is familiar to Constantinople, various press correspondents in that city point out, but Mustafa Kemal Pasha's chief object was to educate "peasant Anatolia" on the subject. As one distinguished British authority reminds us, Mustafa Kemal not only established the Republic but also abolished the Caliphate, and substituted a code of civil law administered by lay courts for the old Sheriah or Sacred Law of Islam. With reference to the formation of a protectorate for Turkey, the Manchester *Guardian* says:

> "The choice lay between Great Britain and the United States. To the Nationalists, actually if not formally at war with Britain, a British protectorate was unthinkable, but an American protectorate appeared practical politics. The idea was seriously discust at the great Nationalist Congress at Sivas in 1919, and such prominent people as Refet Pasha and the feminist leader Halide Edib were strongly in favor of it. Events rendered such a scheme impossible, but one may wonder what would have been the effect on American opinion had it been formally proposed to Washington. It is true that the Armenian mandate was firmly rejected by the United States. Would the suggestion of a Turkish protectorate, with its vastly greater possibilities and dangers, have been similarly condemned? The bare hint of such a possibility would have set all Europe and Asia in a ferment, and perhaps it is as well that the United States did not receive the invitation, altho there can be little doubt what her answer would have been as soon as she reflected on the nature of the Turkish problem past and present, and the difficulties which the future was certain to hold."

While all the lesson in history, which the Turkish President's speech was actually, is familiar to Constantinople, his chief object, it is said, was to educate "peasant Anatolia" and on the last day of the speech the Constantinople correspondent of the London *Times* reported that:

> "To-morrow hundreds of Kemalist delegates will return home and will repeat to their friends, relations, and even enemies all over the country what the President said. Such a method of publicity is more effective than any number of books or pamphlets in a country like Turkey, where illiteracy is so prevalent. At present it is too early to judge what effect the speech will have on the nation at large, but it must be remembered that the greater part of it dealt with domestic events. Viewed from an external angle, the chief criticism which can be directed against the speech is that the Ghazi Pasha seemed to consider Great Britain, and not the Allies in general, as alone guilty of having occupied Constantinople. The word 'England' constantly occurred in his speech, and it would, indeed, be a pity if modern Turkey had even in the slightest degree its mind poisoned against the British. This aspect of the situation would be all the more regrettable as I have every reason to believe that the President and his principal advisers do not in any way wish to incite public opinion against Great Britain.
>
> "The last day of the Ghazi Pasha's speech was more interesting than any since the first day. The Ghazi dealt with the course of events while Capt. Rauf Bey, Fethi Bey, and Gen. Ismet Pasha were Prime Ministers from July, 1922, onward. He described how he had decided to turn Turkey into a republic, saying that on October 29, 1923, after two hours and three-quarters of debate in the Grand National Assembly, this epoch-making change was carried through and Mustafa Kemal Pasha himself elected the first President of the Republic. Bitter protests, he said, came from the Constantinople press, and Capt. Rauf Bey, Gen. Refet Pasha, Gen. Kiazim Karabekir Pasha, and Gen. Ali Fuad Pasha were all extremely discontented.
>
> "Simultaneously with the proclamation of the Republic a vigorous propaganda campaign in favor of the Caliphate was conducted, while alarming rumors were circulated about his own health. What the Opposition desired, he said, was 'the establishment of a constitutional monarchy based on that of Great Britain, with a frankly religious tendency. They wanted a member of the degenerate House of Othman as head of the State.' The Ghazi then passed to the question of the Caliphate which he had abolished, adding that he refused to become Caliph himself.
>
> "There was further adverse criticism of Opposition leaders, and reference was made to the Nestorians and to the Kurdish revolt of 1925, which the Ghazi described as having been largely due to religious propaganda conducted by the Opposition. A brief reference was made to the Smyrna plot of 1926, and then the Ghazi wound up his speech with a spirited appeal to Turkish youth. 'It all depends on you; you have the necessary force, and you must spill the last drop of blood in your veins in order to uphold the independence which has been so gloriously won.'"

A noted British authority on Near-Eastern affairs, who is described also as "a life-long student of Turkey," by the London *Observer*, namely, Sir Valentine Chirol, in an interview granted to that newspaper, says of Mustafa Kemal's speech that far more tremendous than the change in Turkey from a monarchical to a republican form of government, for which some sort of a parallel might be found in early Islamic doctrine, is the elimination of the dominant Islamic factor in the old Ottoman State and the establishment of a new and undenominational State of an exclusively lay character. Sir Valentine is quoted further as saying that:

"Not only has Mustafa Kemal abolished the Caliphate, but he has substituted a code of civil law administered by lay courts for the Sheriah or Sacred Law of Islam. He has suppress and disestablished all Islamic religious orders which flourished hitherto in Turkey. He has legislated against polygamy, which, within certain limits, was sanctioned by Koranic teaching. He has promoted the emancipation of women from all the old restraints of the harem, and he has forbidden the wearing by Turks of the traditional turban and fez, which he denounces as symbols of obsolete beliefs and superstitions.

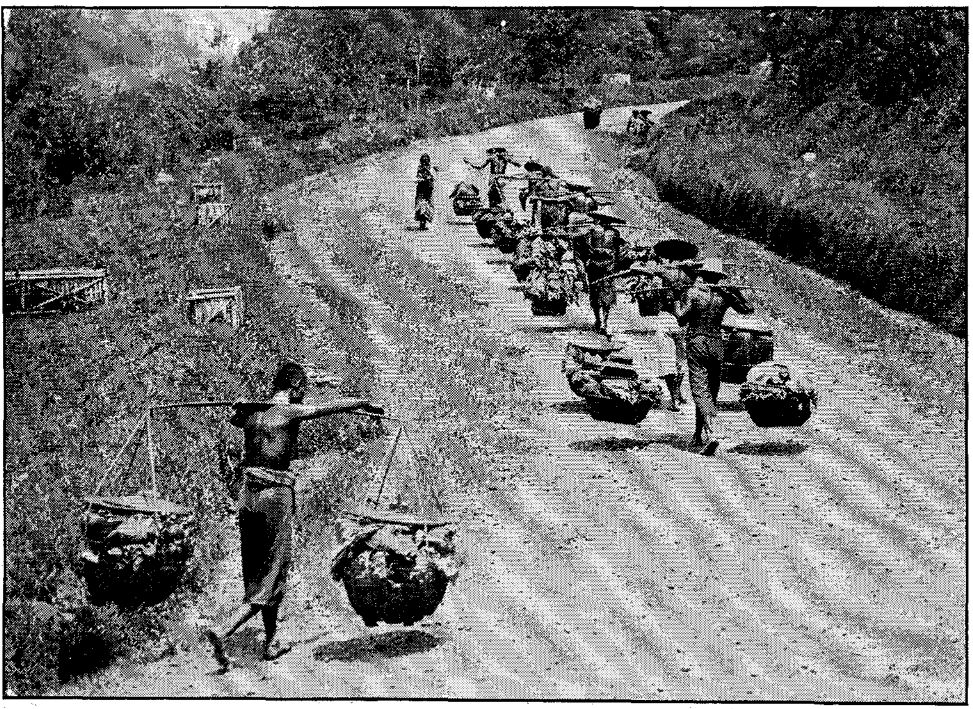
"And all this he has done in a country in which Islam, the most unbending of religious faiths, seemed to have struck the deepest roots, and yet without apparently provoking any serious opposition from the people, whose Islamic fanaticism could be roused only a few years ago by their rulers to take part in the extermination of their Armenian and Greek Christian neighbors.

"One could well have understood that Mustafa Kemal should have wished to dissociate the Caliphate from the old Ottoman dynasty which he had overthrown; but that he should have attacked the Caliphate itself, the most ancient of Islamic institutions, and destroyed it in Turkey, where it had become the keystone of Turkish power and prestige, and in many other parts of the Islamic world, far beyond the frontiers of Turkey, gives the measure of his courage, and, it may well be added, to his credit, of his sincerity. For he claims—and not, we believe, without reason—that if he had liked he could easily have made himself Caliph.

"This is the aspect of the Turkish revolution and of Mustafa Kemal's dictatorship, which is unquestionably of greater interest than any other to Englishmen, for we have only to recall the profound reaction upon British policy of the extraordinary pro-Turkish agitation among Indian Mohammedans shortly after the Great War, for which the only justification openly put forward was that the curtailment of a defeated Turkish political power would grievously jeopardize the Sultan's discharge of his exalted functions as Caliph throughout the Islamic world."

So violent was this agitation, Sir Valentine further relates, that during Lord Reading's viceroyalty the Government of India "made itself almost its mouthpiece" in urging upon the Imperial Government the expediency of displaying the utmost lenience to Turkey in the peace terms to be imposed upon her, and we read:

"Mustafa Kemal encouraged and exploited that agitation to the very utmost until it had successfully deflected the whole of our Near East policy. It was only when he had won the peace at Lausanne that he waged his own war against a Caliphate for which he had no further use. What we in this country have to note is that it was he himself who pricked the huge bubble of the Indian Caliphate agitation, which collapsed altogether as soon as the announcement came that he had abolished the Caliphate. It should surely be a lesson to our statesmen not to take at its face value every political demonstration which claims to derive its sanction from 'the immutable faith of Islam.' There are no signs even that the Caliphate, uprooted with such impunity in Turkey, is likely to be revived in any other part of the Islamic world. This action may well teach us to doubt whether in our dealings with Islamic countries we are not inclined sometimes to overrate the potency of a religious factor which has so quickly crumbled away in the one Mohammedan country where it could be regarded as a formidable spearhead for the revolt of Asia against the Western World."



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CHINESE GARDENERS IN JAVA CARRYING VEGETABLES THIRTY MILES TO MARKET

JAPAN'S OPPORTUNITY IN THE DUTCH EAST INDIES

COLOR, RACE, OR RELIGION does not mean a thing to the Hollanders who are ambitious for the further development of the resources of the Dutch East Indies by foreign investment. Such is the message conveyed to the Japanese people by a Japanese authority who, in company with many others of his countrymen, is always looking over the world to safeguard the nourishment of Japan's big population in a limited area of limited productivity. Java, Sumatra, Celebes, and their sister islands in the Dutch East Indies are pictured as becoming "sirens of the South Seas" in their call for foreign capital and foreign enterprise. The comparatively restricted Dutch capital available for the exploitation of her East Indies, it is asserted, has not been enough to reach much beyond the island of Java in all the three and a half centuries of her occupation and administration of the islands. In this generous welcome to foreign traders by the Dutch East Indies, Japan finds the one effective answer to her population and food problems, according to K. Matsumoto in an illuminating article in the *Kaigai no Nihon*, a Tokyo publication devoted to the interests of the Japanese people in foreign lands. Mr. Matsumoto is said by Japanese writers to speak with considerable authority because he has served as the Consul-General of Japan in Java, and what he has to say is the result of first-hand investigation and personal knowledge gained through his years of residence in Batavia. He tells us that Japan's opportunity lies where—

"There is land of a total area close to 740,000 square miles—about three times the size of Japan, with a native population of some 45,000,000 and a tremendous wealth of industrial raw materials. In three centuries and a half Holland has done a great deal in developing the resources of Java, but in Sumatra, Borneo, and Celebes there are great forests which have never yet echoed to the ring of a woodsman's ax. The untouched wealth of mountains and rivers patiently wait for the hand of exploitation."

This writer reminds his countrymen how Japan is increasing her population at the rate of a million a year—or enough people to build two great ports like Yokohama and Kobe, and he adds:

"The rice we eat is largely from China. The clothes we wear are made from Indian cotton. The houses we live in are built of American pine—even our wooden clogs and toothpicks are largely made of imported raw material. Under the circumstances the friendly call from the Dutch East Indies should be music in the ears of Japan. But at the mere mention of the South Seas, our people conjure up the vision of tropic jungles infested with countless poisonous snakes and crocodiles and of fierce savages. In the depth of New Guinea one might find spots where life may not be as healthy as might be. But in Java, Sumatra, Celebes—especially in their so-called productive and business sections—communication and transportation facilities are quite adequate and there are ample provisions for health preservation. And of late years the Dutch authorities have been more than friendly to Japanese immigration and Japanese enterprises and afford our investors and workers all sorts of conveniences and assistance. There is a land where they can work and live happily in safety and peace."

Publishers Photo Service, New York

THE HARVEST OF THE RICE CROP IN JAVA

Mr. Matsumoto goes on to say that the Dutch are aware that their own capital is far from sufficient for the rapid development of the Dutch East Indies, "and in order to encourage the inflow of foreign capital into the islands, they are following the liberal policy of international cooperation. They welcome all foreign investors irrespective of color, race, or religion, and give them a free and wide scope in various lines of enterprises." At present, it is noted, the Dutch investors head the list with their 1,219,000,000 florins. The British follow the Dutch with their capital investment of 246,000,000 florins. Next come the Chinese with investments of 206,000,000 florins in all. America is said to have 27,500,000 florins of capital there and the Japanese 29,000,000 florins.

BRITISH VIEWS OF CHICAGO'S "BIG BILL"

AN AMERICAN PRODUCT that could be found in no place but the United States, is the description rather sarcastically applied to Mayor William Hale Thompson of Chicago by some British editors, who assure us that "in America anything may happen." That is why the Mayor of the second largest city in the United States continues to shout defiance across the Atlantic at King George, remarks the London *Sunday Times*, and "charges him with having a diabolical scheme toward introducing British propaganda into Chicago schools." The Chicago Mayor's threat that he would "bust him on the snoot," if the propaganda continues, is said to explain the fear of the King of England, by this newspaper, which adds that "it was without surprize that 'Big Bill' learned the King had doubled the Horse Guards and gone into hiding." Various London editors, in referring to the threat that all so-called British propaganda books in the schools and libraries of Chicago would be burned, call attention to the fact that the Mayor finds himself in an awkward quandary because—

"Many of the volumes on the shelves of the city libraries were given by Queen Victoria, Tennyson, Disraeli, Gladstone, and other notables after the fire that destroyed most of Chicago in 1871. What is to be done about it? Being British, the books are sure to be slyly treasonable. Being gifts, and an expression of sympathy after a great disaster, they seem entitled to a certain consideration. 'Big Bill' is in a quandary. He will dislike us more than ever for putting him in it, and the worst of it is there is nothing we can do to help him out."

西遊記
FILM TIONGHOA "SEE JOE" DENGEN PAKEAN KOE

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THE FAR-FLUNG SILVER SCREEN

A moving-picture theater in Java.

The charge brought against Mr. McAndrew, the Chicago Superintendent of Schools, by the Mayor, is said by the London *Evening Standard* to have "a distinct element of the fantastic, not to say the grotesque." This newspaper reminds us that Mr. McAndrew, according to the Mayor, assisted "British propaganda" by introducing text-books "poisoned with pro-British toxin and intended to reduce America to a state of subjection to the British Empire." This conservative daily goes on to say:

> "This amazing accusation is supported by the even more amazing accusation that there really is a definite plot thus to subjugate America. England, it is held, has never forgotten or forgiven the loss of her colonies in the eighteenth century: even now, after the lapse of a century and a half, she is still plotting to recover them. Only one man, it seems, stands between her and her fell design, and that is the Mayor of Chicago. This gentleman, however, is resolved that Americans never never shall be British subjects, and, by way of a beginning, he intends to get rid of Mr. McAndrew.
>
> "Now, to us here all this seems rather like a nightmare. We are conscious of not being a resentful nation, and we are proud of the fact that on all occasions in history when it has been necessary we have been able to cut our losses and go on our way smiling. If there is an Englishman who looks at the map and feels melancholy because the whole of the North American Continent is not colored red, he is highly exceptional, and he is not very vocal. His voice is not heard in the land, and it would have no echo if it were. . . .
>
> "The remedy for this lies in knowing one another better, and here our common language, tho its importance ought not to be exaggerated in other directions, stands us in good stead. We can at least talk to one another and discover what we are all really like."

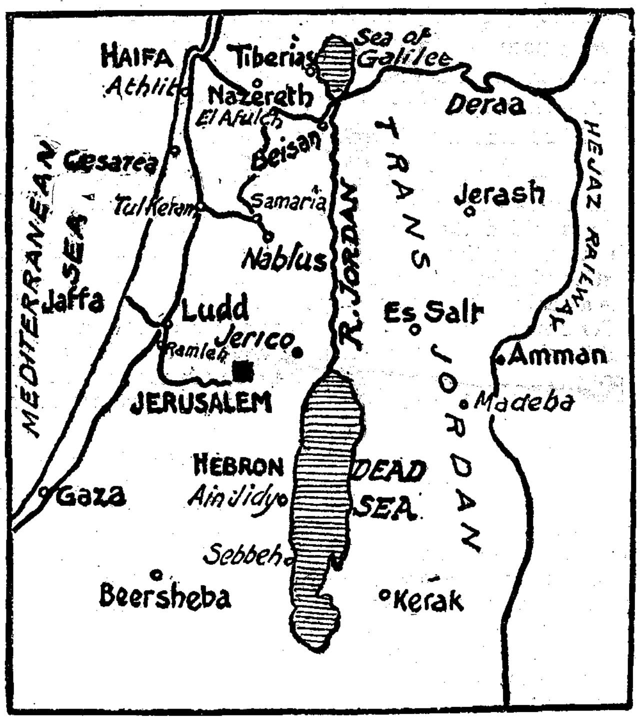
However extravagant the methods of the Mayor of Chicago may be, remarks a London Labor organ, *The Daily Herald*, he does typify and represent a great body of American opinion which is, if not bitterly, at any rate very strongly anti-British in feeling. Of the extent and depth of that feeling in England, it is asserted, most people in England "know and are allowed to know little or nothing." The English people are said to be "fed on flapdoodle" about blood being thicker than water, about the unity of the Anglo-Saxon race, and the brotherhood of the English-speaking peoples, but:

> "The hard fact is that the Pilgrims and the English-Speaking Union and the rest represent but a tiny fraction of the American people. The great mass of the American nation has no sentimental feeling about Great Britain. An enormous proportion of it has no British ancestry or kinship, and vigorously repudiates the name of Anglo-Saxon. A quite appreciable proportion has inherited—from Irish or other ancestry—strong prejudice against this country.
>
> "'Big Bill' Thompson is a politician: and the fact that he regards an anti-British stunt as good politics in the second biggest city in the States is one calling not for derisive laughter but for serious thought.
>
> "The average American, even if he has no inherited prejudices, even if he is not perturbed by the idea of propaganda (and the belief in the existence of that propaganda is very wide-spread), does undoubtedly resent the average British attitude to America and Americans.
>
> "He feels that British people despise him: that they regard him either as an upstart or as a comic figure: that, in his own idiom, they 'high-hat' him: that even when they are friendly there is a touch of patronage in that friendship: and since he is intensely proud, with all the aggressive pride of a newly prosperous people, he resents this, deeply and bitterly.
>
> "Now that feeling—of which Mayor Thompson is the ludicrous expression—is a serious political fact. British Capitalism and American Capitalism are to-day rivals in half the markets and investment areas of the world. Great Britain and America are the only two great naval Powers. Diplomatic relations—as witness the Geneva Conference—are none of the best.
>
> "Under such circumstances the existence or the growth of feelings of antagonism between the peoples is a dangerous factor. Certainly it is no matter for jest and derisive comment. It would be wise to cease for a while laughing at Mayor Thompson and to ponder seriously the facts underlying his follies."

BRITISH DEAD SEA TREASURE

THE VAST MINERAL RESOURCES of the Dead Sea have been awarded to a British syndicate and this, some British editors note with pride, ends the prolonged struggle between powerful British, American, and European interests to obtain the "most coveted prize in the way of development concessions that has been competed for in modern times." The negotiations between the concession seekers, the British Colonial Office and the Palestine and Trans-Jordan Governments, we are informed by the London *Sunday Times*, have been in progress for many months, and it quotes a special correspondent as saying:

> "No greater commercial enterprise in natural resources has, it is safe to say, been consummated within recent years than that which now gives to a British corporation control of one of the world's biggest and most valuable stretches of untapped riches.



From *The Sunday Times* (London)

The Dead Sea is 46 miles long, with a breadth of from 5 to 9 miles. Its surface is the lowest of any water known—1,292 feet below the level of the Mediterranean.

> "The story of how it comes within the control of British brains and British capital is very interesting. Years ago, great scientists and chemists were made aware of the tremendous potentialities of the Dead Sea, and two years ago, or more, the Colonial Office put up to tender the rights to recover and exploit the hidden minerals of that great region.
>
> "The tenders submitted to the Crown Agents on the specified date, October 31, 1925, were, however, all found to be unsatisfactory, and were rejected. Subsequently, however, less formal negotiations were opened up. They were veiled in much secrecy, but it has been known for months that the parties principally concerned were a European company with big Russian interests, an American concern, and a British syndicate, which was generally understood to be Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd. These negotiations have now ended in an understanding between the Colonial Office and the British syndicate."

The earliest negotiations began, it is recalled by this informant, when Sir Herbert Samuel was High Commissioner of Palestine and the proposition is said to have had his complete approval. More recently, Lord Plumer's Administration has taken up the matter and has overcome what difficulties existed with the Palestine Government. It is further related that:

> "The expert examiners, including the geologist of the Palestine Government, who conducted the investigation as to the chemical

> resources of the Dead Sea, estimated the quantities of salts deposited there as follows:

	Millions of metric tons
Potassium chlorid	2,000
Magnesium bromid	980
Sodium chlorid	11,900
Magnesium chlorid	22,000
Calcium chlorid	6,000

> "For practical purposes, it is said, the supply of potash may be considered inexhaustible, and this is the product which makes the Dead Sea valuable from a commercial standpoint.
>
> "Not the least important aspect of the allocation of the development work to a British corporation is the effect it is likely to have upon industry, following the demand for machinery and plant with which to conduct the exploitation; while it will give a much-needed stimulus to agriculture by supplying fertilizers at prices a good deal nearer the present capacity of the farmer to pay."

Another correspondent of this London weekly advises us that potash may prove Palestine's making, for it is at present a miserably poor country. Despite all its holy places, its tourists, and its oranges, it is described as being without that essential to national prosperity, a "basic industry" to form the backbone of its finances. We read then:

> "The concession for the exploitation of the inexhaustible potash deposits in the brackish waters of the Dead Sea, and the problems which the concessionaires have to solve connected with its production, transport, and marketing are filling all Palestine with interest and hope. The simplest of these problems is the actual production of the potash.
>
> "Tests have proved that the percentage of the chemical in Dead Sea brine taken from a given depth is constant, and it is an easy operation to pump it ashore. In the next stage Nature steps in with a helping hand. The sun-baked northern shore of the Dead Sea is dead flat and composed of non-absorbent clay, which forms ready-made bottoms for the vast evaporating pans into which the brine will be pumped.
>
> "Nor does Nature stop there. The Jordan Valley is eight hundred feet below sea-level, and one of the hottest places in the world. The sun unaided will do the evaporating, and such is its intensity that estimates of output may be calculated on a basis of four, and possibly five, complete processes yearly.
>
> "But having done so much Nature withdraws her helping hand. The heat which so conveniently assists the evaporation processes puts formidable physical strain on the human elements which have to supervise them.
>
> "Theirs will be a severe test of endurance, but they will learn to survive Jordan conditions as heartily as did the British troops in Allenby's final campaign of 1918; and, like the troops, they will daily be helped by the one saving grace of the Dead Sea—the comparatively cool south breeze which during all but the worst months of the year blows off the waters for at least half of the working hours of each day.
>
> "The second problem is the transport of the product to the Mediterranean seaboard. Palestine has two harbors—Jaffa and Haifa—neither of them at present good, neither connected by rail with the Dead Sea. From the evaporating pans to Jaffa is some eighty miles, eighty-five by road and the remainder by the Judean Railway. In the early stages of the potash developments transport must be by way of Jaffa.
>
> "There is a wonderful and exciting Italian-like road (incidentally it was remade in 1897 by the Turks in honor of the ex-Kaiser's famous Near Eastern tour) which rises 3,700 feet in thirty-five miles from the submarine Dead Sea levels to railhead at Jerusalem. There the potash must be transferred from lorry to rail for the stage to Jaffa, where it must be further twice handled—rail to lighter, lighter to steamer—before it departs for the markets of the world. The Jerusalem-Jaffa route is at the moment Hobson's choice; but despite its extravagance and awkwardness, so cheaply can the potash be produced at the Dead Sea that its price on board the steamer at Jaffa is still commercially competitive after four handlings.
>
> "The development of Haifa as the port of Palestine will radically change matters. A new harbor has already been voted, with deep-sea berths and modern rail and wharf appliances, and there is a railway through the plain of Jezreel to Beisan and Damascus. Beisan is at the northern head of the Jordan Valley, and conveniently close to the Rutenberg electric power stations which are being erected just south of the Sea of Galilee to harness the Jordan."

NATIONALIST EGYPT PICKS A NEW LEADER

THE SOUL OF ZAGHLOUL PASHA still lives, tho his body be dead, we are assured by various statements and editorials appearing in the Egyptian press of Cairo, Alexandria, and other cities. When the Egyptian Nationalist party (the Wafd-El-Massri) elected Mustafa Nahas Pasha to succeed the deceased Zaghloul as leader, it issued a manifesto which was published in all the Egyptian-language newspapers, and it declares that the party is and will remain united and faithful to its obligations, and, while "developing every effort, it will not abandon the field of honor until the destiny of the country is accomplished through independence and complete liberty." It is further asserted that:

> "The Wafd will have no other mission than that set by Saad, this mission being the independence of Egypt. Its program will be the same as it has always been, namely, the continuation of the struggle in an atmosphere of peace and friendship. It will continue the policy of strengthening the ties of friendship between Egypt and the other countries of the world, and especially with England, keeping always in mind that many foreign colonies in Egypt, and chiefly the Eastern peoples, have exprest their sympathy in the misfortune of our nation, and have paid tribute to the greatness of the man who was an imposing figure, both as a man and as an Egyptian."
>
> "Egyptians, the world follows the power of your rebirth, and the positiveness of your unity. The soul of the great leader will not rest unless you have proved that he was great through you. The tree which has produced Saad will always bear fruit, and it is the tree whose roots are unshakable, and whose branches reach the skies."

Eighteen Egyptian district leaders of the Wafd signed this manifesto. In view of the fact that Mustafa Nahas Pasha was considered as one of the most irreconcilable members of the Nationalist party, to which no less than 80 per cent. of the Egyptian people belong, and also because he was elected leader at the demand of Zaghloul himself, some uneasiness was felt in British circles as to the future policies of the party. It was, therefore, in order to put such fears at rest that the new Nationalist leader made the following statement as to *Al Mokattam:*

> "The internal policy of the Wafd aims at the preservation of the Constitution, and the consolidation of national unity. The preservation of the Constitution will be the main object of the Wafd. This means that the nation considers this Constitution to be the first fruit of national efforts, and will do all in its power to preserve it. The present coalition of all parties is, thank God, more powerful than ever before.
>
> "Our foreign policy aims at the strengthening of our friendly relations with the foreign nations, and with the British nation. The statement made in the manifesto of the Wafd, that our relations with the English are friendly, is true. We desire to conclude with England a friendly and liberal treaty, based on the respect of our rights, and the legal interests of England, seeing to it always that these interests do not conflict with our independence."

These explanations of the new Nationalist leader do not seem to please the extreme Nationalists, whose views are reflected in *The Akhbar,* a militant newspaper, that will be satisfied with nothing less than complete and absolute withdrawal of the last vestige of British control over Egypt.

Another danger to Egyptian Nationalism seems to lurk in the recent formation of a new "Unionist party" under the leadership of former Premier Yahiah Pasha, the aim of which is to strengthen the moderate "Court Faction," which is accused of a willingness to sacrifice some provisions of the Constitution for a closer cooperation with Britain. The Ittihad or Unionist party appears to be actually managed by the Director of the Political Office of King Fuad, Nassat Pasha, according to the Nationalist *Siassa.*

In this connection the Nationalist *Wadinil* says that it is the duty of the political leaders of Egypt to keep their eyes open, inasmuch as even the closest coalition would not prevent the reactionaries from attempting a coup in order to bring about the realization of their plans.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

MAKING THE TELEVOX DO YOUR WORK

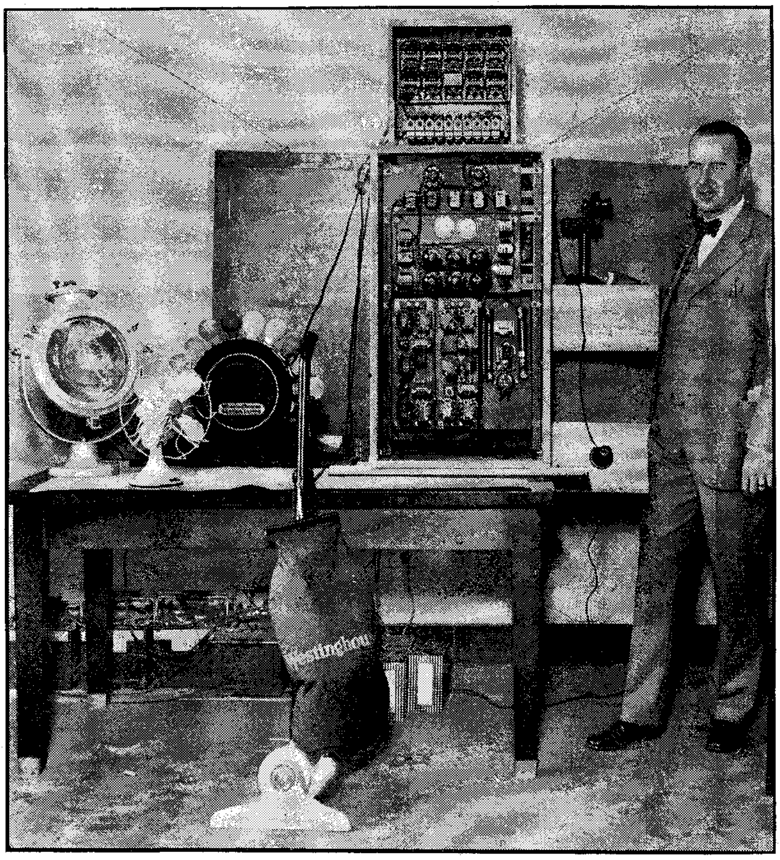
"PEEP, PEEP, PEEP," remarks the housekeeper, rather anxiously using the language of the new mechanical marvel, the televox, and speaking over the telephone.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz—buzz-z-z-z," replies the televox, respectfully.

"Toot!" comes the housewife's stern order.

"Buzz!" snappy but meek, from the televox.

The cloud lifts from my lady's brow, she rises from the telephone, and settles serenely back into her bridge game at the club, knowing that, tho she has no human servant at home, the dinner will be cooked when she returns.



THE NEW AUTOMATIC SERVANT AND HIS MAKER

Mr. R. J. Wensley, the inventor, and the child of his brain.

Being a daughter of the new mechanical age, in which, we are told, machines are going to do most of the housework, this imaginary lady of the future is spending the afternoon at her club and leaving the televox at home to mind the furnace and roast the chicken for dinner. You have just heard her ordering the iron servant to turn on the heat in the electric oven, and the final snappy "Buzz!" which cleared the lines from her brow was the faithful televox's brusk way of announcing that it had closed the electric switch and started the chicken to browning.

The televox, science tells us, is an automatic device by which distant mechanisms can be operated by sound. The housekeeper you have just been overhearing had to use three small pipes, each giving a note in a different pitch, in order to get things done in her televocally equipped home a mile away; but it is believed that different tones of the human voice can ultimately be made to perform this miracle. And there are many things that the new device can do. If you had dropt in at the mythical club a little later you might have heard the same housewife ordering the iron servant to open the furnace drafts and have the house warm when she got home—and getting a nice buzzy assurance that it had been done.

The daily press likens these wageless servants to the Robots that figured in a popular play a few seasons ago, and describes them as "a new race of mechanical men, conceived and brought forth in the scientific laboratory." We read in the New York *Evening Post:*

> "Like Rossum's Universal Robots, these men of metal can be made to do the work of human beings, in times of peace operating the wheels of industry and in time of war destroying lives.
>
> "Operatorless machinery can be called up on the telephone miles away, asked questions, given instructions, and put to work. Through this device sound is used for the first time as the controlling principle in operating automatic machinery.
>
> "The inventor is R. J. Wensley, chief of the automatic control division of the Westinghouse Company, in their Pittsburgh plant. His Robot is known as the Westinghouse televocal supervisory control system.
>
> "The device came into being because of the demand of a large public utility company for a mechanism that would take the place of watch operators at small substations, where the expense of maintenance is high in proportion to the current handled through the stations. This plan will cut down the cost of maintaining large substations from 25 to 50 per cent., extend their area of usefulness and bring better service to the customers of electricity.
>
> "The new control system is now being used in Washington, by the Water Supply Department, to keep tab on the height of water in the reservoirs. The engineer in the central office simply telephones the Robot watching the reservoir in question, calling him up as he would a human being, and the Robot gives him the height of water over the telephone.
>
> "But the practical applications scarcely have been suggested as yet. Harry G. Woods, of the Westinghouse engineering division, says that Wensley's Robots could be used to watch the movement of enemy aircraft in the darkest night, to guard the entrances of harbors, or operate from a distance batteries of searchlights, as well as directing and discharging powerful weapons of destruction.
>
> "Installed in the home, the Robot could be called up over the telephone by a housewife and told to heat the oven, regulate the furnace, and open or close the windows, after telling her how warm each room was.
>
> "In the operation of an electric power substation it reduces the labor cost from the present cost of $700 a month to $125 a month."

The controlling principle in the new mechanism, we are told, lies in its sensitivity, through a series of sound filters, to sounds of different pitch. Thus we read further:

> "In its present state the Robot is set to operate by sound-waves of 1,400 cycles frequency, made to work by sound-waves of 900 cycles frequency and stopt by sound-waves of 600 cycles frequency.
>
> "Signals have been transmitted in tests by simply whistling through a telephone, but operation by the human voice is not

practicable except experimentally. A whistle which gives exact pitch, however, can be used to give the signal. The operating device now used consists of three electrically vibrated tuning-forks which send sounds of the desired pitch over the telephone wires.

"When the telephone operator makes the connection, the mechanical man is brought suddenly to life. He gives back his own particular signal so that the engineer desiring to give him instructions may be sure he is talking to the right automaton. Robot does this twice, and if he is not commanded, the telephone connection is at once shut off automatically.

"If a command is to be given, however, the engineer sends him a signal—once, twice, three or more times, according to the particular device with which he wishes the Robot to connect him. The mechanism is selective on the same principle as the automatic telephone.

"When the proper connection is made, a return signal again comes back, notifying the engineer that the Robot is ready to perform. Then a signal is given by the Robot which indicates whether the circuit over which control is to be exercised is open or closed. If the engineer wishes to close the circuit or open it, the signal for action is given on the 900-cycle frequency, and the device is put to work, whether it be the heating of an oven or the explosion of a mine or demanding an answer from the man of metals and chemicals."

On its editorial page, *The Post* opines that the story of these "televocal Robots" makes "terrifying reading." But, it goes on to qualify:

"There is one saving grace to the horrific idea of having a lot of purely mechanistic servants added to a world already far too mechanical. This 'televocal' automaton looks nothing like a man. 'It looks,' says *The Times*, 'like a hybrid between a six-tube radio set and a telephone switchboard on election night.' Thanks be that we won't be afraid to meet it in the dark!"

From across the ocean, also, comes a note of caution advising the housewife to wait a while before preparing to go out of business at the old stand. Says the Paris *Times:*

"No sooner does the Westinghouse Electric Company announce in New York that it has invented an 'automatic man' which does all sorts of tasks merely at the command of the human voice than some one—in this case a British engineer—comes along and questions the claim that its uses are boundless.

"'If I were a housewife, I should not be too optimistic about this new "domestic treasure,"' says the engineer. 'It will be a long time before it—or she—can be commanded to go up-stairs and fetch the blue silk jumper out of the bottom drawer, and go and see what the baby is doing, and tell him not to do it. The baby might be clever enough to switch off the Robot from her appointed task by saying, "Hand me that jam-pot."'

"The same engineer finds that an automatic man controlled by the human voice has a perfect master already in existence. But he is apparently too wise a husband to go on and explain just what he means by that remark."

NEW HOPE FOR THE NEAR-SIGHTED—For some years certain oculists have put forward the theory that various eye-troubles, including near-sightedness and far-sightedness, are best treated by exercise. A new angle is given to this by an Austrian physician, Count Wiser, who treats near-sightedness by forcing the eye to exercise itself by the use of far-sighted glasses, which at first naturally make it harder than ever for the patient to see anything. According to the *Illustrierte Zeitung* (Leipzig), Count Wiser holds that shortness of sight is not always either acquired or due to heredity shortness of focus. He believes that it is often due instead to a sort of "accommodation cramp"—a faulty adaptation of the eye to the object to be observed. He is said to obtain remarkable results by his methods, which are thus described:

"The simplest comparison is with a broken arm stiff from disuse. By repeated gymnastic exercises the original elasticity is restored. . . . The power of adjustment in the near-sighted eye is restored by putting convex lenses on the patient. This causes the lens to be relaxed in the effort to see."

The patient must wear these convex glasses for definite periods in order to give the eye regular exercise. It is stated that in many cases normal vision is fully restored, while in others the sight is improved so that a less concave glass can be used for ordinary wear.

MORE EARTHWORM LORE

THE HUMBLE EARTHWORM seems to interest a large number of persons. Darwin wrote a book about him. Speculation about his coming to the surface when disturbed by vibrations, as noted by certain writers cited in these columns, seems still to be rife among readers of THE DIGEST. For instance, M. H. Van H. Battenburg, of Chicago, rises indignantly to refute the charge of cowardice made against the worm by those who opine that vibration brings him up because it scares him. He writes to us:

"The earthworm belongs to the fresh-water *Oligochætæ*, and he is just full of sand. But he is very ignorant. He crawls into the water to flush his system and get rid of his sand, and becomes the victim of the first fish or turtle that sees him. When it rains he comes to the surface for the same reason, and Cock Robin makes a meal of him. Woodcock and jacksnipe practise a conscienceless deception on him. The jacksnipe, especially, will find the hole where the worm has gone down after his night out with the boys along the edge of the swamp, and, sitting down beside it, begin to tap the ground with his bill. He strikes at about an inch out from the hole, and makes a ring of marks around it. He keeps this up sometimes until the prints of his bill are a half-inch or more deep, always neatly spaced around the hole.

"When the worm is convinced that the vibrations are due to rain-drops, he comes out far enough for the jacksnipe to get a grip, and that is the end of him. The woodcock pursues much the same methods as the jacksnipe, but appears, from the marks left, also to beat the ground with his wings. The marks of the jacksnipe's bill are very frequently seen. Any vibration of the soil in damp weather may produce the same effect—the worm thinks it is raining. The biologist preparing a specimen for examination puts it in fresh water, usually overnight. The worm whose internal organs form a long one-way valve, pumps water through his body and cleanses it of the earth and sand taken in in the ordinary course of business. The tapper does not frighten the worms; he deceives them, and something ought to be done about it."

Additional contributions to the use of vibration as a practical lure for bringing earthworms to the outer air are communicated to THE DIGEST by Lawrence Dunlap, of Chipley, Georgia. He writes:

"In Georgia we have three types or kinds of worms used for fish-bait—common earthworms, as found around barns, cow-pens, etc.; wigglers, found in damp, swampy places, and 'long Johns,' found in fertile soil and shady places near water-courses. Of these three only the last can be 'rubbed up.'

"The method used in rubbing them up, or out, is as follows: first find likely locations and look for signs. These consist of small piles of earth that, I take it, has passed through the worm and are lying around on top of the ground. If it has rained recently, these signs are always fresh, and your worm is not very deep or far away. Provide yourself with one or more dry, sharp stakes some 18 inches long; drive them into the earth to a depth of 8 or 10 inches then take a flat rock that is somewhat rough and rub the top of the stakes, making a shuddering or flesh-crawling sound.

"In a minute or so the worms come out of the ground in a great hurry—they have gotten nervous, or something else ails them. They are then pounced upon by watchful waiters, cut in pieces about 1½ inches long and used to catch channel catfish in all Georgia creeks and rivers.

"Just who originated this method, or when it was first used, no one hereabouts seems to know. Certainly it is old, and certainly the first man to discover it was not trying to 'rub out' a worm but was doing something else—trying to sink a tent-pole, perhaps, or something of like ilk. At any rate, there is no doubt of its success.

"It occurs to me that if a piece of reed or cane were pushed into the earth and a rosined string drawn across it, this reed would produce a superior effect."

HOW HIGH CAN WE FLY?

NOT MORE THAN EIGHT MILES and a half, thinks a writer in *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago); and we have already come within half a mile of the limit. The dream of flyers and scientists that man may some day ascend 50,000 feet above the earth will never be realized, he asserts; at least with any existing form of equipment. This is clearly shown, he says, by the results of tests made by the school of aviation medicine of the War Department. We read:

"Somewhere in the neighborhood of 45,000 feet, or slightly more than eight and a half miles, is the absolute limit, beyond which the human body, even when reinforced with oxygen-breathing apparatus, can not go. As Capt. Hawthorne C. Gray, army balloonist, reached 42,470, or 230 feet more than eight miles, in a recent world's record-breaking balloon flight, the absolute limit has almost been reached.

"The Army air medicine school found the limit by the simple process of reproducing upper-air conditions in the laboratory at Washington. Subjects were placed in an air-tight tank, equipped with oxygen-breathing apparatus, and the air then pumped out until the pressure had been reduced as low as it becomes in the higher altitudes. Through glass windows the experimenters watched their subjects as they tried to perform designated tasks, and when, by their aimless actions, they showed they had gone out of their minds and were on the verge of collapse, the pumps were reversed and air gradually restored to normal pressure.

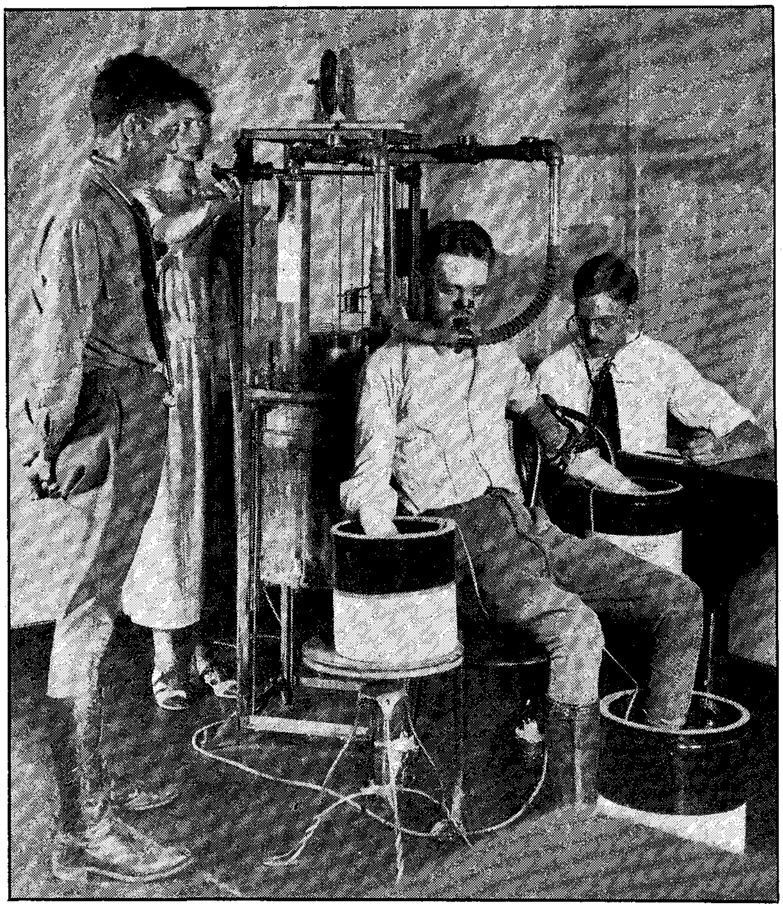
"'The life of a man is dependent not on the quantity or percentage of oxygen in the atmosphere but upon its pressure,' declares Dr. L. H. Bauer, former commandant of the school of medicine. 'Somewhere between 40,000 and 50,000 feet is undoubtedly the absolute limit for man, even when supplied with oxygen, under ordinary circumstances. Somewhere between these limits, the exact point varying according to the temperature of the air, the barometric pressure is reduced to 100 millimeters of mercury; in other words, the air will support the weight of only that small fraction of an inch of mercury, instead of supporting about thirty-nine inches, as it does at sea level. From this atmospheric pressure must be deducted forty-seven millimeters of water vapor, which accumulates in the inspired air before it reaches the lungs. This leaves fifty-three millimeters possible available oxygen pressure if pure oxygen could be breathed. If a man was breathing absolutely pure oxygen, this would be sufficient to sustain life, but under no present available method of taking oxygen, either through a tube or a mask, does the oxygen remain undiluted. It does become diluted by the nitrogen in the air. Also, under the effects of the diminishing pressure, nitrogen is given off by the blood, as in caisson disease, which attacks workers digging deep foundations. This nitrogen from the blood still further dilutes the air. If the oxygen pressure could be kept up to about fifty-three millimeters, it still would be necessary to maintain the carbon-dioxid pressure.'

"That is the technical explanation of what the doctors find happening. How it feels to the aviator is something else. Captain Gray, after his altitude flight, described the limit as the point where one feels as tho the surrounding air wall, which is practically missing, was needed to give the muscles operating the lungs something against which to push. To the man suffering from want of oxygen the feeling is that the lungs lack leverage to do their work and inhale the life-giving gas.

"One way of defeating the high altitude would be to inclose the flyer in an air-tight cabinet or cabin in which ground pressure could be maintained, no matter to what level he goes. That may come in time, but to date the only experiment in which it was tried nearly ended in disaster.

"An airplane with an air-tight cabin was built at McCook Field, the Army experimental laboratory at Dayton, for Lieut. John A. Macready to use in one of his attempts to break the altitude record in a heavier-than-air machine. To insure against leakage of the air, the manhole through which Macready entered the plane was equipped with a door that screwed on from the inside, so that the pressure within the ship would hold it tight and seal the joint. The less the pressure outside, it was reasoned, the more pressure against the door, and hence the better the joint.

"The theory proved out almost too well, for, while flying at an immense height, Macready's oxygen apparatus went bad. He began to descend, and, as the air within his cabin grew more and more stale, he struggled to remove the door and admit fresh air from outside. But the pressure against the manhole cover was so great that even after the bolts were removed it stuck in its place and all his efforts could not dislodge it. Macready was almost unconscious before he reached a low enough level to balance the inside and outside pressures and free the door.



Official photograph, U. S. Army Air Corps

AN ARTIFICIAL ALTITUDE TEST

With hands and feet in jars of saline solution and a breather mask over the face to analyze the breath, an Army flyer undergoes the first step in high-altitude testing.

"A somewhat similar air-tight balloon basket was built at McCook Field, and sent to Captain Gray for trial, but the balloonist refused to risk it. He pointed out that, when ascending or descending slowly, an aeronaut's body could adjust itself to enormous changes in air pressure, but that a flyer imprisoned in an air-tight cabinet would be lost if anything should go wrong at an immense height and make it necessary for him to take to his parachute. Under such circumstances it would be fatal to open the door and try to escape, for the sudden transition from ground pressure to a semi-vacuum would be more than blood-vessels could stand, and they would probably burst.

"Another method suggested is to equip the flyer with a suit somewhat like that worn by divers, but so constructed that the high pressure inside would not expand and tear it. With a pneumatic suit it might be possible for the wearer to move freely and even leave his ship by parachute, if necessary, provided the chute was built big enough to carry the added weight. Such a suit, or even an air-tight cabinet, would have to be provided with some means of absorbing the excess carbon dioxid, for, while a small amount is necessary, too much is dangerous.

"The tests in the Army pressure chambers in Washington and at flying-fields in various parts of the country have shown that the effects of altitude on a flyer usually steal on him unaware. The most striking effect is on the nervous system and takes the form first of stimulation and a feeling of well-being. This is followed immediately by a decrease in the field of attention, in which the aviator is easily distracted from his work, loses control of voluntary muscles and finds it increasingly hard to concentrate on his tasks. His muscles fail to obey the brain messages, and he may reach in one direction for a control, as he believes, and actually be reaching in an entirely different quarter. Yet he is not conscious of doing a thing wrong. As the tests continue and higher altitudes are simulated, the flyers suffer from loss of memory, judgment, and hearing, and even their vision is impaired just before unconsciousness comes.

"The experiments show that the oxygen apparatus should be turned on when a flyer gets not higher than 20,000 feet, and that between 23,000 and 25,000 is the absolute limit to which even the best of men can go and retain consciousness without using oxygen."

THE BIRD'S POWDER PUFF

EVERY ONE HAS SEEN DOMESTIC FOWLS reveling in dust baths. It is a curious fact that certain birds are provided with a natural powder formed by the disintegration of the feathers. This powder, which under the microscope is seen to consist of minute horny particles, is impervious to water and, therefore, protects the plumage from becoming wet. Writing of this curious phenomenon, in a late number of the *Illustrierte Zeitung* (Leipsic), Dr. C. Schuez remarks:

"The more extensive our knowledge becomes with respect to the structure and function of the feathers of birds, the more admirable and wonderful these works of nature appear. When we consider their manifold variety, we find they range from the bare bristlelike pin-feathers to the satin-smooth ornamental feathers of some of the birds of paradise, in which innumerable quantities of the most delicate barbs or flues are closely massed to form luxuriant plumes. Among the singular structural forms to be found in feathers, we shall mention here only the powder feathers.

"Feathers of this kind produce in the course of their development a fine dust, at the expense of the flues, the latter retrograding and becoming more attenuated the more plentiful the formation of dust or powder. In most birds this dust is perceptible upon the plumage only at the time of molting, but in certain groups of birds, as in herons, birds of prey, parrots, and woodpeckers, such powder is found in larger quantities and in a finer state of division. This peculiarity of abundant powder-production is, in many cases, found in almost the entire plumage, as may readily be observed, in molting pigeons. But it is also true that certain feathers specialize in the production of powder, and become a sort of specific powder-down. Their anatomical structure sometimes assumes very peculiar forms and is characterized by the increase of the powder-forming tissues and the corresponding generation of the flues.

"The growth of such feathers is often very slow in coming to an end, and after a short rest pause, is resumed; in a few cases, as in the powder-down of the herons, the growth continues uninterruptedly throughout the entire life of the bird, the flues progressively disintegrating at the outer end, so that the feather constantly remains of the same length. Furthermore, the specialized powder-down is sometimes assembled into very thick bunches or tufts. For example, in the gray herons one may see a whitish gray layer when the outer feathers are lifted upon the abdominal and pelvic side and along the legs."

Under the microscope this powder appears as a dense mass of minute horny particles in the shape of rods or granules. They cling very closely to the surface of the feathers, covering the entire plumage when the supply of powder is abundant. These particles of dust impart a bluish sheen or bloom to the plumage, during life, as in the case of the fish heron. This much resembles the bloom on a plum, but just as the latter disappears when the fruit is touched, so it disappears upon the dead bird when handled. The writer goes on:

"The significance of the powder resides in two specific properties. The first is its effectiveness as a 'diffusive medium.' As such it appears to the eye, under certain conditions, to have a bluish tint, altho in itself it is actually colorless. This reflection of the blue rays is perceptible only when the remaining portion of the white light falling upon the plumage is not equally reflected but is absorbed at least in part. This is the case when dark coloring matter is present in the feathers covered by the powder; that is, when the feathers have a gray color.

"On this account the powder is especially effective on gray plumage, such as that of domestic pigeons, fish herons, passenger falcons and gray parrots, and to such feathers it imparts a bluish sheen. This disappears when the powder ceases to be produced, as is the case in birds of prey, pigeons, etc., with the close of the molting season, whereas in the fish heron, because of the continuing growth of its powder-down, this means of beautification is persistent."

The second property of the powder, however, is of much greater importance—this is the fact that it is unwetable, causing the water to run off the bird in the form of drops:

"It is a well-known fact that birds spend part of their time every day in oiling their feathers with the aid of the oil glands at the rump; very often they draw each feather one by one through the oiled beak, for drenched plumage may be a very dangerous matter for a bird. It is probably not a matter of chance that it is just when that vitally important organ, the oil gland, is not functioning properly that the powder formation is increased. An example of this is found in parrots and herons. It has been noted that in herons kept in captivity they never or rarely approach the beak to the oil gland but far more frequently to the areas of powder-down, in order to spread their discharge over the entire plumage. Thus the powder produced by the bird from its own body serves as a means toward both health and beauty."

WHY AUTOMOBILES ARE CHEAPER—The following reasons are advanced by an editorial writer in *The Iron Age* (New York):

"While one of the leading automobile plants required 17,000 workers in 1916 to turn out 650 cars a day, the present force of the same plant is approximately 15,000 and has no trouble in turning out 1,500 cars a day. Worked out in another way, this means that in 1916 it took twenty-six man-days for each car, against ten man-days under present conditions. Installation of machinery for cutting down both time and labor, employment of mechanics and department heads specially trained in the work, proper routing of manufacturing operations through the plant, modern equipment for handling materials, and more exact methods of manufacture through the use of more accurate machines, all taken together, account for this great improvement in performance.

There is also the fact that the earlier methods involved a waste of material, which to-day would be regarded as unconscionable. One automobile official observes that a dozen years ago the waste in many of the materials purchased for making a car was almost as great as the amount of such materials finally incorporated in the car."

BIRTHS AND DEATHS BY NIGHT—For some time, says *La Science Moderne* (Paris), conclusions have been drawn regarding the times of day when most births and deaths occur. The question was studied in different countries, and the results indicated that the results varied with environment. No biological law was found to exist. Laignel-Lavastine has now reexamined the question, and has presented his conclusions and reflections to the French Academy of Medicine. We read:

"The inquiry has been carried on in various hospitals for a year past. Hourly statistics of births at La Pitié hospital, kept under Professor Jeannin, show that every month the number of births is greater between midnight and noon than between noon and the following midnight. As for deaths, they are more frequent during the period of sleep from 6 P. M. to 6 A. M. than during waking hours. In a single year, in Mr. Laignel-Lavastine's service, 113 patients died during the night and only 88 in the daytime.

Besides, of these 113 deaths, 59 took place between six o'clock and midnight, in the early part of the sleeping period. There is thus a cosmic influence of night on births and deaths, and perhaps, says Mr. Laignel-Lavastine, sleep also does its part. These two causes, by increasing the excitability of the pneumogastric nerve, work together to predispose to death. Such at least, is the impression of the distinguished pathologist."

NUMBERING BROADCAST CHANNELS

RADIO-BROADCAST CHANNELS will be numbered as conveniently as telephones, houses, and offices, if a plan suggested by R. H. Langley, Chairman of a Committee of the National Electrical Manufacturers Association, becomes effective. In an article entitled "Meters, Kilocycles, or 'Channel Numbers'?" in *Radio Broadcast* (New York), Mr. Langley says:

"Perhaps there is no such thing as 'the average broadcast listener.' But millions of them come pretty close to the average, and I wonder just what they think when they hear the announcer say that he is broadcasting 'on a frequency of twelve hundred and sixty kilocycles.' In all but a very few cases, I venture to say that their thoughts have nothing to do with the meaning of these words. Last year it was 'wave-length of two hundred and ninety-one and one-tenth meters' and that was even worse. Why so many numbers and so many strange words? The radio listener is expected to understand something which even the radio engineer must resort to a tabulation or a slide rule to translate.

"Altho the change from 'wave-length' to 'frequency' was logical, it is still far from being simple for Mr. Average Listener to understand.

"Some manufacturers have tried to put these strange numbers on the dial of the receiver when it was built. Then if you knew and could remember the wave-length or the frequency of the station you wanted, you could set the receiver to that point. Aside from the mechanical difficulties involved in doing this, the complexity of the numbers themselves kept the conventional 'zero to one hundred' dial on the sets.

"The channel-numbering system, of course, involves another set of numbers, which must be read from a dial and related to the wave-length of the frequency or the call letters of the stations. Its merit, I believe, lies not in any essential difference from preceding systems, but in its greater simplicity.

"From a logical point of view, designating broadcasting stations by wave-lengths in meters or frequency in kilocycles, is about as reasonable and technically correct as giving one's address as 'north 43 deg. 28′ 37.42″, east 76 deg. 18′ 58.13″.'

"There will be numbers on the dial running from 1 to 96, representing the ninety-six broadcast channels. Supposing the announcer says: 'This is station XYZ on channel 16.' When you want station XYZ again, you will turn to number 16 on the dial. You will soon remember the fact that your favorite stations are at 16, 23, 38, 67, and 84. If you notice in the paper that station PQR on channel 53 is giving an unusually good program, there will be no difficulty about finding it. And the numbers will be the same on all receivers.

"If the range of frequencies allotted to broadcasting is increased, it is almost certain to be in the direction of the short waves. Then our series of ninety-six numbers will have to be continued from ninety-six up. By starting the number series at the long-wave or low-frequency end, we shall leave room for expansion into the short waves, and we shall also have the smaller numbers for those channels now assigned to the larger and more widely known stations."

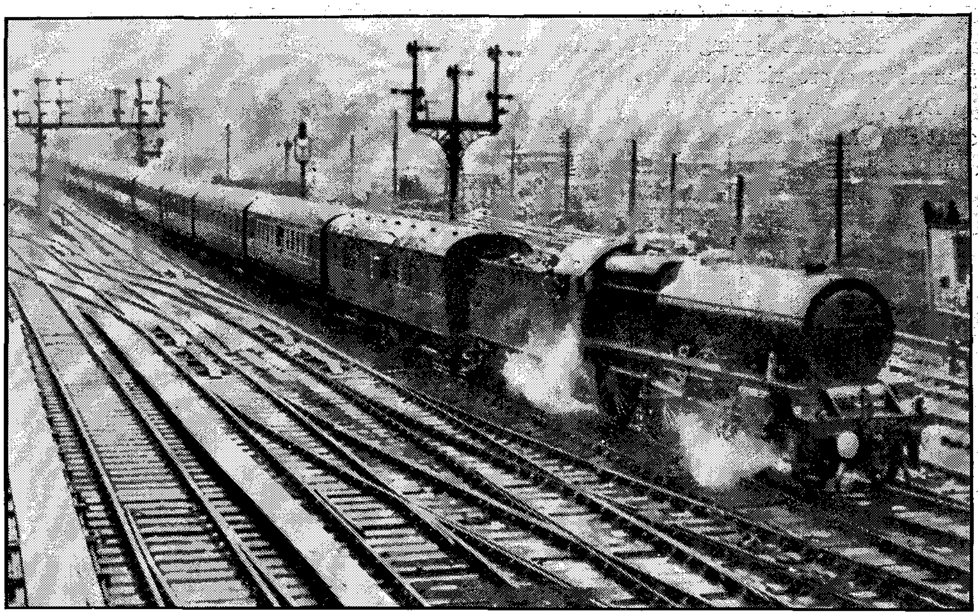
Willis K. Wing, editor of *Radio Broadcast*, says of the proposed plan:

"One of the most practical and interesting suggestions tending to simplification of radio as far as the non-technical use of radio receivers is concerned, is that of Mr. Langley. Altho great strides have been made in the simplifying of receiver operation, still thousands of listeners who don't even know the difference between alternating and direct current, try to solve the dual mysteries of wave-lengths and kilocycles which confront them in their local newspaper radio programs and on the dials of their receiving sets."

THE WORLD'S NON-STOP TRAIN RECORD

BRITAIN HOLDS IT WITH HER "ROYAL SCOT," an Edinburgh express on the London, Midland and Scottish, making its first stop at Carlisle, 299¼ miles from London. The best we have ever done in this country would seem to have been the Pennsylvania's run of about 217 miles, made from Manhattan transfer to Washington, and even this was frequently broken by the necessity of taking on another locomotive to help the train through the Baltimore tunnel. It should be noted that the fifteen cars of the British train weigh no more than one of our Pullman trains of six or seven cars. Says *The Railway Age* (New York):

"Great Britain, which has for years held the record in operating trains over long distances, with no intermediate stops for any purpose—traffic or service—established a new high mark in this field when, on September 26, the London, Midland and Scottish placed its 'Royal Scot' on a non-stop basis between London (Euston) and Carlisle, 299¼ miles. Previous to the past summer the Great Western had held the record with its 'Cornish Riviera Express', which does not stop between London and Plymouth, 225 miles. At the beginning of the summer, however, the London, Midland and Scottish began running the 'Royal Scot' non-stop between London and Carnforth, 236 miles, and, at the same time, the London and North Eastern established a non-stop schedule between London and Newcastle-on-Tyne, 268 miles. This latter schedule has now been withdrawn for the winter.


Wide World photograph

THE WORLD'S RECORD NON-STOP TRAIN

The "Royal Scot," of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway.

"The 'Royal Scot's' scheduled speed in the non-stop section is not excessive, 52 miles per hour. The 'Cornish Riviera Express' still holds that record among the long non-stop trains, 56.5 miles per hour. The management explains that in setting up its schedule an attempt has been made to provide for a high degree of on-time performance and that high-speed records have been subordinated to this purpose. There are three severe grades on the line, of which one is almost 5 miles long.

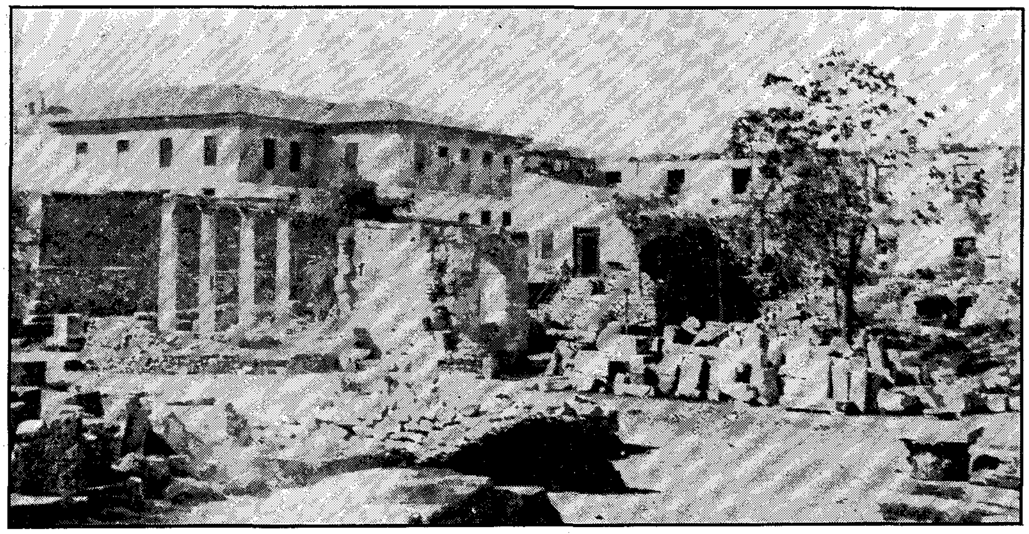
"The 'Royal Scot' is composed, according to *The Railway Gazette* (London), of 15 cars, and weighs 420 long tons (470 short tons). It is in effect two trains and divides at Symington, Scotland, one part going to Glasgow and the other to Edinburgh. The train is provided with both center-aisle (i. e., American style) cars and with the customary compartment-corridor cars. Meals are served throughout the day, and a uniformed attendant travels on the train, his special business being to answer inquiries from passengers regarding train schedules, etc., and to point out interesting sights en route. The trains leave at 10 A. M. and arrive at destination at 6:15 P. M.

"Locomotives used on the 'Royal Scot' are of the 4-6-0 Type with three cylinders, recently received from the builder. They develop 33,150 pounds tractive force at 85 per cent. of boiler pressure, which is 250 pounds."

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

AMERICA TO OPEN THE DOOR OF ATHENIAN PAST



WHERE LIFE IN ANCIENT ATHENS ONCE TEEMED

This site held the market-place of Hadrian, and some parts of the great library he built still stand on the margin of the excavation, made by the Greek nation twenty years ago.

WHAT MAY LIE BENEATH THE SURFACE of ancient Athens thrills the imagination. But digging seems about to begin, and the area lying at the foot of the Acropolis, comprised in the territory known to the Athenians as the Agora, will be excavated under a grant of the Greek Government to the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. Years will be required, and sums reaching into millions needed, but already the first quarter-million is in hand from the purse of some modest donor, who withholds his name. But enthusiasts need not rush forward for the honor of the first spadeful. Before the digging can begin in earnest, a section of the city must be expropriated and its buildings moved off. It was so in Delphi when the French undertook the uncovering of the ancient site of temples and theater. The little village of Castri was picked up bodily and carried round a spur of the mountain so that the ancient calm of Greece's holy place should not be broken by even the sight of modern life. In Athens the difficulties are tenfold. No less than seven medieval churches, small but picturesque, occupy the condemned spot. One of these is reputed to be the oldest in Athens. Tiny cottages, neat and tidy, tho this is all that Athens can boast as "slum," cry out against summary treatment. New homes will have to be found for the dwellers here, and these run in number from 8,000 to 10,000 people. Prof. Edward Capps, of Princeton, interviewed by the New York *Herald Tribune*, estimates that eight months will be needed to evacuate the area, and the work of the spade may begin in 1929. Before an end is reached, two to four million dollars will be required to prosecute the work. It is hoped that an impetus will be given to moneyed men by this initial gift, so that funds will be available as they are needed. The New York *Times* states that "the General Education Board, endowed by John D. Rockefeller, Sr., has set aside $500,000 to aid the American School in studies which will be based largely on the excavations in the Agora." Some sites have been tapped by the Greek Archeological Society, who financed their work by a government lottery. "Since the war, however, the proceeds of the lottery have been applied to aviation." The hand already taken by America in uncovering the buried past of Greece is summarized in *The Herald Tribune:*

"Almost contemporaneously with the establishment in Athens in 1881 by the Archeological Institute of America of its first foreign school, the professors and students accredited to the American School of Classical Studies began excavations. Eretria, in the island of Euboea, the temple of Hera in Argos and the site of ancient Corinth on the Isthmus, are the three best known of these American excavations. The scientific excellence both of the excavation work and of the articles later published in special volumes and in *The American Journal of Archeology* have led steadily, almost inevitably, toward a culmination such as the uncovering of the Athenian Agora is sure to be. There are many influences that have contributed to bring about this opportunity. The energy and foresight of the trustees of the school; the cooperation of the members of the managing committee, representing the supporting colleges and universities; the dedication of the $250,000 Gennadeion Library in April, 1926, built on land given by the Greek Government with money furnished by the Carnegie Corporation, to house the splendid collection presented by Dr. Joannes Gennadius, and, most of all, the untiring and courageous efforts of the chairman of the managing committee, Prof. Edward Capps, of Princeton—these are the means through which America's archeological opportunity has been secured.

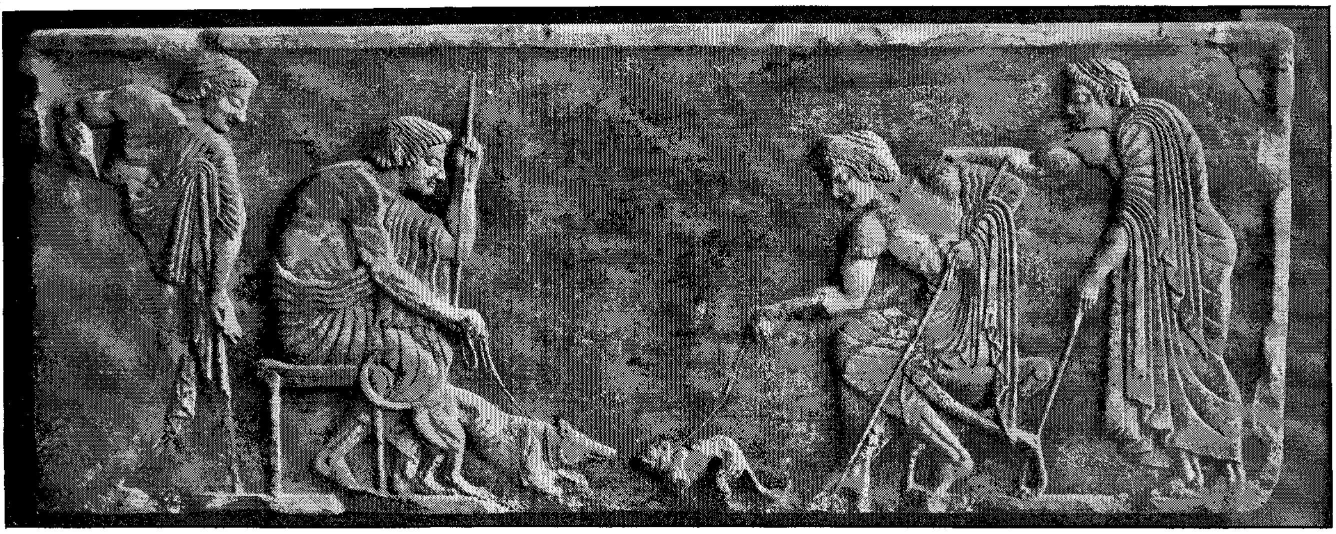
"The progress during the last twenty years in archeology has been stupendous. Illicit digging has been nearly stopt; careless digging is no longer possible. Every scientific aid in discovery—photography and measurement *in situ;* proper care in the excavation; the preservation, removal or protection of the buildings or objects found; the certainty of accurate and reasonably early publication—such are the safeguards for the results that are confidently expected by the world from American archeologists."

The Times gives a long detailed account of the situation, from which we make excerpts:

"Before leaving Athens this fall, Professor Capps completed careful surveys of the district of Athens covered by concessions. He and his colleagues selected a plot 450 feet by 150 to be excavated first. The famous Shoe Lane, well known to tourists for its dealers in ancient coins and other antiquities, runs through this area. There are twenty-five houses to be pulled down. It is just north of the Areopagus and about 500 feet west of the Acropolis.

"The walls of the Library of Hadrian against which the cells of a modern Athenian prison have been built, arise on this site. Columns of some of the old temples are still sticking above ground. From the descriptions of Pausanias, who left a sort of Baedeker of ancient Athens, and from inscriptions which have been found on this section of the Agora it is surmized that the first excavation will disclose remains of the Royal Stoa, or covered colonnade, and of the temples of Zeus, Ares and Aphrodite.

Springfield, Missouri



A CAT-AND-DOG FIGHT IN ANCIENT ATHENS

While bulls and cocks are trained to furnish amusement in modern times, the ancient Greeks appeared to prefer dogs and cats.

At one edge of this excavation is the Theseum, or Hephæsteum, the best preserved of all Greek temples.

"The greatest prizes which the ruins of the Royal Stoa might contain would be first drafts of early laws of Athens.

"The results of minor excavations make it absolutely certain that the twenty-five acres are rich in archeological treasures. A tunnel, which was run through as part of the underground railway to Piræus, produced a museum full of antiquities. Many Greek families living on the site are known to possess secretly collections of importance dug up in their back yards, such collections being possest secretly because the Greek law makes such finds property of the Government and requires all citizens to declare them. The exportation of such finds is absolutely forbidden, altho a great bootlegging trade in them exists, and museums all over the world patronize the smugglers who secretly bring classic things to market. The Greek Government recently brought suit in Boston to compel a bank there to surrender certain antiquities which had been smuggled out of Greece and placed in its keeping. The concessions granted to the American School provide, however, that the Americans may send to America any 'duplicates' of objects already represented in the Greek National Museum.

"Athens suffered under repeated lootings from the time of Xerxes to that of Lord Elgin. Its heaviest losses occurred under the Eastern Emperors, who removed quantities of works of art to Constantinople. Roman Pro-Consuls and Generals became connoisseurs and took great collections out of Athens. On this account it is not expected that fine objects of a portable size will be found in a state of perfect preservation, except by accident, such as the burial of the object during a siege or invasion.

"On the other hand, thousands of works of art, precious tho damaged, will be found. The conditions in other parts of Athens make this certain. An Athenian, recently digging a trench in his own yard, came upon a section of the wall which Themistocles built in great haste to fortify the city against the Spartans. Built into this wall were found sculptures which are now among the gems of the National Museum. These all show sporting scenes. One is a hockey game. Another is a ball-game scene, in which several players appear to be running a man down between the bases. In another, one boy is seconding a dog and another is seconding a cat in a cat-and-dog fight. All the sculptured figures were beautifully and delicately painted. These objects were apparently built into the wall of Themistocles shortly after they were made and while the paint was still fresh. These were of great importance, because objects of Greek paintings are almost unknown.

"Professor Capps will hold a series of conferences with classical scholars in American universities this winter to arrange for the special training for students which will equip them for service in Athens. The services of a great many able specialists in inscriptions, classical art and architecture, numismatics and history will be needed in connection with the work. Under the plan suggested by Professor Capps trained classical students will be sent to Athens by American universities, with the understanding that on completing three years in archeological work at Athens university posts await them at home."

AWAY WITH "FOOLISH QUESTIONS"

IF THE "GENERAL KNOWLEDGE" questions have not already gone the way of cross-word puzzles—into the discard, it may be time to examine their utility. "What I really want to see," says Father Ronald Knox in the London *Evening Standard*, "and what we shall never get, is the kind of general knowledge paper that tests your general knowledge":

"I mean, your rough, inexact knowledge of things that are really important. I see no use in knowing the exact height of Snowdon or Mont Blanc. But everybody ought to know that the whole scale of the Alps is quite different, and produces quite a different impression on the eye, from the scale of any British range. There is no point in knowing the precise *floruit* of any author, ancient or modern. But everybody ought to know whether Thucydides wrote before or after Cicero, whether Dante was a contemporary of Shakespeare, whether Voltaire came before or after the French Revolution.

"I expect I have chosen my instances badly; but every schoolmaster knows that it is possible to get the wildest answers out of a set of boys on such subjects as these. I wonder whether the grown-up readers of newspapers might not be found equally wanting? Is it not really the end of education to get life in the proper perspective?"

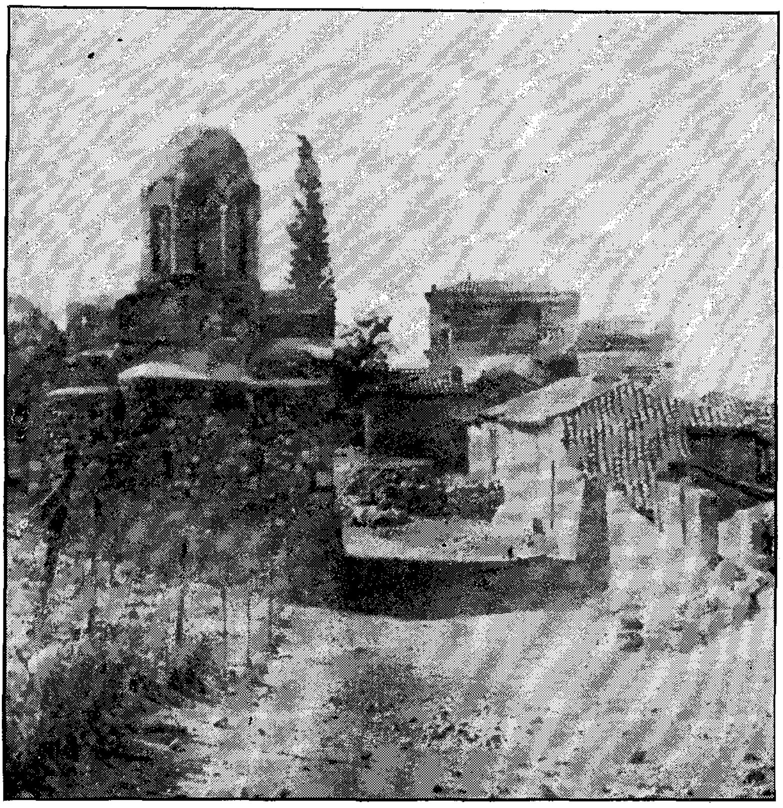
Some of those who are set the task of making up these posers may get some help from an old book that the writer here resurrects. It is called "Knowledge for the People, or the Plain Why and Because, Familiarizing Subjects of Useful Curiosity and Amusing Research," by John Timbs. It deals in "Domestic Science," "Origins and Antiquities," "Sports and Pastimes," and "Curious Customs." Father Knox takes up the first section and suppilies his own answers:

"The section on Domestic Science intrigues me most, because, altho no doubt it was splendidly up-to-date at the time of writing, it has, for us, a pathetically old-world atmosphere. 'Why is a harp or a pianoforte, which is well tuned in a morning drawing-room, not perfectly in tune when a crowded evening party has heated the room?' Answer (1927)—There are no harps, only ukuleles. 'Why have some houses double windows?' Answer—It would be a great advantage if some of them had, with the filthy noise these motor-lorries make. 'Why are assembly-rooms ventilated?' They mostly aren't. 'Why is the taste of common water pleasing and refreshing?' (Too easy, that one.) 'Why is indifferent beer vulgarly called Water Bewitched?' Nowadays it is called beer. 'Why are hops used in beer?' Dash it all, you must use something. 'Why is coffee so seldom well made in England?' Even then!

"They had, indeed, some of our modern problems. There is an article headed 'The Dressing Room,' which begins by asking why charcoal is the best dentifrice—I wonder, when did mankind start washing its teeth? That is the sort of thing you can never find out by looking up an encyclopedia."

DE PACHMANN CONFESSES

WHEN DE PACHMANN, THE INCOMPARABLE player of Chopin, last appeared at Carnegie Hall, a leading music critic went out before the end, growling, "This is an outrage!" De Pachmann had dared to "be himself"; and every one knows he likes to talk while he plays. Another critic, perhaps under the spell of the pianist's introductory tussle with the piano stool, began his critique with, "There was murder done at Carnegie Hall last night." That phrase, of course, made everybody read on, tho what it had to do with musical criticism didn't develop. De Pachmann was once put in a verbal straight-jacket by his manager and ordered not to talk while he played; when the concert was over the ban was removed and he was besought to talk in future to his heart's content. It is likely that America will never again hear the magical tones of his pianoforte, for the musician is seventy-nine and hates the ocean; but he is at present touring England and *The Daily Chronicle* (London) has induced him to tell why he talks when he plays:



OLD ATHENIAN CHURCHES LIKE THIS MUST GO

A Byzantine gem standing on the site of the old Agora, and it with six others will have to give way to the search for an older past.

"'You are a showman first and a musician afterwards.'

"How often has that accusation been made against me by critics in all parts of the world! They would have me march on to the platform, perhaps in a uniform instead of Chopin's inspiring old coat, stride to the piano, and without any adjustments of the stool sit down and play. Not a word may I speak until the concert is finished. If I am pleased, I must not smile; if I am angry, I must hide my feelings!

"Nonsense! One would do better to listen to a concert on an automatic piano! I like to gamble, and once, for a wager, I did not speak one word at a concert. Next day Mr. Powell received two or three hundred letters from disappointed people, asking why I had been silent. They came to hear my music, but they also like to hear me talk, because I can in that way explain the composer's thoughts.

"A stockbroker from London once wrote to me asking why I indulged in 'preliminary fuss and adjustments of the piano stool' at my concerts. He said that if he fiddled with his desk as I fiddled with my stool his clients would think him mad and never do business with him again!

"Ah, my friend, I think you must be one of those who would put a penny in the slot and turn on the music! Art and business are very different. You would not fill the Albert Hall with people to see you fiddling with your desk—and I do not fill it because I wear an old coat or take half an hour to adjust my music stool. I fill it because years of practise have developed my genius until I can play perfectly."

"I never consciously posed in my life," declares the pianist; and doesn't he deserve to be taken at his word? As he says:

"I turn the piano stool this way and that because it is necessary. I can not interpret the music of the great composers until everything is to my liking. If the piano stool is too high, I am distracted all the time I am playing, and my performance falls short of perfection.

"Often my audiences take me too seriously. I am not always Pachmann the great musician and friend of Liszt and Wagner. Sometimes I am Pachmann the jester. I creep on to the platform and look at the great audience. 'What!' I exclaim aloud. 'I have been playing in Britain for more than forty years, and you still come to hear me? Marvelous!' Then I turn to the piano and give a start. 'A piano! What is that for? Surely you do not expect an old man like me to play? My fingers are stiff, and I have not practised for six years!'

"The audience is laughing. I like to hear them laugh, and get angry if they do not respond. I know that they have come, perhaps from a hurried luncheon, and have had to scramble for a bus in the rain. Naturally they are deprest! But when they laugh, then I can take them into my confidence, introduce them to Liszt and Chopin and Beethoven.

"When people laugh they forget to sit straight up in their seats, and become more human.

"Most people think that music and humor can not walk hand in hand. Why not? Wagner and many other great giants delighted in a little musical horseplay. So sometimes when I play, I am merry. I hold my right hand high on a rest and when it seems too late, strike the note just in time. Then I turn round and smile at the shade of Liszt, saying, 'You dared not do that!' I do not boast when I say that to-day I am the only pianist with a great platform personality. My so-called eccentricities, my little jokes, my whirling of the piano stool, my smiles and my grimaces, they are all the expression of my personality. Paderewski is grand and majestic—but the others are all wooden. They are afraid to be human with music. It is the human touch that binds me to my music and my audiences. I love them, and I want them to love me."

THE COVER—The cover to-day brings forward one of the most famous pictures of the world, that of the "Assumption of the Virgin." It is perhaps necessary for modern taste, in order to see the religious intent of the painter, to reflect that the period of the painter's art was one when the baroque style strongly influenced Spanish art, wherein the charming amoretti were a frequent element of decorative detail. In the sumptuous work, "The World's Great Pictures," published by Funk and Wagnalls, we read:

"Together with Velasquez, the greatest master of the school of Seville, and in fact of the whole Spanish school, is Bartolomé Esteban Murillo. He was baptized on January 1, 1618, and was probably born the day before. His master was that very insignificant painter, Juan del Castillo, whose dry style his pupil fortunately never adopted. In fact, Murillo never discovered his own proper vocation in art until 1643, when Pedro de Moya, who had worked in England under Van Dyck's direction, initiated him into that great Flemish master's method of painting. Murillo then went to Madrid, where he was brought into contact with Velasquez, who gave him excellent advice. In 1645 he returned to Seville, where he led a busy, hard-working life until 1682, the year of his death.

"These two greatest masters of the Spanish school are the dominating figures of their national art, and each of them carried the special style he had chosen to the height of perfection."

DUG UP IN A GARDEN

Sculptures built into the wall of Themistocles and uncovered by a citizen of Athens while digging a trench on his private estate.

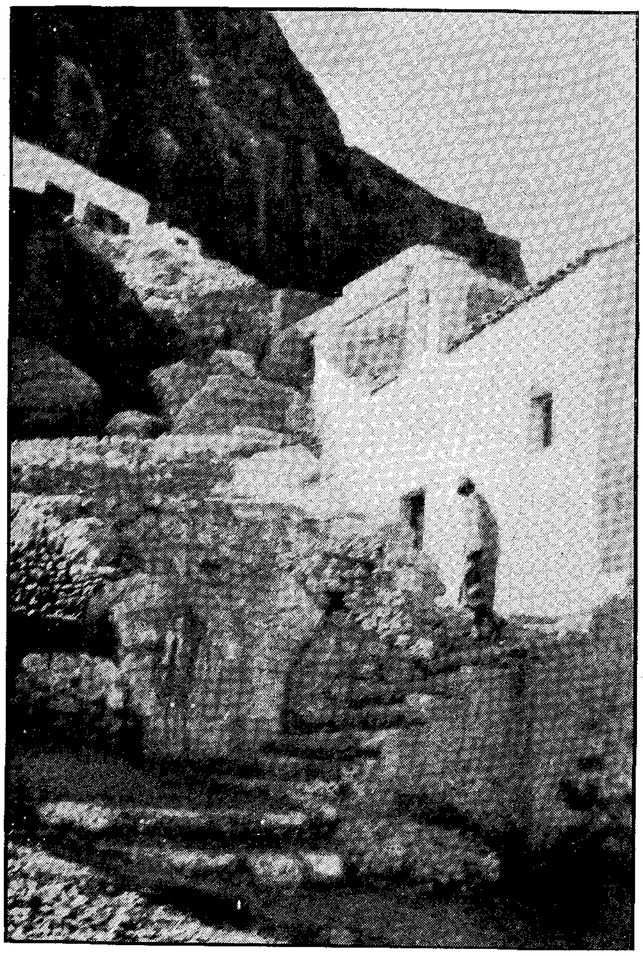
TEARING UP "ELMER GANTRY"

THE "BEST KIND OF CENSORSHIP" was put into force by Mr. Bayard Veiller when he tore up his dramatized version of "Elmer Gantry." This was about the highest praise the dramatist got after he "told the world" that he had put his own foot on the product of six months' labor. A moral gesture of this sort is apt to be received with a dash of cynicism, especially when the advertising value of good deeds is considered. Mr. Veiller must have apprehended this, for he dims his own halo by saying, "I don't need the money. I have all I need now, and I'll begin writing something else pretty soon. I do not think that any production will be made of an 'Elmer Gantry' play now." On this latter point his critics are not in agreement. *The Morning Telegraph* (New York) for one:

"'Elmer Gantry' is one of the Sinclair Lewis type of stories. He usually has little regard for the ethical in his writings, and the dramatization of his works necessarily brings with it the impression that the play is risqué. Fearing criticism in the event his completed drama would bring down upon him protest from the better element of the showgoers, Mr. Veiller destroyed his manuscript and returned his advance royalties.

"No one can question the sincerity of the dramatist. But those who have read 'Elmer Gantry' and defined the purpose of the author in his desire to bring more forcibly to the attention of the public the deception and immorality of the amen corner, goody-goody hypocrites, would doubtless welcome an exposé in the theater of this type of religious offender.

"It is unfortunate that Mr. Veiller has taken the thing to heart. At the same time it is refreshing to observe that a playwright has been found who places higher ideals above box-office receipts. 'Elmer Gantry' will be dramatized and eventually produced, whether Mr. Veiller remodels it for stage purposes or not."



DWELLINGS OF THE POOR IN ATHENS

Which will not long repose in the shadow of the Acropolis, the dark mass indicated above. All will go when Americans begin to dig.

Mr. Veiller's vision of the consequences following the production of his play—contained in his statement given to the press—is asserted as his main motive:

"Think, of the clergymen in New York alone, how mad they would be to witness behind the footlights an evangelist so very susceptible to amorous backslidings. Coupled with the rest of the New York public who are either narrow-minded or afraid to see the truth, the play would surely have met with tremendous hostility which would have turned itself on the theater in general with disastrous results."

The Hartford *Courant* will not permit itself to be ranged among those unaware of the feeling aroused by Mr. Lewis's novel; neither is it willing to let the stage acquire too much merit through this latest gesture:

"Sinclair Lewis's novel was condemned in measured and unmeasured terms from a thousand pulpits, and the echo of the denunciation must have reached Mr. Veiller's ears. Yet he would have us believe that not until he had done six months of work in converting the novel into a play did the thought occur to him that the depiction of *Elmer Gantry* on the stage would not be to the liking of ministers.

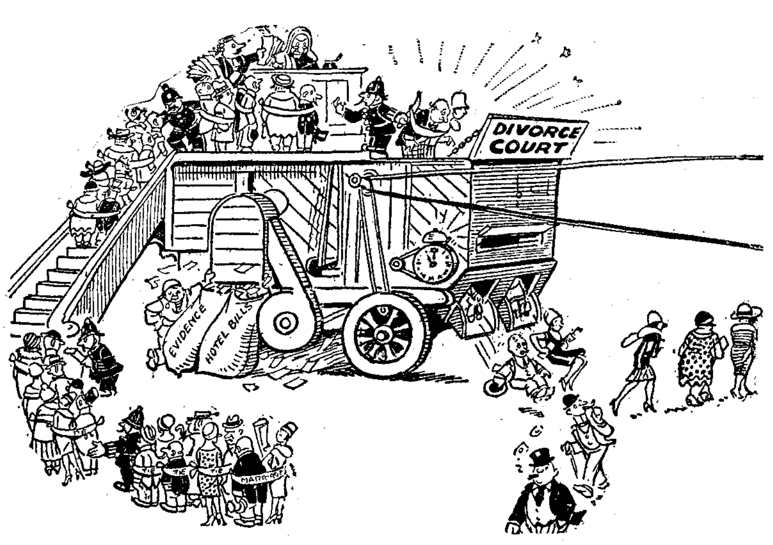
"No such qualms bothered the authors of 'Rain,' in which a missionary is revealed as a victim of suppress desires.

"Producers have not hesitated in the past to present plays in which ministers conducted themselves in a manner unbecoming gentlemen of the cloth. They felt that intelligent playgoers could be depended upon not to generalize on the basis of what they had seen on the stage. The film producers have been avoiding the delicate subject."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

THE ENGLISH RUSH FOR SECRET DIVORCE

THE FEAR OF PUBLIC SCANDAL having been removed by the law forbidding newspapers to publish anything but the bare record of the cases, England is witnessing a rush to the divorce courts which, it seems, was entirely unexpected by the proponents of the new law, and which is causing concern to all. The purpose of the antipublicity law was to clean the press of unsavory details. It has achieved that end, but it has, at the same time—as some of the press warned—multiplied those seeking to untie the nuptial knot but who were previously deterred by the fear of publicity. As Delaware and one or two other States have a similar law, which is undergoing like scrutiny—noted in these pages, June 11—what is happening now in England is doubly interesting on this side of the water.



"THE DIVORCE CROP"

—The London *Daily Express.*

More than 500 divorce petitions, we read in the London *Daily Express*, were listed in London for the Michaelmas term. When the year closes more than 2,400 divorce suits will have been decided in London alone, and cases heard by assize judges will bring the total to 3,500. This means, we are told, that, including corespondents, 10,500 persons will be concerned in this break-up of homes. The remarkable increase of divorce is shown by the following table, taken from *The Daily Express*, of the average yearly number of cases over five-year periods since the beginning of the present century:

1901–1905	563
1906–1910	624
1911–1915	656
1916–1920	1,510
1921–1925	2,734

Eminent lawyers, we read further, attribute a large proportion of this year's increase to the prohibition of newspaper reports of anything beyond the bare skeleton of hearings. Another contributing factor mentioned in the London press is the equalization of the sexes, that is, giving women the same rights as men in suing for divorce. In a population of 40,000,000, *The Daily Express* points out, the number of divorce petitions now in the courts does not sound very large, but it does represent a great increase over what had come to be regarded as normal, and it deserves examination. Above all, it is a question that concerns the home. Is it or is it not a good thing for the country and for the moral standards and the happiness of its citizens, first, that there should be these increased facilities for divorce, and, second, that they should be turned to such eager account? *The Daily Express* answers:

"Unquestionably, here is a case of supply creating demand. If divorce suits had still to be brought in London, and in London alone, if the grounds for a divorce still differentiated between the husband and the wife, and if publicity still surrounded the proceedings of the divorce court, the great jump in the numbers of divorce cases could hardly have taken place. Even the war, and the new set of social values that the war induced, could hardly have worked so swift and notable a change. It is because divorce has been cheapened and equalized as between the two sexes, and, above all, because it has been enshrouded in an almost complete secrecy, that it is now being so largely resorted to. It would be extremely difficult to assess what this may mean in the way of release from a load of domestic misery that was otherwise unescapable. It would be equally difficult to guess how far the ease and popularity of divorce may be making inroads into that constancy and tolerance which used to be considered the great glory of English family life. Whatever view is taken of it, it is one of the most significant phenomena of our times."

A questioning attitude toward the problem is taken in the editorial columns of *The Westminster Gazette* by a writer who signs himself simply J. A. S. Whether the increase in the applications for divorce is good or bad, he says, will be answered differently, according to the view which different people take of the institution of marriage. "To those who think that marriage is a private contract between the parties, which should be wound up when it has broken down or become intolerable to one or the other, it is right and proper that facilities should be provided for dissolving it without publicity or scandal. To those who think it a contract 'in the sight of God and in the face of this congregation,' it must be painful that the law should offer a comfortable means of escape from it without the intervention of the 'congregation.'" Observing that the antipublicity law was passed through the efforts of the very people who "profess to take the more serious and religious view of marriage," the writer in *The Westminster Gazette* goes on:

"The authors of it will now discover that there is another side to the question. They may shut the courts and flatter themselves that they have improved public morals, but they can not do so without largely increasing the facilities for divorce and aiming a heavy blow at their own religious and ecclesiastical view of marriage. The Divorce Commission of 1912 went deeply into this question, and was deterred for this very reason from recommending the closing of the court."

It can scarcely be doubted, says the London *Evening Standard*, that when the withdrawal of publicity is fully appreciated there will be a still larger crop of divorce cases. That may not be a bad thing, it is conceded. "To attempt to perpetuate marriages which are no marriages is against public policy and private happiness."

"But it was certainly not the thing desired by the opponents of divorce publicity who were also the opponents of divorce reform. It is a curious but highly typical instance of the modern tendency to muddled thought, springing from the desire to combine incompatible advantages, or, as the old phrase has it, to eat one's cake and have it.

"The opponents of reform desired to maintain the kind of deterrent which acts most unfairly on honest and decent people. But, in their dislike of publicity, they helped to abolish the one kind of deterrent most likely to be effectual with people whose motives and actions will not bear examination."

It is difficult to determine whether morality has gained or lost through the new law, writes Optimus in *The Westminster Gazette.* He considers it a debatable question whether it is wise to restrict those who wish to break the bonds of matrimony, and continues:

"But without trying to arrive at a solution of that vexed problem, it is certainly illogical to try to make the divorce laws more severe and at the same time to shelter the trial of the cases from the light of publicity.

"Publicity is as great a restraint as law. The whole situation is a commentary upon the strange results of hasty legislation. Reformers who see one thing and one thing only are often surprized that a law which seems to give them what they want should turn out to have effects which raise a greater problem still. The history of social legislation is full of instances of that kind, and the qualification of the wise legislator is as much intellectual grasp as moral earnestness. A well-intentioned interference with the course of things may easily end in a blunder which can not be retrieved, and this seems to have happened in the case of Sir Evelyn Cecil's bill. For good or ill, it is now a statute, and the divorce courts are busier than ever.

"Publicity once again has revealed its power. It can not make men and women moral, but it must always be remembered it shares that limitation with law. At all events, in the search for outward restraints the churches ought not to overlook its influence. They have made the divorce court a private room, and it is crowded. If they wanted to make divorce harder, it was a mistake of the first magnitude. The bill, which was of course directed against the more sensational section of the press, has killed a healthy publicity as well as an unhealthy one. Moral earnestness inspires good laws, but the framing of them demands wise heads and skilled hands."

POOR FARMS; POOR PASTORS

BECAUSE OF THE DEPREST agricultural situation, forty-seven rural churches in Illinois are reported to have reduced the amount paid for pastor's salary from $1,000 to $500 during the past year. The report was made to the recent meeting of the Laymen's Association of the Illinois Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which took up a discussion of the matter in which Dean Herbert W. Mumford of the Illinois College of Agriculture and Dr. Charles W. Stewart, a prominent agricultural economist, participated. The result was a resolution which is being sent to other laymen's associations of the Methodist Episcopal Church and to numerous religious agencies, both Catholic and Protestant. The resolution, as taken from *Information Service*, the bulletin of the Department of Research and Education of the Federal Council of Churches is, in part, as follows:

"Whereas, the evidence persists that throughout the area of this Conference depression in agriculture is not only causing personal distress to many, but is also rendering more difficult the problem of our churches in rural and other communities;

"Whereas, it is the belief of many of our members that the persistence of the depression is caused in part by disadvantages resulting from Federal policies less favorable to agriculture than to other branches of our economic system; and

"Whereas, it is the belief of many of our members that the disadvantages under which our rural communities struggle are partly remediable by measures which can bring equality to agriculture without imposing corresponding injustice upon groups already enjoying Federal protection: therefore be it

"Resolved, that the Laymen's Association of the Illinois Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church hereby urges that nation-wide study be given by religious agencies of laymen and clergymen so as to ascertain whether the national position of American agriculture is such as to warrant the belief of some of our members that social justice and sound national policy unite in favor of obtaining for agriculture a more prosperous condition in American life."

A JEWISH LESSON FOR CHRISTIANS

A SIMPLE BUT ILLUMINATING STORY of how Jews engaged in promoting the new sport of dog-racing in England were willing to eliminate the Sunday racing feature at the request of Christian ministers is told to us in the New York *Christian Advocate* (Methodist). Because of the occasional outcroppings of anti-Semitism in this country, the story is well worth repeating here. The new sport of dog-racing is growing in popularity in British industrial towns, and gambling and Sabbath-breaking are said to be two of its baneful accompaniments. In the present instance it was the Sunday feature which was made the point of attack, and here the promoters gave in to the popular pressure brought on them by pulpit and press.

The Christian minister who led the opposition in the name of sabbath observance, we read in *The Advocate*, made this report to his congregation on the following Sunday, and told of the impression made upon him by these business men of the Jewish faith who had gone into the undertaking as a business matter solely, and, we read, with no thought that they were doing anything offensive to any group:

"I found just what I thought I might find—men full of character and fearless in their purpose. I found men who were not perfect, just as we here are not perfect, but thoroughgoing men, who, in their proposal, *had simply taken this borough at its own moral and spiritual valuation as judged by its Sunday life.*

"And why should they not do so? Yes, I found them frank-spirited and generous-hearted, not by any means beyond appeal, appeal on the highest grounds. Doubtless, other influences have weighed in the final decision. What matters it? The thing we feared has not come to pass. For that we give thanks to God. But if to-night men of pharisaic piety hale the sons of another race to the bar of my Christian judgment, what am I to do? Condemn them? Not quite; except in so far as we are all sons of condemnation. In view of this Holy Table and thinking of the gracious Lord who bids us to His side, there is only one fitting word: Let him that is without sin cast the first stone. . . . Hath no man condemned? Neither do I condemn: go, and sin no more.

"It takes courage to do what has been done: it is a big thing in the sight of all the people to revise such decisions and to cancel such proposals as have been made. Not all dare to do it, but without the slightest prejudice in favor of this particular sport, the hope may be exprest that men of other breeds will lay to heart what they have seen, and will show equal courage in an effort to make the Sunday life of this whole region a cleaner thing than it is."

The italicized words tell the story, says *The Advocate.* These Jews had no idea that Sunday dog-racing would offend a community whose members generally showed by their conduct no real appreciation of any special sacredness of the day. Their study of the situation had convinced them that such an exhibition would give no offense to the people of the community, and, continues *The Advocate:*

"As the preacher discovered, 'they had taken this borough at its own moral and spiritual valuation,' as evidenced by the way it spent its Sundays. The highways were crowded with automobiles and bicycles, the river swarmed with punters and canoeists, the hunter was on the heath, and the golfer and tennis-players on their fields. The churches were thinly attended. Why should not a Jew, observing closely, infer that Sunday was only an empty day, that the people were seeking pleasure and excitement—and were willing to pay for it? Yet when it was represented to them that there was really a large element who still honored the day, they withdrew and gracefully took their loss.

"Here is food for thought, indeed! It ought to give pause to those Americans who are so quick to cry out against the Jews for promoting Sunday theaters and motion-picture shows. What have we Christians done to lead an honest Jew to think that Sunday is the Lord's day? Is it 'kept holy' by our use of it?

"These words are written, not to defend or justify Sunday sports, but to remind the Christian public that it largely has itself to blame if other people, who see the Church only from the outside, are turning to their own financial account the day that was set apart by God for spiritual culture and Christian fellowship."

FOR A THEOLOGICAL TRUCE

A FIFTY-YEAR ARMISTICE in theological wars of all varieties is suggested by Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, President of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, who points to the "waste of the resources of God to satisfy sectarian vanity." Dr. Cadman was speaking before the Philadelphia Federation of Churches when he urged this novel truce. "I would be glad," he said, as he is quoted in the press, "to see a holiday given to all theological speculation for fifty years. We already have enough Modernist writing to do us and far too much Fundamentalist writing. It is time we put aside the discussion that means exactly nothing at all to the 59,000,000 in this country still untouched by the Church, and begin to live some of the principles that are the basis of our religion." Dr. Cadman asserted further that the Church had lost its "worth-whileness in the public imagination" and had been succeeded by the State. "I plead," he went on, "for union upon an irreducible minimum of faith and propose certain neutral zones for difference of opinion in theological thought." For, he holds:

> "We never can think alike, and never want to think alike. That would be the most hopeless of stagnations. The great denominations have made great contributions to Christian history, and I would be the last one to cast all this aside. But we are living in a different world to-day, and the crest of this wave of sectarianism has passed. The new day is dawning."

But unless the night stops following the day, rejoins the Buffalo *Courier-Express*, it is not likely that Dr. Cadman's proposal will come about. "Still," concedes the Buffalo paper, "it is an interesting subject for conjecture which he has advanced."

> "One can conceive many benefits as resultants of such a holiday, and yet by no means exhaust the possibilities for good from a truce that would mean a halt at least on the 'waste of the resources of God to satisfy sectarian vanity.'
>
> "That is a striking phrase. It may well impress both Modernists and Fundamentalists. And while such waste is going on, there is in progress the steady loss to the Church that results from its replacement in the 'public imagination' by the State. Doubtless one is to understand from this that the Church has lost position, because it runs too frequently to legislation rather than religion to effect reforms."

A special reason why agreement upon an "irreducible minimum of faith" would be difficult just now is assigned by the Detroit *Free Press:* "Religious thought is very much in a state of flux and transition throughout America, and many, even of those who are considered leaders, are extremely hazy regarding what they really and truly consider the certainties of belief. The situation is altogether so confused that we are afraid an 'irreducible minimum' would be rather vestigial."

Yet New York City offers an example in which theological strife gives way to cooperation by Protestant and Jew in raising an endowment fund for a Roman Catholic church. This is the church of which the Rev. Francis P. Duffy, "fighting chaplain" of the old Sixty-ninth Regiment, is the pastor. New York, comments *The Herald Tribune*, owes him the compliment of preserving his church and pastorate now threatened by the encroachment of business. "But deeper still is the satisfaction inspired by the non-sectarian character of the response that has been made to such a worthy cause. . . . Such an effort, so sponsored, strikes a refreshing note at a time when the air is being poisoned with religious animosities." At a dinner recently held at the rectory of the church, we are told, men of every denomination were in attendance and made pledges to help raise the endowment fund. Otto H. Kahn, a Jew, is treasurer, and among the directors are George Gordon Battle, a Protestant; Col. Michael Friedsam and Bernard F. Gimbel, Jews; Clarence H. Mackay, a Roman Catholic, and Charles H. Sabin, a Protestant. Commenting on this same instance of credal cooperation, the Schenectady *Union-Star* moralizes:

> "Increasingly men are questioning the value of time wasted in bickerings over questions of creed. As a general thing men seldom change their creeds. Argument is usually wasted. There is enough good in every creed, if its adherents live up to it, to transform the world. It is far better to utilize the good that is in men as they are than to try to make them over in a new pattern.
>
> "One of the earlier examples of this broad-minded policy was that of Dwight L. Moody, noted evangelist of a half-century ago, who when the time came to build a new Catholic church near Northfield, turned out with the boys of his school and helped with the foundations. In turn, when he had occasion to build a new structure, priest and parishioners responded with good-will, and furthered the construction with the labor of their hands.
>
> "Cooperation is better any day than opposition. Men do not need to subscribe to the creeds of others to help in the performance of good works. The needs of humanity are so great that there are no time and effort to throw away in futile controversy."

A SONG OF SERVICE

By Marguerite Few

If all my pain,
  And all my tears,
And all that I have learnt
  Through all the years,
Could make one single perfect song
  To right some wrong;
To lift some fallen head,
  To light some darkened mind,
I should feel that not in vain
  I served mankind.

If all my joys,
  And all my laughter,
Could give one single soul
  Faith in hereafter;
If all the radiant things I see
  Known but to me,
Could give a half-life strength,
  Lend sight to stricken eyes,
I should know I helped the world
  Glimpse Paradise.

—*The Sunday Times* (*London*).

MISSIONARIES RETURNING TO CHINA

MISSIONARIES ARE BEGINNING TO RETURN to their stations in China, we read in *The Presbyterian Banner*, which informs us that the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions in New York City, the English Baptist Missionary Society in London, and the board of the Church of the Brethren have been notified of the return of their missionaries to their respective stations in Shansi and Shantung. The trustees of Peking University are informed, we read further, that the university has reopened with a full enrolment, and that the outlook is encouraging. These messages are said to be typical of those received from missionary boards in North China. Further:

> "The Methodist Episcopal and the Baptist Boards in New York, and the board of the United Church in Canada have received information that a few of their missionaries are returning to West China. A small group of missionaries have remained in the province of Szechwan throughout the year, and these recent reports seem to show that the situation there is sufficiently stable to justify the increase of these numbers.
>
> "With reference to Southern China, no general information is immediately available. Many of the missionaries there were able to remain at their work without interruption during the past year. Their more serious difficulties occurred two or three years ago, and in recent months, the storm center having gone to the north, they have been able to carry forward their missionary work with less interference than has been their experience in recent years. It is probably true that in these autumn months even larger numbers will be found in their stations in South China.
>
> "The Yangtze valley continues to be the center of the stage in the struggle between the Nationalists' forces and those opposed to them. In that area missionary service is still interrupted. Even so, however, at Hankow, Bishop Roots and Bishop Gilman, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, are continuing at their work, and proposals have been made for the return of several other missionaries to that center."

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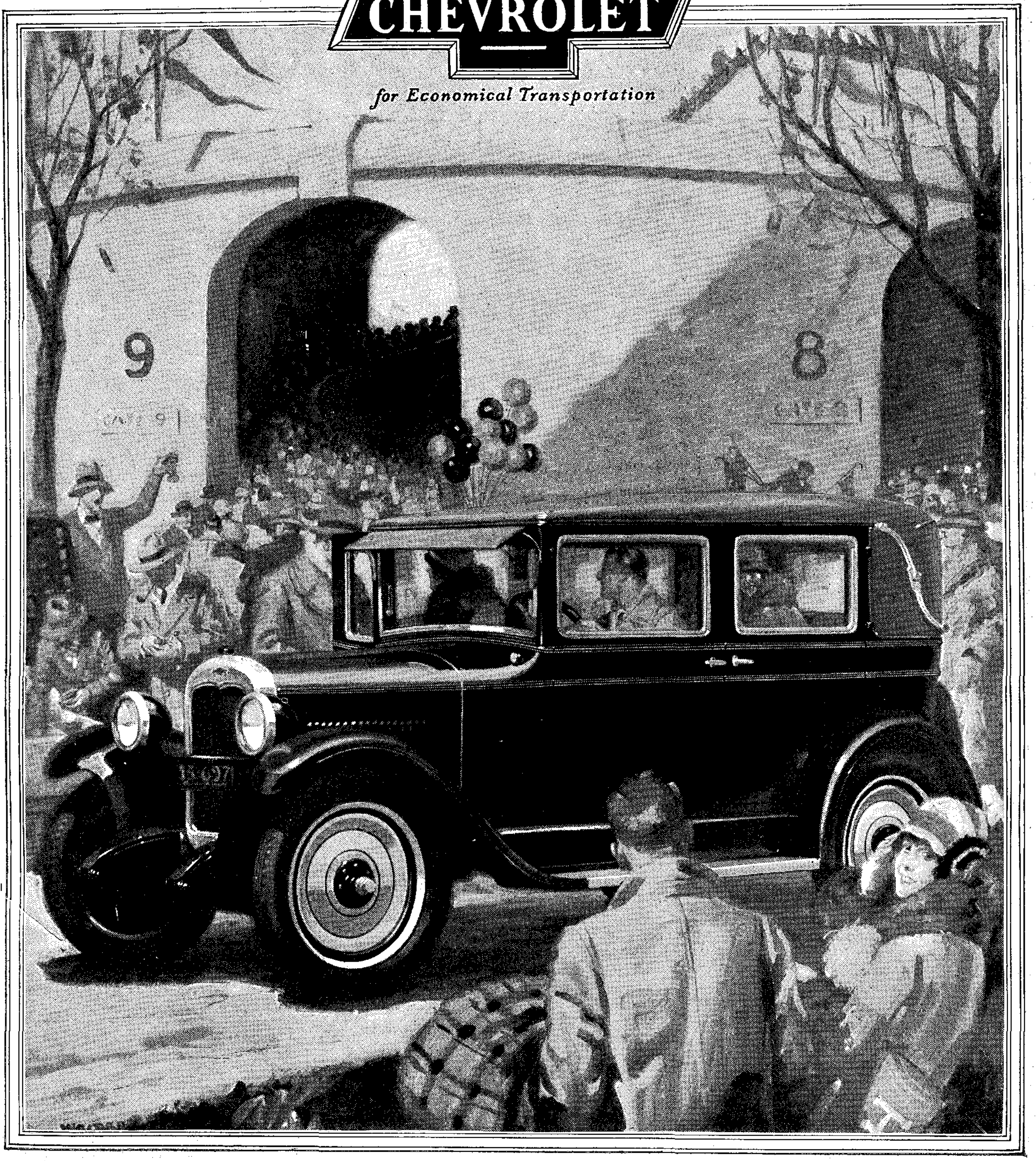


BEAUTY . . SMARTNESS . . *and* DASHING PERFORMANCE

A car for youth! Bodies by Fisher, styled with all the mastery for which the Fisher name is famous . . . modish colors of Duco, fashionably smart and permanently lustrous . . . spectacular performance, with all the drive, dash and smoothness of a powerful valve-in-head motor — no wonder Chevrolet is everywhere acclaimed a worthy companion to the world's finest automobiles! . . . Visit your Chevrolet dealer . . . Make your own inspection of the car whose popularity has shattered all precedent in the automotive industry.

The Roadster or Touring $525, The Coach $595, The Coupe $625, The Sedan $695, The Sport Cabriolet $715, The Imperial Landau $745. All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan. In addition, Chevrolet's delivered prices include the lowest handling and financing charges available.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN, *Division of General Motors Corporation*

QUALITY AT LOW COST

CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

THE NEW REPUBLIC gathers up a sheaf of autumn blooms and fills a page with this seasonal verse. We give three out of its five selections, all various in tone. Also we have noted in an English print Keats's famous ode brought forward among "Poems You Ought to Know." Perhaps we might use this for a change as a touchstone for much modern verse:

TO AUTUMN

BY JOHN KEATS

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core
To swell the gourd and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; so set budding more
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor.
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too—
While barred clouds bloom the softy-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourne;
Hedge-crickets sing: and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

AUTUMN MOVEMENT

BY GEORGE DILLON

Friends I have had, the dæmon-driven, the gay,
The girls like blossoms, the games and dancing done,
(Voices half-heard, and laughter far away,)
You are my loneliness when night comes on,

And I am alone. You are the rumor in my blood
Of footsteps flying on every guessed-at-trail.
You are a story scarcely understood,
That I must strive to tell forever, and fail.

For there is no way I should want it told, in the end,
But in the old alphabets of earth, to be
Extant as the leaves' literature on the wind
When wind and earth have had their way with me.

Time has its poems, though it writes them slower.
The rock remembers—it will work its art.
The dust forgets. O footsteps going nowhere,
How brief your hieroglyphs upon my heart!

This is my loneliness—in the idle hours
When autumn and night lean in, and I am alone,
Remembering friends I have had, the girls like flowers,
Remembering the games and dancing done.

CROESUS IN AUTUMN

BY ROBERT PENN WARREN

If the distrait verdure cleave not to the branch
Less powerfully than flesh to the fervent bone,
Should then gruff Crœsus on the village bench
Lament the absolute gold of summer gone?

Though this gray guy be no Aurelius,
Surveying the ilex and the Latin vine,
He might consider a little piteous
The green and fatal tribe's decline.

But in Kentucky against a dwindling sun
The riven red oak and the thick sweet gum
Yet hold the northward hills whose final stone
In dark ogive supports the fractured loam.

The seasons down our country have a way
To stir the bald and metaphysic skull,
Fuddling the stout cortex so mortally
That it cries no more, Proud heart be still, be still.

I bring you but this broken metaphor,
So haul your careful carcass home, old fellow,
More Roman than the doddering emperor
Now green is blown and every gold gone sallow.

ONE TREE IN AUTUMN

BY DAVID MORTON

So little wind would ruin all this gold:
One lightest breath out of the autumn sky,
And not a single slender stem would hold. . . .
And we should learn how flaming things must die.
Let me look long upon this, while I may,
The delicate leaf, the thin and shining stem,
In this, their hour of glory, their brief day
Of golden airs that hover over them.

And let the end come, if it must, by night,
When I have gone, and shall not come again . . .
Thinking how one tree, in that golden light,
Flames on and on, a still flame, now, as then,
Golden forever, now . . . it might be so,
This once . . . this once . . . for all I stayed to know.

Pasque Petals (Aberdeen, So. Dak.) contains these rather homely lines that maybe are overweighted by the title, yet contains a homily, perhaps, for parents:

TRAGEDY

BY JILL SPARGUR

I always wanted a red balloon,
It only cost a dime,
But Ma said it was risky;
They broke so quickly,
And besides she didn't have time,
And even if she did, she didn't
Think they were worth a dime.

We lived on a farm, and I only went
To one circus and a fair,
And all the balloons I ever saw
Were there.
There were yellow ones and blue ones
But the kind I liked the best
Were red, and I don't see why
She couldn't have stopped and said
That maybe I could have one—
But she didn't—I suppose that now
You can buy them anywheres,
And that they still sell red ones
At circuses and fairs;
I got a little money saved;
I got a lot of time;
I got no one to tell me how
And where to spend my dime;
Plenty of balloons—But somehow
There's something died inside of me
And I don't want one. . . .
Now.

"BE it ever so"—home is best, and English poets beat the refrain; but this one from *The Nation and the Athenæum* (London) gives also some Eastern color:

STREETS

BY A. R. U.

Streets beneath an Eastern sunshine
Out Persia way,
Where the gayly turban'd merchants
Haggle all day:

Streets where caravans come straggling
From a far land,
Where sad, travel-weary camels
And tired men stand:

Streets through which there ever echoes
The muezzins' cry
From where the slender minarets
Stab at the sky:

Streets where you will see the red lamps
And almond eyes
Beckon from between the shutters
To him who buys:

Streets, beneath a tropic moonlight
Where tall palms sway,
Leading to a golden seashore:
Streets where goats play

Happy between reed-thatch'd mud huts
And parakeets
Flit from tree to tree at mid-day, . . .
Hot, sultry streets:

Streets that overlook a blue sea, . . .
Houses all white,
Dress'd with many colored sun-blinds,
Basking in light:

These and these I've seen, yet somehow
Thoughts ever stray
Back to London streets at twilight,
Mud-splash'd and gray.

THE London *Spectator* no doubt had a large audience in mind in printing this, and one on whom not much sympathy is spilt:

GEOGRAPHY

BY G. D. MARTINEAU

I teach them interesting things
Of where all goods are made,
Of what their manufacture brings
In profitable trade.

I teach them from a bloodless book
To scan a bloodless chart,
And pray one day their eyes may look
To find the throbbing heart.

I teach that crumbling mountains built
The spreading plains below;
But I can smell the river silt
In lands I do not know.

Around the desks I fret and fume;
I set them routes to trace,
But I can feel the deep-sea spume
Lash fiercely at my face.

The pastures of the coastal belt,
The soil the farmer tills
Speak nothing of the glassy Scheldt,
Toy villages, and mills.

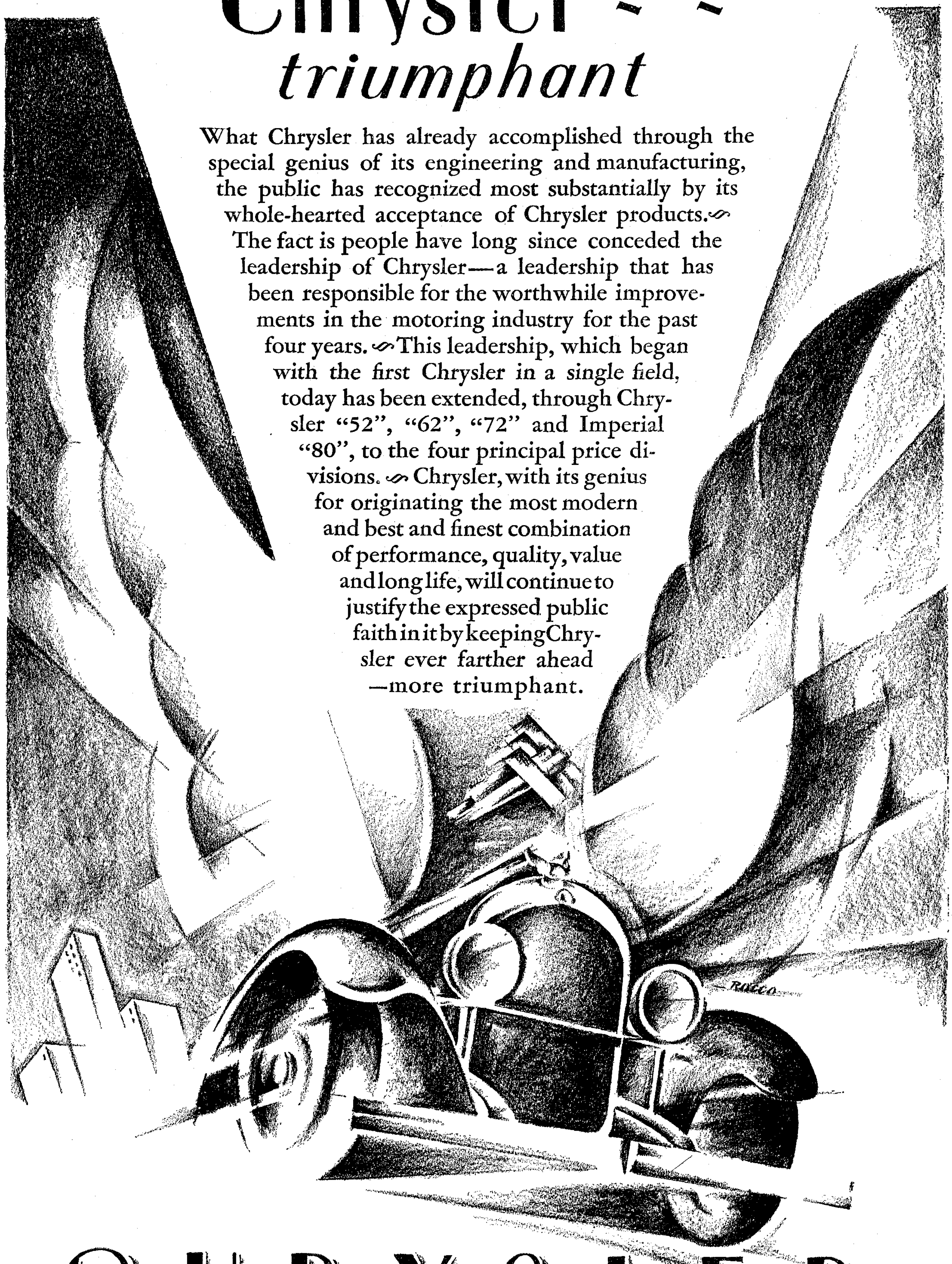
I teach of rain that comes in June
To slake the withered grass;
But I can hear the fresh monsoon
Roar down, thin out, and pass.

Shall I so teach, the livelong day,
In inches and degrees,
And never try to sail away
Beyond the charted seas?

Nay: after dinner, lessons done,
I have my fitful nap,
And point my dream-boat to the sun
Across a worn old map.

Chrysler - - *triumphant*

What Chrysler has already accomplished through the special genius of its engineering and manufacturing, the public has recognized most substantially by its whole-hearted acceptance of Chrysler products. The fact is people have long since conceded the leadership of Chrysler—a leadership that has been responsible for the worthwhile improvements in the motoring industry for the past four years. This leadership, which began with the first Chrysler in a single field, today has been extended, through Chrysler "52", "62", "72" and Imperial "80", to the four principal price divisions. Chrysler, with its genius for originating the most modern and best and finest combination of performance, quality, value and long life, will continue to justify the expressed public faith in it by keeping Chrysler ever farther ahead—more triumphant.



CHRYSLER

'52' '62' '72' - Imperial '80'

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PERSONAL • GLIMPSES

THE LURID TRIAL OF PETLURA'S SLAYER

SENSATION-LOVING PARIS has recently been treated to the most titillating of thrills, a spectacular murder trial. When we add that international politics and rampant race hatreds were thrown in by way of good measure, it will be realized that the dish was seasoned highly enough even for the jaded taste of the boulevardier. Emotion dominated the scene from start to finish. Such cold abstractions as law and reason found no place in the crowded court-room. Theatrical display and the appeal to sheer feeling were everywhere present in the trial of Samuel Schwartzbard, a young Jewish watchmaker, for shooting down Gen. Simon Petlura, the Ukrainian army chieftain, on the streets of the French capital some fifteen months ago. The events that led to the killing were intensely dramatic. Paris, indeed, has had no such sensational case since the trial of Madame Caillaux, for shooting Calmette, editor of the *Figaro*, just before the war. The evidence obtained from witness after witness has brought home to the world at large the horrrors of the frightful Jewish massacres in the Ukraine some years ago, massacres for which Petlura is said to have been responsible, and for which he paid with his life. The jury, intensely moved by the heart-breaking details of these tragedies as told at first hand by those who had been through them, followed the dictates of its heart rather than of its head in rendering its verdict. As the Brooklyn *Eagle* aptly puts it, "because mass murder had been done in Petlura's name, it refused to condemn the man who killed him."

Keystone View Company photograph

"I SHOT THREE, FOUR, FIVE TIMES"

Said blond and boyish Samuel Schwartzbard (at the reader's right), describing the killing for which he was recently acquitted.

In *The American Hebrew*, of New York, we find this moving description of some of the scenes in the French court during the progress of this remarkable case:

> On the opening day of the trial, with the court-room crowded to capacity, Schwartzbard told his story of the slaying. A hush fell upon those present, including patriarchal looking Jews from Central and Eastern Europe, Slavs, and flappers.
>
> He told of how he had followed General Petlura, pistol in pocket, waiting for the moment when he might kill the man he considered the persecutor of his people.
>
> Many who watched him tell the story commented that Schwartzbard seemed more like a clerk than a murderer. As he proceeded with the story, the President of the court warned that there should be no manifestations from the spectators, as these might cause an upflaring of racial feeling inimical to justice. Peering intently at the lawyers and judge, Schwartzbard went through the early part of the interrogation with difficulty, finding the French at his command almost insufficient for his replies.
>
> As he rushed along describing the incidents of the trailing and the encounter with General Petlura, his voice rose to a pitch of exultation that caused gasps of astonishment, the spectators being swayed to forgetfulness of the Court's order for silence by the pictures Schwartzbard caused to dance before their eyes.

The details of the shooting of Petlura, as given in his slayer's own words, are thus recorded for us by *The Jewish Tribune*, of New York:

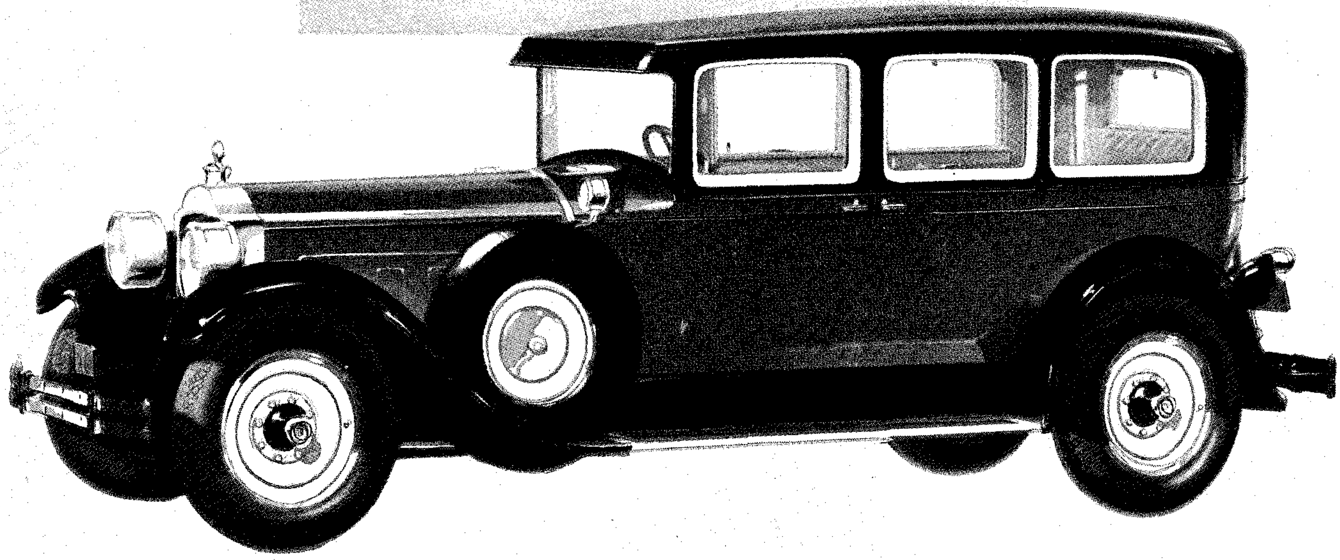
> He described minutely how he had tracked his victim and the photograph he carried about to make certain when he met the right man. He drew a swift, graphic picture of their encounter on the fatal day, and, with his head thrown back, his face alive and transparent with boyish exultation, he told of the pursuit's close.
>
> Here's my chance, I thought. "Are you Petlura?" I asked him. He did not answer, simply lifting his heavy cane. I knew it was he! I shot once, twice, three, four, five times! He fell, the crowd rushed in on me. My only worry was whether it was really Petlura. I might have killed the wrong man. When a policeman told me it was Petlura I threw my arms about his neck in joy!
>
> Then he denied that he had used accomplices—that Petlura had implored his mercy—that Petlura, falling prostrate in the roadway, was shot again and again.
>
> When he spoke again it was of the alleged outrages he had avenged. He told of streets where corpses were piled upon corpses as on a battle-field. He told of waxen, bloodless hands outstretched in imploration. He showed his listeners lighted houses where interrupted feasts were never eaten and where blazing fireplaces consumed the hands that lighted them. He told of wide-open mouths that could never speak and glaring eyes that could never see. Rocking and swaying in the manner of Jews at prayer, he closed his eyes, tautened his lips and grimly uttered word by word.
>
> Even the gendarmes, sneering and insolent to the unruly mob, gazed dumfounded at the speaker and forgot to smother the increasingly loud cries that accompanied the rising pitch of the narrator. Judge Flory, beating for silence, darting his eyes in admonition and threat at noisy individuals near his bench, occasionally lapsed from his stony mien while his features betrayed what he tried to keep silent.

Turning once more to the account of the trial in *The American Hebrew*, we learn that:

> Memories of a nurse who attended the wounded in a three-day pogrom at Proskuroff were recounted at the trial in the ghostly whisper nurses use to soothe the patients at midnight.
>
> Haia Greenberg, twenty-nine, with curly, bobbed hair and a blue coat suit, that gave her the appearance of an American stenographer, was the nurse. She recalled her experiences so vividly that the spectators almost felt they were with her in the home of her grandparents in Proskuroff instead of in a well-lighted Paris court-room. As in tremulous voice she painted a picture of the scene the Jewish clockmaker who claims to have acted as the avenger of his people sobbed audibly.
>
> Miss Greenberg, who served in the Ukrainian Red Cross at Proskuroff, described the streets as being littered with the dead and wounded of all ages and both sexes.
>
> "I shall never forget the reddened snow-sleds filled with the hacked bodies going to the cemetery to deposit their sad burden in a common pit," she murmured. "They brought the wounded to the hospital, armless and legless men; mutilated babies and young women, whose screams became faint as their wounds overcame them."

(Continued on page 41)

One of the greatest craftsmen of all time, Benvenuto Cellini's use of jewels in ornament has never been surpassed



FEW jewel collectors gather in a lifetime as costly an array of diamonds as are worn out each year in the Packard factory.

Diamonds for ages had no other use than ornamentation. Today they play an important role in the manufacture of high precision parts for Packard cars.

In truing tools they shape the surface of grinding wheels to precise accuracy. In diamond boring machines they spin away microscopic rough spots on connecting rod bearings—producing a gem-like surface permitting accurate fit to less than one ten-thousandth of an inch.

Packard cars, flawless in performance and jewel-like in beauty, are the result of a factory policy which demands perfection in the most minute details. High precision means long life and silent operation.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Why *changed* motoring conditions den

Gasoline is no

How today's added winter driving intensifies an old problem

THE REMEDY

THE growth of winter driving has brought in many so-called "winter" oils. Many of these are unusually light in body. Many are produced solely to give you easy starting.

But in one respect, many of them fall seriously short. They fail to provide the margin of safety necessary to prevent dangerous gasoline dilution of the lubricating oil—the greatest menace that threatens your engine in cold weather.

When you merely say, "Give me a quart of oil" at this time of year, you are pretty sure to get one of these thin-bodied, light oils.

A vicious circle

What happens? A cold morning finds this thin oil in your crankcase. You start your cold engine. You must use the choke freely. The cold combustion chambers fail to vaporize all the fuel. Where does the unburned gasoline go? Some of it is forced past the piston rings into the crankcase.

Gasoline dilution begins. This light oil thins out more and more. This seriously diluted oil fails to seal the pistons. Result: Still more gasoline gets into the crankcase.

In 200 miles of driving you may easily get a full quart of gasoline mixed with your lubricating oil.

High cost of gasoline dilution

Extra-thin oil plus gasoline may bring a wide range of mechanical troubles—anywhere from lost power to ruined bearings.

Gasoline dilution hastens wear. It often leaves pistons, piston rings, bearings, and other expensive metal surfaces dangerously unprotected.

Gasoline dilution is sure to result in an inadequate piston seal. Hence power fails and gasoline is wasted.

For winter use in most cars we recommend Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic. It meets the gasoline dilution problem with scientific exactness.

In it you get an engineering margin of safety against dilution and at the same time, a quick-flowing oil that gives quick starting.

Mobiloil Arctic is quick flowing without being a "light oil." It has the full rich body and the character that will resist dangerous dilution and provide thorough lubrication for all friction surfaces. It is made from crude oils especially selected for this purpose. And yet it is fluid enough to give easy starting even in zero weather.

There is a scientific margin of safety in Mobiloil Arctic to meet every winter driving need.

The popular winter oil

In Canada, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and all countries where long cold winters are the rule, Mobiloil is, by long odds, the most popular oil. Its extra margin of safety against cold and gasoline dilution accounts for its popularity.

Today, 182 automobile and motor truck manufacturers approve the Mobiloil Chart. In a special Chart on this page we list the cars for which we recommend Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic. If your car is not listed, look for it in the winter column of the complete Chart at any Mobiloil dealer's.

To really enjoy motoring this winter don't say, "Give me a quart of oil." That will probably bring you a "light winter oil." Ask for Mobiloil Arctic if your car is listed here. Or consult the complete Chart at your dealer's. Then you will experience the full pleasure of winter motoring.

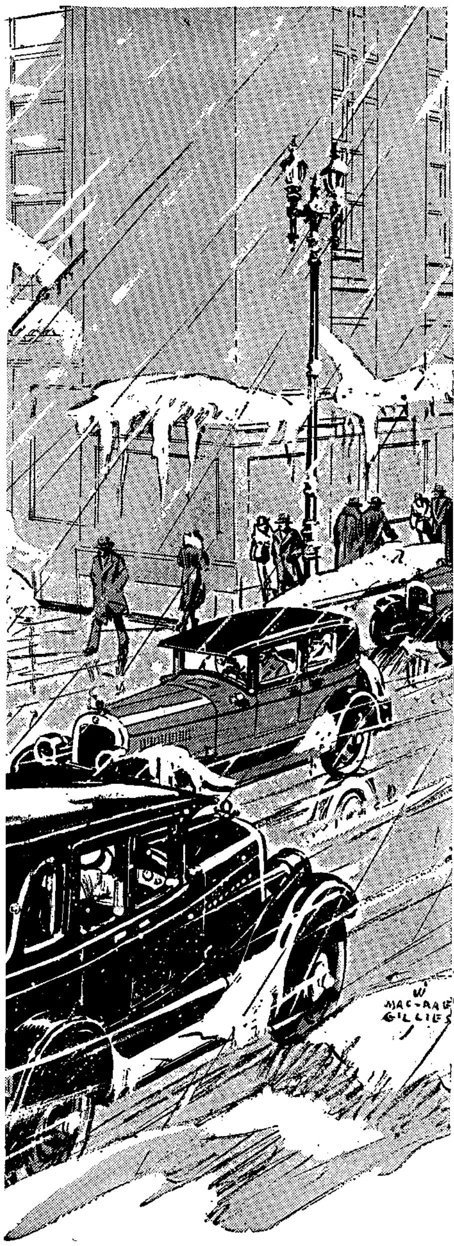
Keep a supply of Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic on hand in your own garage. The convenient 10-gallon drum or 5-gallon tipper box afford about a season's supply. For touring or emergency use, the sealed quart cans are excellent as they can be carried in your car, ready for use at all times.

VACUUM OIL COMP

Other branches and distributi

a new margin of safety

ubricant!



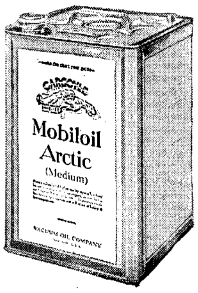
. . . *For winter use in most cars we recommend Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic. It meets the gasoline dilution problem with scientific exactness.*

Cold weather tips

1. Always push out clutch pedal before starting the engine. This relieves the "drag" of the transmission on the starter.
2. When starting in cold weather use choke only while starting. Push it in part way the instant the engine starts and fully as soon as possible.
3. Allow the engine to warm up before attempting to drive your car fast.
4. Use suitable anti-freeze mixture (first, cleaning out the radiator thoroughly). Keep at proper strength during cold weather.
5. If the temperature of the engine is not maintained by thermostatic control or radiator shutters use a suitable radiator cover.
6. Be sure you have an adequate supply of Mobiloil Arctic in crankcase, or Mobiloil "E" in Ford (Model T) cars.
7. Be sure you have Mobiloil "C" in the transmission and differential.

TO assure satisfactory operation during cold weather have your garage man or service station attend to the following:

1. Test to see that battery is fully charged. If below 1200 gravity have recharged.
2. See that contact points in distributor are clean and that breaker points are properly adjusted. This will result in easier starting, with less strain on the battery.
3. Be sure that spark plugs are clean and points properly set. This will aid in the same way.
4. Adjust the carburetor for cold weather.
5. Lubricate all parts of the chassis including the spring leaves. This will protect these parts from rust, wear, and squeaks, and the spring leaves from breakage.
6. Drain the old oil out of the crankcase. Put in Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic, unless your car is a Ford (Model T) in which case use Mobiloil "E." Change oil more frequently in winter than in summer.



Special

WINTER Chart

Mobiloil Arctic

should be used in Winter (below 32° F.) in all cars marked*.

PASSENGER CARS	1927	1926	1925	1924
Auburn *all except Models 4-44 & 6-66*	*	*	*	*
Buick	*	*	*	*
Cadillac	*	*	*	*
Chandler *except Special Six*	*	*	*	*
Chevrolet	*	*	*	*
Chrysler *4-cyl.*	*	*	*	
Dodge Brothers	*	*	*	*
Elcar *all except Models 6-65 & 4 cyls.*	*	*	*	*
Erskine	*			
Essex	*	*	*	*
Flint	*	*	*	*
Hudson	*	*	*	*
Hupmobile	*	*	*	*
Jordan	*	*	*	*
La Salle	*			
Locomobile	*	*	*	*
Marmon *8-cyl.*	*			
Moon	*	*	*	*
Nash	*	*	*	*
Oakland	*	*	*	*
Oldsmobile	*	*	*	*
Overland & Overland Whippet	*	*	*	*
Packard Six	*	*	*	
" Eight	*	*	*	*
Paige	*	*	*	*
Peerless *Models 60, 80 & Eight*	*	*	*	*
Pontiac	*	*		
Reo	*	*	*	*
Star	*	*	*	*
Studebaker	*	*	*	*
Velie	*	*	*	*
Willys-Knight	*	*	*	*

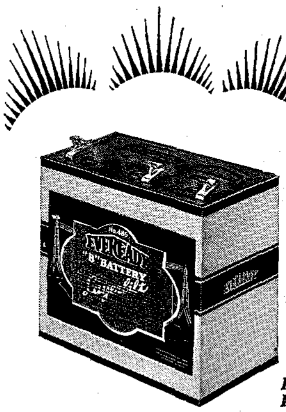
If your car is not listed above, consult the complete Mobiloil Chart at Mobiloil dealers' for your winter grade of Mobiloil.

GARGOYLE
Mobiloil
Arctic

N Y MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas*

houses throughout the country

Silent Magic



Here is the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486, Eveready's longest-lasting provider of Battery Power.

Radio is better with *Battery* Power

TURN your radio dial, and presto! you turn your home into a theater, a concert hall, a lecture room, a cabaret, a church, or whatever you will. Turn the dial and your attentive ear does the rest. That is all there is to this magic of radio.

Or almost all. If a radio set is to work at its very best, attracting no attention to itself, creating for you the illusion that can be so convincing, you must pay a little attention to the kind of power you give it. There is but one direction, a simple one—use Battery Power. Only such power is steady, uniform, silent. It is called by scientists pure Direct Current. Any other kind of current in your radio set may put a hum into the purest note of a flute, a scratch into the song of the greatest singer, a rattle into the voice of any orator.

Don't tamper with tone. Beware of interfering with illusion. Power that reveals its presence by its noise is like a magician's assistant who gives the trick away. Use batteries—use the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486, the remarkable battery whose exclusive, patented construction makes it last longest. It offers you the gift of convenience, a gift that you will appreciate almost as much as you will cherish the perfection of reception that only Battery Power brings.

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC.
New York **San Francisco**
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

EVEREADY
Radio Batteries
-they last longer

Tuesday night is Eveready Hour Night
—9 P. M., Eastern Standard Time

WEAF–*New York*
WJAR–*Providence*
WEEI–*Boston*
WFI–*Philadelphia*
WGR–*Buffalo*
WCAE–*Pittsburgh*
WSAI–*Cincinnati*
WTAM–*Cleveland*
WWJ–*Detroit*
WGN–*Chicago*
WOC–*Davenport*
WCCO–*Minneapolis*, *St. Paul*
KSD–*St. Louis*
WDAF–*Kansas City*
WRC–*Washington*
WGY–*Schenectady*
WHAS–*Louisville*
WSB–*Atlanta*
WSM–*Nashville*
WMC–*Memphis*

Pacific Coast Stations—
9 P. M., Pacific Standard Time

KPO-KGO–*San Francisco*
KFOA-KOMO–*Seattle*
KFI–*Los Angeles*
KGW–*Portland*

The air is full of things you shouldn't miss

(*Continued from page 36*)

> Gradually, as Miss Greenberg spoke, the pace of her narrative quickened. "Oh, no, no!" she cried, her shoulders beginning to shake convulsively. "I can not go on. They are before my eyes."
>
> The witness made a gesture of brushing away the picture. Handkerchiefs made white patches among the spectators. There was an epidemic of coughing and clearing of throats. Miss Greenberg, suddenly switching from grief to fury, shrilled:
>
> "Petlura was responsible! Even Ukrainian officers said so. His soldiers killed our people, shouting his name. One regiment had a band, and it played while knives fell on the heads of innocent babies. Petlura could have stopt it, but he wouldn't listen to our pleas."
>
> Immediately after the shooting, the police had questioned the wife of the accused, Mrs. Anna Schwartzbard. She made the following statement:
>
> "For many weeks my husband has been melancholy and nervous. I did not know the cause of it, but, looking back, I remember that his depress mood dated from the time Petlura started his Ukrainian weekly, *Trident*, in Paris. My husband read this periodical regularly, and the after-effect was terrible excitement and despondency. On the day of the shooting he refused to eat breakfast. When I asked him whether he was ill, he replied: 'No, but my nerves are all gone.' He then went out, and the next I heard was of the assassination."

Keystone View Company photograph

"THE BUTCHER OF THE UKRAINE"

General Simon Petlura, for whose killing Samuel Schwartzbard was tried and acquitted.

Some of the clashes occurring later in the trial are graphically described in *The Jewish Tribune*, which says that many of the sessions of the court were hardly more than a series of encounters punctuated by accusations and wildly-flying epithets. According to its account:

> The first witness called by the Ukrainians was Prince Tokary, a former Ambassador of General Petlura. Admitting the massacres which had wiped out fifty thousand Jews in a period of three days, the witness tried to weave a web of evidence which would prove beyond the evidence of the opposing faction that Petlura was innocent of their instigation. The memories of the years following 1918, and including 1920, stirred the people in the court-room into near frenzy while the massacres were recalled. Prince Tokary glorified Petlura's personality and lauded him as a leader of the Army and as a statesman of the Ukraine.
>
> Henri Torres, counsel for Schwartzbard, fired a question at the witness regarding his part in the Petlura government during the German and Austrian occupation of the Ukraine.
>
> "Had Petlura real power as the head of the State?" Torres questioned.
>
> "Yes, at one time."
>
> "Was he the real head of the Army?"
>
> "As every head of the State is," the Prince answered. He added that Petlura strove to protect all minorities.
>
> Concluding the interrogation of the witness, Torres said, "He neither suppress the disorders nor did he punish the guilty."
>
> M. Campinchi, replying to Torres, declared that he was aware of the feeling of his opponent, but he insisted that Petlura was not responsible for the pogroms. The Jewish population suffered from Denikin's Army, from the Bolsheviks, anarchists, and others. Campinchi pointed to a volume which he stated contained in 200 pages Petlura's proclamation and orders in defense of the Jews.
>
> "These orders were issued after the pogroms for consumption abroad," Torres interjected. "Where were your courts-martial if you intended really to stop the pogroms? I was a soldier myself, and the jury knows how severely French generals acted in the war when soldiers were accused of the smallest act of larceny."
>
> A massively built Slav, General Shapoval, who had served under Petlura, took the stand to declare that the regular troops had never participated in massacres of Jews, and that Petlura condemned such tactics.
>
> "Petlura was not anti-Semitic," the Ukrainian said. "He was a humanitarian—a friend of the Jews."
>
> "He lies! He lies!" chorused a score of voices in a score of different tongues, while the reporters of the international presses lowered their heads and scribbled hastily.
>
> Torres interrupted to brand Petlura a dictator and necessarily responsible in person for the acts of his subordinates.
>
> "Petlura's proclamations expressing indignation over the pogroms were mere blinds," he bellowed. "While murdering Jewish men, women, and children, he had to maintain a straight face before the opinion of the world. He also wanted money from Jewish bankers."
>
> Torres added to those about him that he did not intend to defend Schwartzbard on political issues. "My client avenged his race, in which there are persons of many political beliefs. This isn't a political crime."

Wild demonstrations, we are told, followed the announcement of the verdict. The French are traditionally an emotional people, and the taking of the law into his own hands by this young Jew apparently captured their imagination. The closing scenes at the trial are thus dramatically portrayed for us by the New York *Herald Tribune:*

> The verdict, which came after four and a half hours of summing up, with Henri Torres, counsel for the defense, taking less than a third of that time, was returned in thirty-two minutes. On the first of the five counts—"Was the accused guilty of striking blows causing the injuries of the victim?" the answer was negative; thus the four other counts were dismissed.
>
> The president of the jury, in trembling voice, but smiling, announced the acquittal, which was greeted with a howl of approval by the jammed court-room. Schwartzbard learned of the verdict from the Associated Press correspondent as he was being led into the stifling court-room. The blond young man—he had the excited expression of a child on Christmas morning—had heard the roar of the spectators.
>
> "Am I acquitted?" he asked eagerly; then tried to keep a straight face, but the cheers of his adherents were too much for him. Tears welled up in his eyes, and he almost toppled over.
>
> Most of the 800 spectators, who had passed the afternoon herded together in a court-room intended for less than 300, screamed and cheered, laughed and cried. There were cries of "Long live France! Long live the French jury," and there were less loud but none the less deeply felt shouts of protest from the Ukrainians. Three squads of special guards stept in quickly and broke up a dozen fist fights which started in the corridors. Down-stairs, in the main hall, where several thousand Schwartzbard sympathizers were held back by cordons of guards, the demonstration was even noisier.

The article in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, from which we have already quoted, has this to say of the career of the slain Ukrainian leader:

> Gen. Simon Petlura was one of the picturesque figures of the World War. An Ataman of Cossacks, he led the movement for a separate Ukrainia, and became its first President. When the Bolshevists advanced against Ukrainia in 1919, Petlura's soldiers turned against the Jewish population. There were terrible pogroms in which thousands of Jews were brutally murdered. Jury and spectators were moved to tears by the atrocity stories told in the court-room by eye-witnesses.
>
> Petlura may not have ordered the pogroms, but he did nothing to stop them. He was in command, and the responsibility was his. He became known as the "Butcher of the Ukraine." Samuel Schwartzbard was brought up in an atmosphere of pogroms. He conceived a fanatical hatred of Petlura, and made it his life task to kill him. After stalking him through the streets of Paris for months, he caught him alone and fired the bullets that made an end of him. He killed one man. How unimportant that seemed compared with the many thousands who perished at the hands of the soldiers commanded by that one man.

For the benefit of those who are not entirely familiar with the latest changes in the puzzling geography of Eastern Europe, we may mention that the Ukraine, in which the pogroms took place that led ultimately to the General's death, comprises that part of Russia known as Little Russia, together with a small portion of prewar Austria. The independence of this new country, so we learn from the "Statesman's Year Book," was recognized by the Allies in 1919, and a Soviet republic was established there in 1920. Its territory includes twelve of the southern provinces of the former Russian Empire, and its capital is the thriving city of Kief. It has an area of 175,000 square miles and a population of some 26,000,000, of whom about 12 per cent. are Jews.

The trial, so the New York *World* informs us, "tho heralded throughout the world as that of Samuel Schwartzbard, was in reality the trial of Simon Petlura, a posthumous trial on a charge of instigating and tolerating some of the bloodiest pogroms the world has ever seen." There was no doubt that Schwartzbard killed the Ukrainian General. We know that on his own confession. The horrors of the pogroms against his race were pleaded by his counsel as his overwhelming justification.

The New York *Herald Tribune* voices the view of most American periodicals as to the verdict in this case when, after asking "Is it justice?" it is compelled to admit that Schwartzbard's deed could not restore to life the thousands of Jewish victims of the pogroms, and that his resort to the unwritten law was, in effect, vengeance, which, "like assassination, has been outlawed among civilized peoples." The writer concludes with these words:

> "No, it is not justice. But it is the Parisian's acknowledgment of the imperfections, the hatreds, the stubborn primitiveness of human beings and of the difficulty of cloaking them in the formal outlines of institutions."

While to many Jews the fate of Petlura must inevitably recall that of Holofernes of old, it is nevertheless to be noted that Jewish papers disclaim the idea of vengeance. What they feel to be important is the establishment before the world of Petlura's responsibility for the pogroms. For example, *The Day*, a Jewish daily of New York, remarks:

> "The significance of Schwartzbard's acquittal lies not so much in the personal freedom of the defendant, who had taken his life in his own hands, thus showing that he sets little store by comfort and security, as in the public and irrevocable acknowledgment of Petlura's guilt for the torrents of innocent Jewish blood spilled in pogroms in the Ukraine during Petlura's régime. For the verdict of 'Not Guilty' for Schwartzbard means exactly a verdict of 'guilty' for Petlura. Of the two only one could be vindicated, while the other had to be condemned. And it is Petlura who now stands condemned before the public opinion of the world."

The American Hebrew (New York) stresses the same view-point when it says:

> Schwartzbard must not be looked upon as a blood avenger. The Jews outgrew that primitive form of justice in the days of Joshua. The question involved is the voice of Europe on pogroms. Schwartzbard's acquittal will mean that through the medium of the French Court of Assizes Europe condemns the brutal Jewish massacres of which Simon Petlura was, let us hope, the last of the instigators. Schwartzbard is a symbol of the indignation coursing through the whole world at the cold-blooded program of murder and rapine planned and executed by a super-hooligan. His name does not matter. It is his type that will ultimately be exterminated, not by the crude and indefensible counter-violence of murder, but by the devastating force of enlightened public opinion. To France, through the Schwartzbard trial, is given the opportunity of helping the progress of civilization to higher spiritual levels.

In the same vein we are assured by *Freiheit*, a New York Jewish daily, that—

> It was enough for the jury to hear that Petlura was responsible for such terrible deeds. His lawyers could not minimize the impression made on French public opinion by the description of the pogroms. They were even compelled to admit that he was responsible politically and morally for the massacre of the Jews. They denied only his criminal responsibility.

The Jewish *Daily Forward*, of New York, endorses this view and feels that "credit is due to the French people for the sense of justice displayed in acquitting Schwartzbard," since "it was the part of the jury merely to ascertain the extent of Petlura's guilt."

CHANG CHUNG-CHANG, THE CHUNKY TUPAN OF SHANTUNG

IF JESSE JAMES AND DEADWOOD DICK had started in and fought their way "with ever-increasing numbers of followers until they came to Washington and Albany and had succeeded in taking the places held by President Coolidge and Governor Smith," we would have an American parallel to what has happened in China with the rise to power of Chang Tso-lin and Chang Chung-chang. The observation comes from Frederick Moore, China correspondent of the New York *Times*. The first Chang everybody knows about as ex-bandit war-lord of Manchuria, and now chief executive of North China. The other Chang is being talked about because as Chang Tso-lin's subordinate he is Tupan, or Governor of Shantung. His armies have been beaten by the Southerners, on occasion, and have rallied and pushed them back again. But this isn't a chapter of military history. Mr. Moore is telling us about Chang Chung-chang, because he is personally the most striking figure he has met during his present sojourn in China:

> He looked like a big Chinese boy who had had a good night's sleep, a good breakfast, a bath and a shave. Even his head was shaved; only his upper lip had hair on it, tho that had been as closely trimmed as a British subaltern's. He was not in uniform, but wore a long, soft, simple blue silk gown—the ordinary dress of a Chinese gentleman; and he carried the usual dainty fan in one of his enormous hands.
>
> His six feet of height were within two inches of mine, but his massive size, made up of great bones and strong muscles, made me feel small and weak physically. He is the finest specimen of the Chinese peasant I have ever seen.
>
> That in his youth he was a brigand seems well authenticated. He is now forty-six or forty-seven. That he was appointed Governor or Tupan of Shantung Province by the small, thin man who rules at Peking is commonly known. That he is almost illiterate is said to be a matter about which he himself jests.
>
> Among the things he does not know are said to be the following: The number of Generals loyal to him; the number of soldiers in his armies (he knows how many he pays for); the number of his wives, other than Russian; how much money or how many children he has.

Mr. Moore had heard so much of this stalwart ex-bandit and Governor that he stopt off at Tsinanfu to interview him and also to see the leaders of the White Russians, whom Chang employs as aviators, gunners, and cavalry body-guards. Scattered among the Chinese soldiers crowding the city were occasional Russians, fair-haired, generally, and red-bearded, sometimes, and always conspicuous. Chang Chung-chang is the only Northern leader who employs Russians as fighting men; he knows them, and he can depend on them. As we read:

> Nowhere have Chang's Chinese soldiers stood firmly and given battle against the advancing Southerners. His 2,000 Russians, recruited from among the refugees who have fled into China from fear of the Bolsheviki, have almost alone defended Shantung. Having worked in Vladivostok as a day laborer, it is said Chang speaks some Russian. This is the secret of his employing "White Russians."

Anyway Mr. Moore forced his way through the coolie-crowded streets, passed through the gateways and courtyards of the Tupan's palace, all guarded by armed soldiers, and then left the motor-car to enter Chang's reception-hall. On the walls, it seems, "were a few painted scrolls, a portrait of the Marshal himself in full uniform, with long-hanging mustaches, and also a portrait of a Lama priest." The marshal did not keep his visitor waiting a moment—

> Obviously a man of action and of outdoors, philosophical without knowing the meaning of the word, moving easily, almost indifferently, hardly conscious of his greatness or his weakness, using his fan, regarding me with as much curiosity as I regarded him, looking at me closely as I spoke, permitting me to watch him as he told his foreign commissioner what to say to me.
>
> Marshal Chang declared his hopes of success and his intention to conduct the affairs of the Province as best he could in the interest of the people.
>
> He also spoke of American sympathy, declaring that so much of it as was with the South was misplaced.

Do you cherish beautiful teeth and coral gums -

then heed this warning — GUARD THE DANGER LINE

SQUIBB'S
DENTAL
CREAM
SQUIBB'S
Dental
Cream
E. R. SQUIBB & SONS
NEW YORK

Mouth beauty is so important these days! Not only for the charm of a pleasing smile—but also because decayed teeth and infected gums will often poison the entire system.

But how are you to protect your teeth and gums? Look through your favorite publications. You will find a dozen theories on what causes tooth decay and gum infections. Look at your druggist's counter. You will find 25 or 50 dentifrices competing for your favor.

That the dangerous situation caused by this confusion might be brought to an end, E. R. Squibb & Sons decided to get a verdict from the only authoritative source—the dental profession. A research institution, world famous for its high standard and impartiality, asked 50,000 practicing dentists certain questions on mouth hygiene.

The replies received show that the dental profession agrees almost unanimously on what is the principal cause of tooth decay and gum infections and its safeguard.

95% *of the answers agreed that acids are the most frequent cause of tooth decay and irritated gums.*

95% *agreed that the most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth and gums meet—known as The Danger Line.*

85% *agreed that the best product known to neutralize acids in the mouth is Milk of Magnesia.*

Squibb's Dental Cream contains more than 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia in a most convenient and effective form. When you brush your teeth with it, tiny particles of Milk of Magnesia are forced into every pit and crevice where acids can form. There they remain to safeguard your teeth and gums for a long time after use.

See your dentist twice a year and use Squibb's Dental Cream regularly. You will be doing everything possible to safeguard your teeth and gums.

Squibb's Dental Cream cleanses thoroughly, it soothes and strengthens the gums, it relieves sensitive teeth. It is pleasant to use and safe. At all druggists—40c a large tube.

E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York, *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858.

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THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

COWBOYS, INDIANS, BUFFALOES, AND BUCKING CAYUSES

A BULLET SPATS INTO A WHEEL-SPOKE just above your head, and you move out of that spot—quick. A hostile Indian has an idea of where you are sleeping, and is feeling for you with his gun. He is doing some good guessing in the darkness, too, having come within a foot of finding you. You are wide awake now, and hear your horses running—all of them running swiftly away, stampeded by the redskins—and leaving you helpless on the wide plains. It is hard to lie there and listen to your earthly possessions leaving you, but it's the darkest night you ever saw, and on that burnt-over prairie you are no better than a blind man.

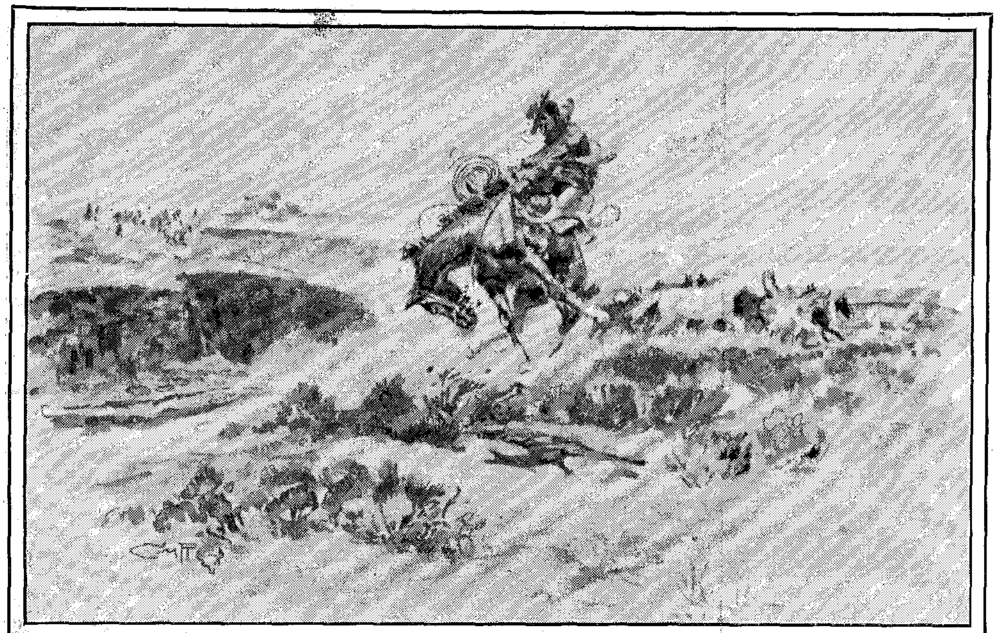

Illustration by courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Company

"I'M SCAREDER OF HIM THAN I AM OF THE INJUNS," SAYS BOWLEGS

They're a nasty looking band of painted and yelping Cheyennes, but "there ain't a man on earth, white or red, that could hit me with a scattergun while I'm goin' through these motions."

In imagination you are sharing one of the adventures of Old Dad Lane, a pioneer plainsman, as recorded by the famous cowboy artist, the late Charles M. Russell, in his book, "Trails Plowed Under" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), for which Will Rogers has written an affectionate introduction. It is a book of life on the plains in the days when the buffalo still ranged them in vast herds.

"Buffalo?" says Dad Lane. "I was there when they're as thick as hair on a dog, but it's surprizin' how quick one of these big herds could quit a country." And then he goes on to tell how the buffalo's trick of sudden disappearance nearly caused him to "cash in." It was back in 1862, when he was a partner at a trading-post far out on the plains. He was making an emergency trip to Benton with a full-blooded Piegan Indian, named Bad Meat, as interpreter and driver of the eight pack ponies, while Lane himself drove the two Red River carts with the trail pony tied to the lead cart so that one man could handle both. Now let Dad Lane tell it:

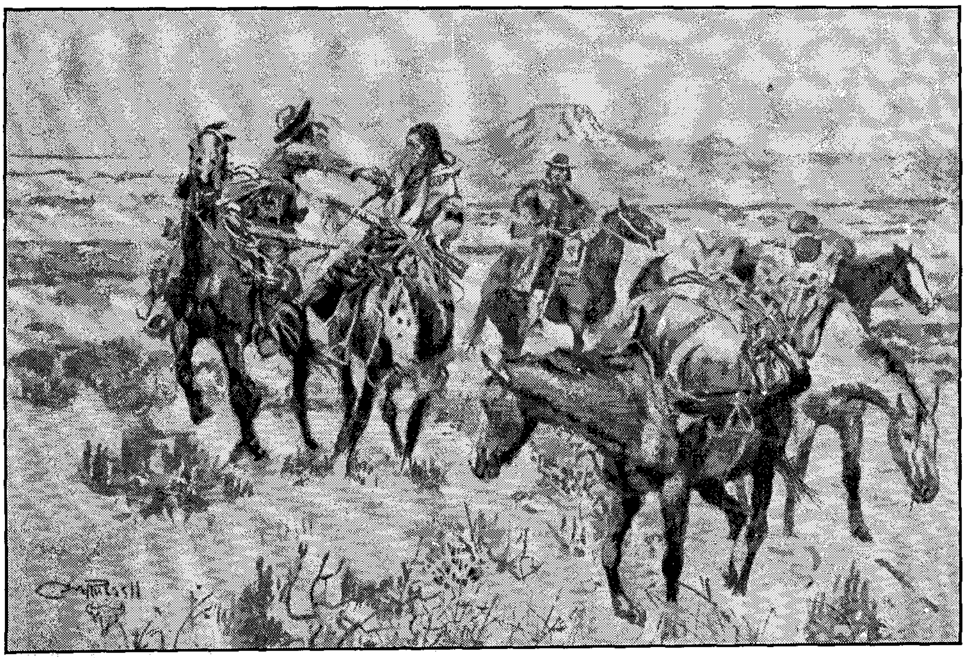

Illustration by courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Company

TREACHERY ON THE PLAINS. "THE INJUN PULLS MURPHY TOWARD HIM"

At the same time he kicks the other's horse in the belly, making it lunge forward, and "like a flash the Injun's left hand goes under his gun cover to the trigger."

The first couple of days it's smooth sailin'. It's August, the weather's fine, an' we're never out o' sight o' buffalo, so meat's always handy.

The second mornin' when we're quittin' the blankets I notice the sun down on the skyline, lookin' like a red-hot stove-lid, an' my nostrils fill with the smell of burnt grass, tellin' me the range is afire somewhere south of us. 'Tain't an hour till the sky's smoked up so the sun's hid, an' we've lost our timepiece an' compass. But it don't worry me none; I can see the Injun joggin' along ahead; all the smoke in hell couldn't lose him. There's one place where the Injun holds the edge on a white man—day or night you can't lose him.

Toward evenin' Bad Meat downs a young buffalo cow, an' while we're takin' the back-meat, he advises takin' the hams; but I says, "What's the use? It's only that much extra packin', an' we'll get meat to-morrow."

"All the buffalo we see to-day is travelin'," says he. "Maybe-so no meat to-morrow."

Since he spoke of it I notice that they are all travelin', an' not so slow either, but I've seen buffalo lope an' trot goin' to or leavin' water, an' didn't think nothin' of it. But takin' Bad Meat's hunch, we take the hams.

'Bout noon the next day we strike the burnt country. As far as you can see she's black, with now an' then a smolderin' buffalo chip that still holds the fire. It's a sorry sight; a few hours ago this country wore grass that'd whip a hoss on the knees, an' buffalo fed by thousands. Now she's lifeless, smoked an' charred till she looks like hell with the folks moved out.

All day it is the same, and it looks bad for the cayuses, with nothing in sight for them to eat, Dad Lane tells us. Worse still, his Indian guide has found moccasin tracks on the burnt prairie, showing that at least eight hostile Indians are on the warpath. And there's not a pony among them. They are out to steal horses. But toward evening, says Lane, they find a little creek with a patch of grass that the fire has missed, and there they camp, taking care to put out their fire before they turn in. In the blackest part of the night comes the attack already described, when the Indians stampede the horses, and the story proceeds:

As I said before, there ain't nothin' to do but wait for day.

Performance *is but one side of* ESSEX *value*

The Smoothness of Coasting

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> When it's light I'm surprized at Bad Meat's appearance. Up till now he's wearin' white man's clothes, but this mornin' he's back to the clout, skin leggin's, an' shirt. His foretop's wrapt in otter-skin an' from his hair to just below his eyes he's smeared with ochre. The rest of his face is black, with green stripes. He notices my surprize, an' tells me it ain't good medicine for an Indian to die with white men's clothes on. I ask him what's his reason for thinkin' about cashin' in.
>
> "That war party," says he, "is mighty successful in gettin' them horses, but all Injuns love to get some little token to take back to their folks, such as hair."
>
> This kind o' worries me; I ain't anxious to furnish no savages locks to trim leggin's with, an' I think Bad Meat feels the same way, 'cause he says it'll be good idea to travel nights from here on, an' I second the motion.
>
> Bad Meat calls the turn when he says these Injuns ain't satisfied, for while we're eatin' breakfast there's a band of 'em looms up on a ridge. It's the same party that makes the night visit; I recognize the hosses. While we're lookin' 'em over, one buck slides from his pony, an' restin' his gun on his cross-sticks takes a crack at us. There's a little curl o' dust out on the prairie shows me that his old smooth-bore won't pack lead near that distance, but the way he's pintin' his weapon tells me it ain't no friendly salute, so me an' Bad Meat takes to the brush. We're no more'n there till they're all down off the ridge, yelpin' like a band o' coyotes. Bad Meat starts his war-ditty. On hearin' his gun bark I look off on the prairie; there lays one still Injun. There's a loose pony lopin' off with nothin' on but a war bridle. It's a good shot for an Injun, but Bad Meat's over average.
>
> This good shootin' don't seem to pacify these savages, an' the way they start pilin' lead in our direction makes us hug the brush; we don't leave it till dark. Barrin' a bundle o' robes Bad Meat grabs when we're quittin' the camp, it's a Mexican stand-off, which means gettin' away alive. Of course we get our guns, but we're grubless, an' for three days we don't swaller nothin' more stimulatin' than water. The fourth mornin' we're out o' the burnt country. It's gettin' pretty light, an' we're thinkin' about campin' when we see four old bulls about a mile off. The country's level as a table, an' the chances of gettin' near enough for a shot looks slim. The Injun says he knows a way, an' unrollin' the robes he comes up with a couple o' wolf-skins. He tells me his granddad used to play wolf an' fool the buffalo.

Dad Lane goes on to tell how they disguised themselves as wolves and crept up a narrow coulee to leeward of the animals, until—

> I'm within twenty-five yards when I pick out my bull. They're all old boys that's been whipt out of the main herd, but goin' on looks I draw on the youngest. I'm half hid in the backbrush an' he's standin broadside. His heart's what I aim for, but bein' weak an' trembly from hunger, I notice the sight wavin' when I pull the trigger, an' when I looked under the smoke there stands the bull with his head up an' tail kinked. There's a red blotch on his side, but it's too high an' fur back. The bull stands a few seconds lookin'. He can't see me, 'cause I'm layin' flat as a snake; it's the smoke hangin' over me that tips my hand. I'm tryin' hard to reload when he comes for me, snortin' an' gruntin'. When I raise to run, the wolf-skin slips down an' hobbles me, an' the next thing I know I'm among his horns.
>
> Lucky for me I get between them, an' grabbin' a horn in each hand I'm hangin' for all there's in me, while the bull's doin' his best to break my holt. But bein' shot through the lungs he's weak an' slowly bleedin' to death. I'm playin' my strength agin his'n when I hear the bark of Bad Meat's gun. The bull goes over, an' the fight's mine. Maybe you think that Injun don't look good standin' there with his old muzzle-loader.
>
> Barrin' bein' covered with blood an' the bark peeled off me in places where Mister Bull drags me, I'm all right. This bull-meat's pretty strong an' tough, but it's fillin', an' takes us to Benton.

So runs one of the forty-odd sketches that make up Mr. Russell's book, all cast more or less into story shape. Like the many paintings, half-tone, and line illustrations in the book—all by the author—they are full of the color and atmosphere of cowboy life in the days when the Wild West was really wild.

Take, for instance, the story of "Mormon Murphy's Confidence," dating back to 1878, when Chief Joseph was at war with the whites. It is supposed to be told by the same Dad Lane, after this fashion:

> This Murphy ain't no real Mormon. He's what we'd call a jack-Mormon; that is, he'd wintered down with Brigham an' played Mormon a while. He's the best-natured man I ever knowed, always wearin' a smile an' lookin' at the bright side o' things. We'd wood-hawked, hunted an' trapt together for maybe four years, an' I never heered 'im kick on nothin'. He claims when a man's got his health he's got no license to bellyache. Murphy's good-hearted till he's foolish, an' so honest he thinks everybody else is on the square. This same confidence in humans is what gets Mormon killed off.
>
> One mornin' we're joggin' along at a good gait. It's late in the fall, an' ye know good weather makes hosses travel up good, when ol' Blue, one of the pack-hosses, throws up his head an' straightens his ears like he sees something, an' when a hoss does this, ye can tap yerself, he ain't lyin'. So I go to watchin' the country ahead where he's lookin'.
>
> Sure enough, pretty soon there's a rider looms up out of a draw 'bout half a mile off. It's an Injun—I can tell by the way he swings his quirt an' is diggin' his heels in his pony's belly at every step. There's a skift of snow on the country an' he shows up plain agin the white. When he gits clost enough he throws up his hand an' signs he's a friend. Then I notice he's left-handed—anyhow, he's packin' his gun that-a-way. It's in a skin cover stuck through his belt, Injun fashion, with the stock to the left, but what looks crooked to me after sizin' him up is that his quirt hangs on his right wrist.

The visitor says in sign language that he is a Gros Ventre, but Dad Lane notes some suspicious things about him, especially that he is riding a peculiar kind of spotted pony that is bred nowhere this side of the Rockies. We read further:

> Well, he rides up, an' instead o' comin' to my right an' facin' me, he goes roun' one o' the pack hosses an' comes quarterin' behind me to the left, his hoss pintin' the same as mine, an' holdin' out his hand says, "How!" with one o' them wooden smiles. Ye know ye can't tell what an Injun's got for a hole-card by readin' his countenance; winner or loser he looks the same. I shuk my head—someway I don't like this maneuver; I don't know what his game is, but ain't takin' no chances.
>
> He looks at me like his feelin's is hurt, swings around behind my hoss an' goes to Murphy the same way. Then I'm suspicious an' hollers to Murphy:
>
> "Don't shake hands with that savage," says I.
>
> "What are ye afeard of?" says he, holdin' out his hand an' smilin' good-natured. "He won't hurt nobody." Them's the last words Mormon ever speaks.
>
> It's the quickest trick I ever seed turned. When they grip hands, that dirty snake pulls Murphy toward him, at the same time kickin' Mormon's hoss in the belly. Naturally the animal lunges forward, makin' Murphy as helpless as a man with no arms. Like a flash the Injun's left hand goes under his gun-cover to the trigger. There's a crack, an' the smell of burnt leather an' cloth.
>
> Murphy ain't hit the ground before that Injun quits his hoss, an' when he lands he lands singin'. I savvy what that means—it's his death song, an' I'm workin' like a beaver to loosen my gun from its sling. Maybe it ain't a second, but it seems to me like an hour before it's loose an' I'm playin' an accompaniment to his little ditty. This solo don't last long till I got him as quiet as he made the Mormon.
>
> When the Injun first rides up, he figgers on downin' me fust. He's a mind reader an' the smilin' Mormon looks easy. Seein' his game blocked, he takes a gamblin' chance. He'd a' got me, too, but the lever on his Henry gets foul of the fringe on the cover, an' I got him on a limb.
>
> Yes, I planted my pard, all right, but as I ain't got nothin' to dig a grave with bigger'n a skinnin' knife, I wraps him in his blanket an' pack him down to a washout an' caves a bank on him. When I takes a last look at him, he seems to be smilin' like he forgives everybody. I tell ye, fellers, I don't know when I cried, it's been a long time ago, an' I didn't shed no tears then, but I pretty nigh choked to death at that funeral.

Then there is Bedrock Jim's adventure with the elk. He and his partner, we are told, were prospecting in the Big Horns, ran out of meat, toppled over a bull elk—and found themselves in trouble. It is Rawhide Rawlins who is telling the story:

> They both walk up, laying their guns agin a log. The bull's laying with his head under him. Bedrock notices the blood on the bull's neck and thinks his neck's broke, but when he grabs a horn and starts to straighten him out to stick him, the bull gets up. And he ain't friendly and goes to war with Bedrock and his pardner. He's between the hunters and their guns. There's nothing to do but give the bull the fight.
>
> Bedrock makes a scrub pine that's agin a rock ledge. This tree won't hold two, so his pardner finds a hole under the ledge. It's late in the winter; there's plenty of snow and the wind's in the north. There ain't much comfort up this jack pine. When Bedrock looks around, he notices that Jack Williams

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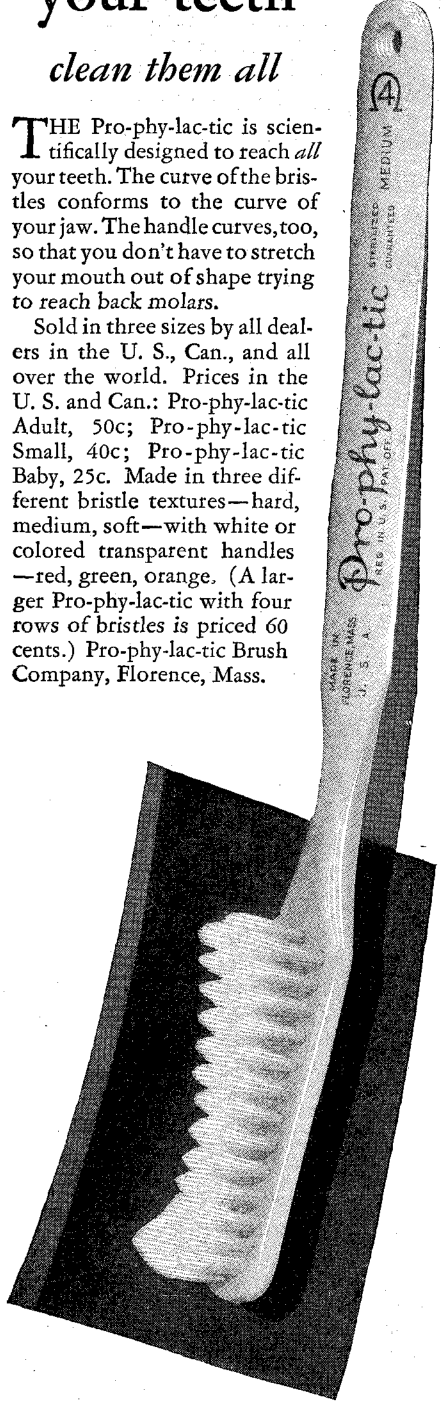

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

(that's his pardner's name) keeps coming out of the hole. Then the bull will charge them. Jack goes back, but he don't stay long. The bull ain't only creased, and he's mighty nasty. His hair's all turned the wrong way, and the way he rattles his horns agin the rocks around that hole tells he ain't jokin'. But Bedrock can't savvy why, when the bull steps back, Jack comes out of the hole.

Bedrock's getting cold and plumb out of patience, and he finally hollers down from his perch, "If you'd stay in that hole, you blank fool, that bull would leave and give us a chance to get away!"

Jack is taking his turn outside. The bull charges. Jack ducks in as the bull scrapes his horns on the rocks. The bull backs away, shakin' his head. This time when Jack shows, he yells up to Bedrock, "Stay in the hole, hell! There's a bear in the hole."

It's near dark when they get away. Bedrock goes on a lower limb and flags the bull with his coat. He's taking a long chance. The footing he's got, if he ever slips, it's good-by. As I said before, the bull ain't joshing, but he holds the bull till Jack gets his gun, and when he does, he sure kills that animal. He empties his Henry into him, and not a ball goes by.

"If I'm pickin' a hoss for a long ride, give me a bad one," says Bowlegs. "If he's an outlaw, he ain't got me beat none—there's a pair of us." And then he goes on, with Mr. Russell's help, to tell of a time when he was fleeing from justice—alone in hostile Indian country on a spent horse—and saved his bacon by lassoing the most vicious outlaw cayuse he ever saw, a much-branded roan that was running wild. The animal is a man-eater, ready to kill his captor; but the rider's own horse is done for, and it is a groundhog case. He will have to mount and ride the wild one. The story continues:

> So slidin' from the saddle I start walking up the rope. He stands braced till I reach his nose; then strikes like lightnin' with both front feet, just touchin' the rim of my hat. By the way his hoofs cut the air, it wouldn't have been healthy for me if I'd a-been under 'em.
>
> "If that's yer game, I'll head it off," thinks I, so goin' to my saddle hoss I unloop the McCarthy from my hackamore. An' buildin' another loop, 'taint long till I got him by the front feet. When I got him hobbled good, I unsaddle my old friend an' start fixin' for high ridin'. From the looks of the roan's hindquarters an' the way he's muscled an' strung up, it's safe to bet he'll go in the air some. When I'm bridlin' him he tries to reach me with his front feet, but bein' hobbled, can't do much. He stands humped, but quiet enough after that; but by the way his left ear's dropt down an' the look he's givin' me with that glass eye, I savvy he's layin' for me.
>
> Of a sudden he swings his head a little to the right an' straightens his ears. Lookin' between 'em, I spy a band of about as nasty a-lookin' Cheyennes as I ever see. One look's a plenty; the way they're stript an' painted, I know they ain't friendly. These Injuns have sighted me now; I can tell that by their yelpin'. They ain't more'n half a mile off, every pony runnin' an' every rider kickin' him in the belly.
>
> It's sure a case of hurry up, so tightenin' the cinch till the roan grunts, an' loosenin' the foot-rope, I grab the cheek piece of the bridle an' pull the roan's head close 'round to me. Grippin' the horn of the saddle an' chuckin' my foot into the stirrup to the heel, I step across him. The minnit he feels my weight, the ball opens.
>
> Mister Outlaw squats an' then shoots up straight as a rocket—so straight I'm afraid he's comin' back over, but he don't. He lands all spraddled out. The next jump he catches his head, weaves an' sunfishes, hittin' the ground one leg at a time, all stiffened, givin' me four separate jolts. This mighty near loosens me, but hookin' my right spur in his shoulder an' grabbin' leather with all hands, I get back.
>
> When he goes up again he shakes himself like a dog leavin' water, an' the saddle pops an' rattles, causin' me to lose my left stirrup. As I never did get the right one, I'm sittin' on his ribs. He's unloaded me all right, but I hear shots from the Cheyennes, an' it scares me so you couldn't a-chopped me loose from him with an ax. If he turns summersets in the air he couldn't pile me now. I've made my brags before this that nothin' that wore hair could make me go to leather, but this time I nearly pull the horn out by the roots, an' it's a Visalia steel fork at that.
>
> I've heard many a hoss bawl before, but this one roared, an' I believe if he'd a-loosened me, he'd a-eat me up. I'm scareder of him than I am of the Injuns, 'cause there ain't a man on earth, white or red, that could hit me with a scattergun while I'm goin' through these motions. The work I'm doin' would make a professional trapeze performer look like a green hand. Sometimes I'm behind the cantle, then I move over in front of the horn. Finally he kicks my hat off—either that or he makes me kick it off.
>
> I don't know how long this lasts, but I'm gettin' mighty dizzy when the roan raises his head from where he's had it hid, an' straightenin' his back, begins runnin'. Talk about swift hosses—in two jumps I'm goin' the fastest I ever rode; it looks like he's tryin' to run from under me.
>
> He's sure bustin' a hole in the breeze. Once there's a Cheyenne ball tears the dust off to one side, but it don't scare me none. At the gait we're goin', if a ball did hit me it wouldn't break the hide. It wouldn't no more'n catch up with us. When I look back over my shoulder there's a chain of dust a mile long, an' it appears like the Cheyennes're backin' up. The wind roarin' in my ears finally brings me to my senses, an' shakin' the hair out of my hands I get the reins an' start lookin' over my layout The roan's mane's pretty well pulled out from his ears back. My hat an' six-shooter's missin', an' there's one cantle-string tore out, but barrin' these trimmin's we're all right an' there's no kick comin'. The hoss under me can beat these Injun cavayos any distance from a squirrel's jump to the Rocky Mountains, so I bid farewell to the Cheyennes.
>
> Yes, fellers, that's the worst hoss I ever forked, but that same roan packed me many a hundred miles to safety, an' as I said before, gentle hosses is all right, but give me a snaky one for a hard ride.

That's the way, at least, that Bowlegs tells the story. "Speakin' of liars," remarks Mr. Russell, "the Old West could put in its claim for more of 'em than any other land under the sun."

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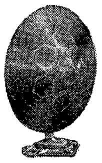

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THE THRILLING TALE OF NINE MEN IN A BOAT

A ROMANCE of the sea rich with the salty tang of a forecastle yarn by Joseph Conrad or Clark Russell was brought to light on October 30, when the *Volendam* of the Holland-America Line, carrying a number of bankers on a holiday junket, picked up in the dangerous waters off Bermuda an open boat containing eight white men and a Jamaica negro. These men, shipwrecked seven days before, were almost spent with battling against wind and wave, and, to make matters worse, their provisions and water had come to an end. Their tale, as they told it, when warmed and fed aboard the hospitable liner, was as old as the race of men "that go down to the sea in ships," as timeless as the gray waters that had tossed their cockle-shell of a boat to and fro for so many weary hours. In essence it has been told a thousand times in song and story, but the thrill of it is still "as new as the new-cut tooth." There is something about the sea and man's eternal struggle to tame its tremendous forces to his will that has the power to stir us all to the very depths, a call of the primitive that finds an answer in every heart. Here is the tale of these nine men and their boat as recorded for us in the columns of the New York *World:*

> "It wasn't no picnic," said Chief Mate Gene Bradell.
>
> "Next time I'll take more fruit and less beef," said William D. Potter, the thirty-year-old captain of the foundered schooner, with a tired grin.
>
> "Fadder God done it," said the big Jamaica negro, who was cook. Joseph Notice is his name, but everybody on the lost schooner called him "Bill." Why, they didn't know; they just called him Bill, and so Bill he was.
>
> "When Bill shipped on," said the young captain, his face cut deep with lines of weariness, "the first thing he asked for was a bottle of rum and a Bible."
>
> It happened they didn't have a Bible on the *Horatio Foss*, the old tub of a four-masted schooner, which now lies somewhere in a thousand fathoms of Atlantic. They had a prayer-book. Yesterday "Bill" still had that prayer-book, and he had probably thumbed it more during those seven days in the open boat, between spells of bailing and pulling at an oar, than most prayer-books ever are thumbed in their whole existence.
>
> Bill had almost prayed the other eight men in that twenty-two-foot open boat into craziness. Captain Potter wouldn't talk much about that.
>
> "I like Bill," he said. Nevertheless, the story had gone about on board the *Volendam* of how, half insane from Bill's incessant ejaculations to Deity, the rest of the crew had wanted to throw him overboard, and how Potter prevailed against this to the bitter end.
>
> Capt. Jacobus de Konin of the *Volendam* was almost as noncommittal as the nine men from the sea.
>
> "I hauled to and made a lee just off the reef at Bermuda," he said, "and then we let down a ladder over the stern to them. The last man up pulled the plug and sank their boat."

A red flare flaming up over the darkening waters had been sighted, so we are told, from the bridge of the *Volendam* as she headed away from Bermuda for New York. That flare was the last desperate effort of the exhausted men in their drifting boat to get once more in touch with the life that was so rapidly leaving them. Says the *World* story:

> Potter and Bill and his crew had pulled and sailed into a gale 400 miles, just up to the gate of Bermuda. Then slowly the wind pushed them back. Their blankets and sheets, rigged up on oars and a harpoon haft for sails, whipt futilely in the gale. They slipt back. They had been within a mile of the reef, not more than eleven or twelve miles from Bermuda.
>
> Then, driven back—away from life just as it seemed to be in their bleeding hands, they saw the *Volendam* putting out of Bermuda in the twilight. They watched her come toward them, then sheer off to the right. They groaned. Potter succeeded in lighting a wet match. The red flare sputtered in the fading light full of purple dimness. And all at once the *Volendam* sheered out of her course, stopt and then backed into the gale, gathering speed.
>
> And a little later, in the darkening light, the excited bankers leaned down over the high rail and watched the small boat slide and reel into the slick which the liner made with her hull broadside to the wind.
>
> They saw the cramped men, more dead than alive, creep up the rope ladder slowly and drop on the deck exhausted, their bodies covered with boils from the slatting of the salt water for seven days. For that instant the comfortable passengers glimpsed the sea.
>
> "We left Philadelphia October 10," said Potter, his face still drawn from the strain. "We were for Martinique with a cargo of coal for Guadaloupe. We had 1,100 tons under our hatches. Everything seemed fine when we stood out of the Delaware River, and two days later we were in the Gulf Stream, with wind picking up."
>
> The *Horatio Foss*, nearly twenty years old, had four stubby masts, rigged fore and aft, along the 182 feet of her length. She was registered out of Boston at 846 tons.

We now have a glimpse of Captain Potter, safe and sound in his cabin on the *Volendam*, reading from the log of the *Foss*, carefully preserved by him through all these perilous days, the story of the heavy gales that at last forced him to leave his sinking vessel. He then takes up his tale once more by word of mouth:

> The day before abandoning ship Potter, who believed in being beforehand, had looked the situation over and decided the ship's launch hardly would take his whole crew with the weight of the gasoline engine in it. So he had ordered the engine shipped. Now, when the time came to get away, he was in fair shape. Bill came sweating from the galley with a case of beef, a case of tomatoes, some old cans of salmon, and a few biscuits.
>
> A water beaker holding about twenty gallons was stowed athwart. Another five-gallon tin of water was added. Then the boat was slung out from the davits. The falls were useless. So the boat was slung from a rough tackle and two blows from an ax dropt it flat into the running sea.
>
> Dawn was just breaking, the wind was

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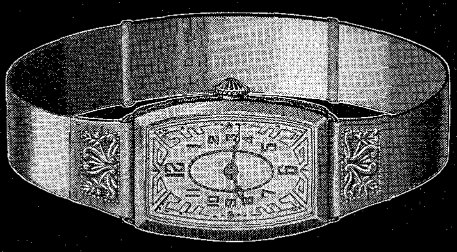
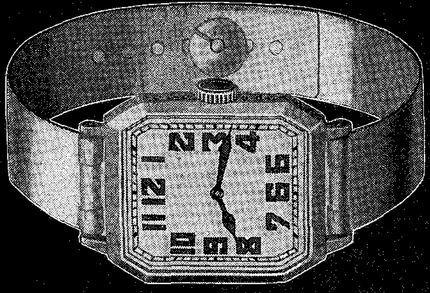
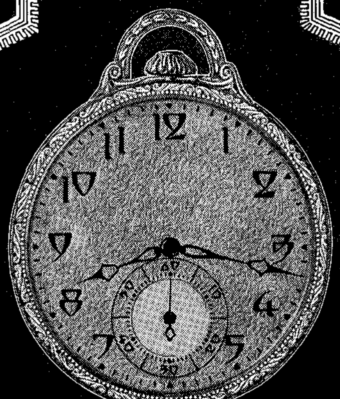


Man's Strap Watch
CASE BY WADSWORTH
Fitted with Wadsworth Watch Band
—*Ben Hur Model*





Man's Pocket Watch
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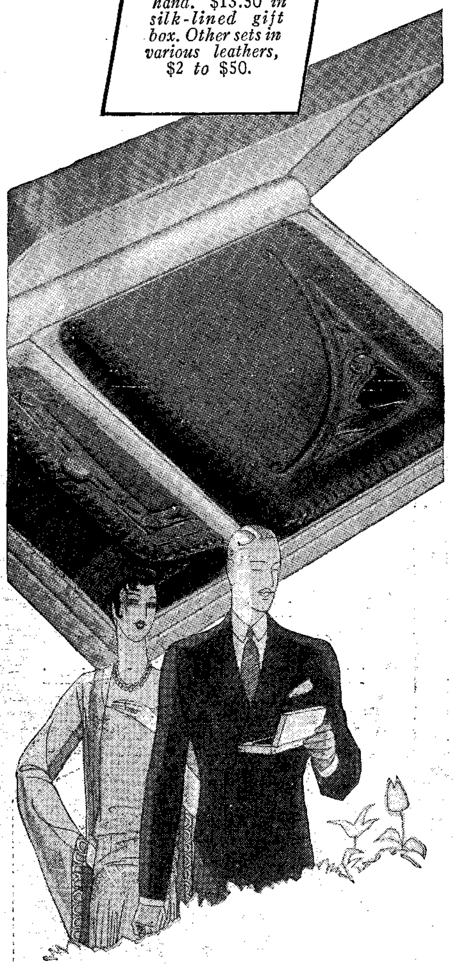

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

screaming, the *Foss* was sinking low into the water, her bows half under, and the nine men were 400 miles north of Bermuda.

"I thought I'd counted noses," said Potter. "But after we were away, I found we'd only eight altogether. Then I looked back and saw Olsen hanging onto the painter. We got him in. We didn't dare get too close to the ship for fear of getting a stove boat. When we'd got a safe distance away, I remembered then that we had no compass. I knew we had to get the ship's compass somehow—a ten-inch compass it was.

"We pulled back the boat until we got about twenty feet off. I'd stript off my clothes. Then I jumped in and swam to the ship."

The captain broke the compass out of the foundering schooner's binnacle. Then he grabbed a handline and threw one end to the boat and made the other fast to the compass. And while his crew dragged the instrument through the heaving dark water, Potter swam back and was pulled in over the gun'l.

"We rigged a sea anchor and lay to all day there," he said. "At five A. M., an hour after abandoning, my ship went down. She sank by the head. We rowed over to the spot, but all that floated up was a life-preserver. Well, we rigged up three sails. We had two sheets, a blanket and a small piece of canvas. For spars we used two oars and a harpoon haft. Besides this we kept pulling on the oars.

"Two men had to be bailing all the time. The boat had got knocked against the ship some, and she was leaking pretty bad. But we found she rode very well if we kept her headed right. We headed for Bermuda by the compass."

That was the beginning of the long week, the longest week those nine men ever will live. Two hands had to be bailing with biscuit tins all the while. Others were at the oars. Potter sat up in front and managed things. For seven days he never lay down to sleep. In the first place, there wasn't room to lie down. In the second place, he didn't dare.

"All you could do was catnap now and then when you had the chance," he said wearily. "Once I curled up on top the biscuit tin, but couldn't sleep."

Always when the two bailing men were spelled by their comrades they dropt over against a thwart and went to sleep. They dared to sleep, and had to, in order to have strength for more bailing in the next watch. And Bill the cook prayed. If Bill had been devout before, he was pious now. He prayed, he doxologized, he halleluiahed. The salt water came slatting over in sheets every time the launch smacked down into a wave, but Bill kept his prayer-book dry. When the gale slackened away a bit and things faired up, Bill would shout:

"See what Fadder sent us!"

When things got worse again and the wind howled hungrily all around them, Bill would shout still louder:

"Fadder ain't ready for us yet!"

The days that followed were lived through somehow by the forlorn little party. Most of them had not the faith of the negro to uphold them, and it was hard to fight off despair. The picture drawn for us of their unhappy state is a poignantly moving one:

The nine men talked little. They measured out the food and drink. There wasn't a drop of rum in the boat; hadn't been any on the schooner. They measured out the beef and tomatoes and water, and watched their store shrink. They saw nothing but the gale and the ocean. The sea was as big as the sky, and the sky as big as the sea. Everything was gray and immense and destructive.

Potter watched his compass and tried to get every bit of forward motion he could out of the contrary wind. Tho they were nine, the ocean became lonelier and lonelier. Now and then a sea bird came overhead in the wet murk with a haunting cry. The only other life they saw was a dolphin. For three days the dolphin played alongside and around them. The sea ahead was all foaming, hungry waves, closing in on the nine men like a pack of gray wolves.

One night the friendly dolphin flipped his tail and vanished and never came back. Perhaps he felt the presence of a dark shadow gathering over that boat. Voices which had been cheerful at first became morose. The exhausted bailers growled when they changed watch. Everybody was constantly wet with the rasping salt water and their hands bled and their bodies, chafed by salt-stiff clothing, broke out with sores. The climax came on the seventh day. There were seven biscuits left in the tin. In the water-beaker swished about three gallons of stale stuff. They sighted land ahead—Bermuda.

That land was only to tantalize them. Between them and the rising harbor back of Bermuda was a gale of wind that pushed them slowly backward the way they had come.

That was last Friday. At 3:30 P. M. the big *Volendam* weighed anchor and stood out from Hamilton. Potter had seen that a dozen red flares had been stowed in his boat before he abandoned ship. Now he took out one of these and got it lighted. In the twilight that red signal caught the eye of the Dutch captain, de Koning, on the *Volendam's* bridge, and within half an hour the nine men, who had been beaten back toward death by the gale, found the *Volendam's* ladder dangling over their sagging heads. While the island had receded from them, this floating steel island came out and picked them up.

Friendly hands caught them. There came warm food and clothes and hot drinks. A collection was taken up by the bankers. It was all a rosy dream for Bill with his prayer-book, and Peterson the bos'n, and Tom Del Rae, the donkeyman, and all the others—Norskies, Swedes, Italians, and Americans.

Four-cylinder Democracy.—Here is a good joke on us Americans, or on one American, at any rate. Two New Yorkers visiting London were gazing with outspoken criticism on the plain, unpretentious exterior of the Prime Minister's official residence in Downing Street. "What a home for a Prime Minister," one of them exclaimed.

"Yes," said the other, who had caught sight of a small two-seater standing at the curb, "and look at that car, will you? Why, in li'l ol' New York a second-hand store clerk would be ashamed to own a flivver like that."

At this moment a well-drest man emerged from the official residence, entered the car and drove off.

"Say, who was that guy?" the last speaker asked a passing policeman.

"Mr. A. B. 'Oughton, the Hamerican Hambassador, sir," answered the bobby politely.—*Boston Transcript.*

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H. G. WELLS—OUR OUTSTANDING SCIENTIST-FICTIONIST

THE reissue of a collection of H. G. Wells's earlier short stories impels H. Levy, writing in *Nature* (London), to discuss the influence of Wells's earlier scientific training upon his fictional output. Those who admired it as something *sui generis*, smacking a little of Poe and a little of Verne, but informed throughout with a knowledge of the problems of modern science far beyond the ken of either, will agree with Mr. Levy in regretting Mr. Wells's abandonment of this earlier form for his later preachments. In it he had practically no rivals. As Mr. Levy remarks:

> Coming to literary work from the field of technical knowledge, Wells has made the amazing discovery that a scientific training, far from being a handicap, is a positive blessing. A good novelist, if he is anything, is preeminently a psychologist. Tuned to the mentality of the scientist and alive to the trend of scientific thought, Wells enters the arena of fiction armed with weapons denied to his professional colleagues.
>
> Early hesitant knowledge of time and space are handled with assurance and imagination in "The Time Machine," "The Plattner Story," "The Strange Case of Davidson's Eyes." Sometimes his boldness is almost prophetic, as in "The Land Ironclads," where in 1903 trench warfare and tanks are described in unerring detail. Again and again he traces the emergence of a world of wheels, and shafts, and furnaces.

It is easy to say, Mr. Levy admits, that, in those early days, the young man is merely tickling the palate of the reader with extravagant ideas. While it is probably true that a number of these stories are scarcely more than this, there recurs continually the suggestion that if mankind would only realize it, the potentialities for good and evil in modern scientific discovery on the mechanical side are enormous. He goes on:

> There is, for example, "A Dream of Armageddon," "A Story of the Days to Come," and so on. There appears the implication to the scientific man that he must give himself pause to consider whither his newer knowledge may drive mankind, and to the layman the startling question as to whether he is indeed ready to receive this strange knowledge.
>
> Some indication of Wells's own line of approach to this difficult issue is provided by glimmerings of Utopias of various kinds that sparkle out here and there. It is in his larger and more mature works that these ideas are worked out in greater detail, but, on the whole, Wells on the constructive side is much less satisfying than at his favorite game of thought provoking.
>
> The kind of promise the imaginative Wells has held out in these early stories is not fulfilled by him in his later work. Doubtless, had his numerous love novels been left unwritten, the world of literature would have been enormously the poorer, but the far-reaching and vital questions which Wells himself raised have really not been faced by him. Instead, he has left it to the politicians, content to be a mere finger-post pointing toward an inaccessible region of the horizon.

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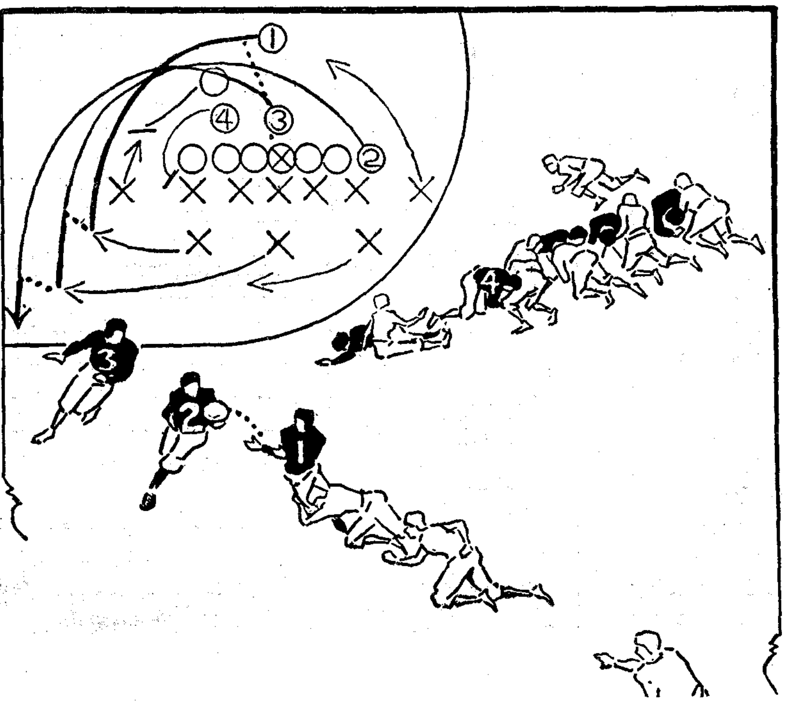
SPORTS • AND • ATHLETICS

HOW THE LATERAL PASS "OPENS UP" FOOTBALL

"IT'S GOING TO BE HELL FOR LINESMEN," was the *forcible reply of a notable center on one of our football* teams when asked by Sol Metzger before the season opened what he thought of the lateral pass. Mr. Metzger, an old Pennsylvania end and an experienced football coach, explains in *The Sportsman* that altho the lateral pass is really as old as football, the new latitude given its use by this year's rules is bound to open wide the game and play an impressive part in its strategy. All the Rules Committee did was to change the rule about a fumbled lateral pass. Until this year, such a fumble could be retrieved by the defense and run for a touchdown. The new rule bars out this "pick-up-and-run" play. "A fumbled pass to-day, forward or lateral, one that strikes the ground, is a dead ball, and the team that tries it merely loses a down." In other words, the lateral pass "is governed by much the same legislation as the forward pass, with which the majority of football spectators are familiar." But Allison Danzig, writing on the sports page of the New York *Times*, comes to the conclusion after watching the early season games this fall that in spite of the use of the lateral pass, football "is still football and not Rugby." The lateral pass is an old maneuver that hasn't been used much of late, because "it is so apt to prove a boomerang; merely because the Rules Committee has encouraged its use by making it a dead ball, instead of a loose one, when it fails to reach its target, does not invest it with new charms." As Mr. Danzig goes on to say:



Drawing by Sol Metzger. From *The Sportsman* (New York)

A TYPICAL USE OF THE LATERAL PASS

This is the way Penn dumfounded Cornell in 1902. Mr. Metzger in the accompanying article describes in detail this play, in which he took a prominent part. Incidentally, lateral passes were featured when Pennsylvania defeated Harvard on November 5, this season. To return to the explanation of the above diagram, we note that center passes to quarter-back No. 3, who passes to No. 1. No. 1 skirts end, followed by end No. 2, and No. 2 by No. 3. As No. 1 is tackled, he lateral passes to No. 2. As No. 2 is tackled, he lateral passes to No. 3.

> The lateral pass is still a dangerous instrument, as any play must be on which the ball is thrown wide of protected territory. Not only does it violate the fundamental principle of football, that of applying power before the man with the ball, but it gambles on one man catching the ball and getting away without protection when the opposing tackle and end and the secondary may rush in to intercept it, with a clear field ahead for a touchdown.
>
> It is still as daring a play, in spite of the fact that it has been subsidized by legislation, as is the wide forward pass, the kind of pass that Jim Edwards of Brown threw from his 15-yard line and Paul Scull, Penn half-back, intercepted, to carry the ball for a touchdown.
>
> It has been the teams that have combined deception and strategy with their use of the lateral that have gained the best results this season. The play in itself is a surprize stroke, but a fast charging line with a quick-witted secondary behind it can break it up pretty nearly every time, as Lafayette broke up Rutgers's laterals, in spite of the fact that Lionel Conacher taught Rutgers how to use the lateral.
>
> Harvard used the straight lateral in its simplest form against Vermont, and used it successfully five times out of six for substantial gains, but the Vermont line and secondary did not offer the kind of defense qualified to give it a true test, altho Smith, the Vermont full-back, is as magnificent a secondary defense man as one could hope to look upon.
>
> It is when the lateral is combined with a forward pass, particularly when it is used to draw the opponent off to one side and leave the other unprotected against a forward pass developing out of the lateral, that it usually achieves its best results.

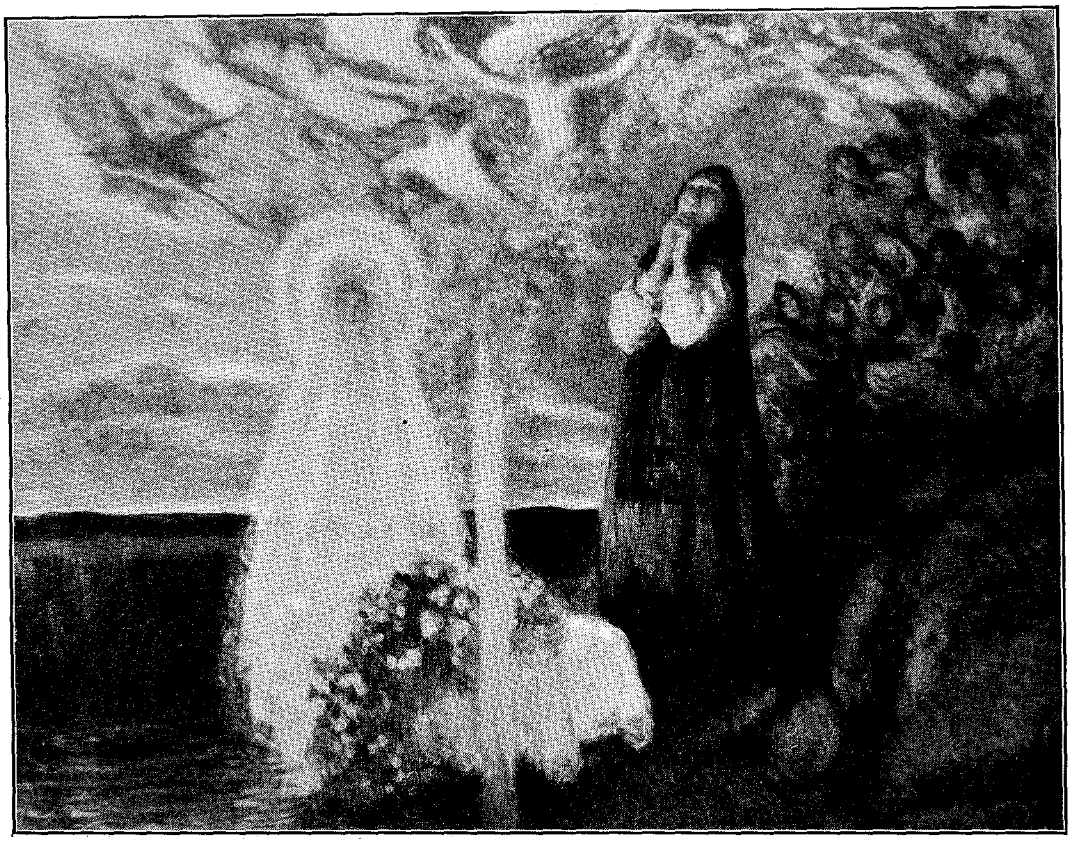
How the lateral pass works at its best is vividly told by Mr. Metzger in his *Sportsman* article. He tells it so vividly because he himself was one of the chief heroes of the occasion when Pennsylvania unexpectedly utilized the lateral pass to beat Cornell, her old rival, in a Thanksgiving Day game of 1902. Metzger was playing end on a Pennsylvania team that was being beaten by a heavier Cornell eleven. The first half ended with Cornell ahead, 11-0. The second half had started—

> Our quarter-back, Dave Dale, called our guards back—the play that had won great fame for Pennsylvania, almost a decade previous, but the play that Cornell had piled up on itself all that first half. Then came a signal we all wanted. Our right half-back was to skirt Cornell's right end. I was to follow, running wide in a half-circle so as to be outside our half when he crossed the line of scrimmage. Dale himself, after passing the ball to the half-back, was to swing wide of and behind me as he circled down the field. Something new was to be tried in football under most trying conditions. A weaker team sought victory over a stronger eleven via the unusual route. Here was a test, if ever there was to be one.
>
> Our hearts beat rapidly as the signal was called. Then came the snap of the ball, and we were off. Our ball-carrying back just reached the line of scrimmage when a Cornell secondary came smashing into him, throwing him for a loss of several yards. But just before this tackler propelled his frame into our back the latter tossed the ball several yards to his left and rear where I caught it running at top speed.
>
> I think I gained some twenty yards before another Cornell back pounded his way into me with a neat tackle. Again the stunt worked. Turning as he came crashing at me on his last lunge, I caught sight of Dale, our quarter-back, a few yards back and to my left. I tossed Dale the ball and Dale placed it within striking distance. We pounded out our first touchdown. The second, and the winning score, followed. The unbelievable had happened. Penn's little team had conquered the Big Red team of Cornell. But what is most pertinent about that victory is the fact that Penn's success was made possible by use of a lateral pass—the play we had used—conceived by Dr. Carl S.

(*Continued on page 58*)

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS



HARMONIE RELIGIEUSE, *painted for the* STEINWAY COLLECTION *by* F. LUIS MORA

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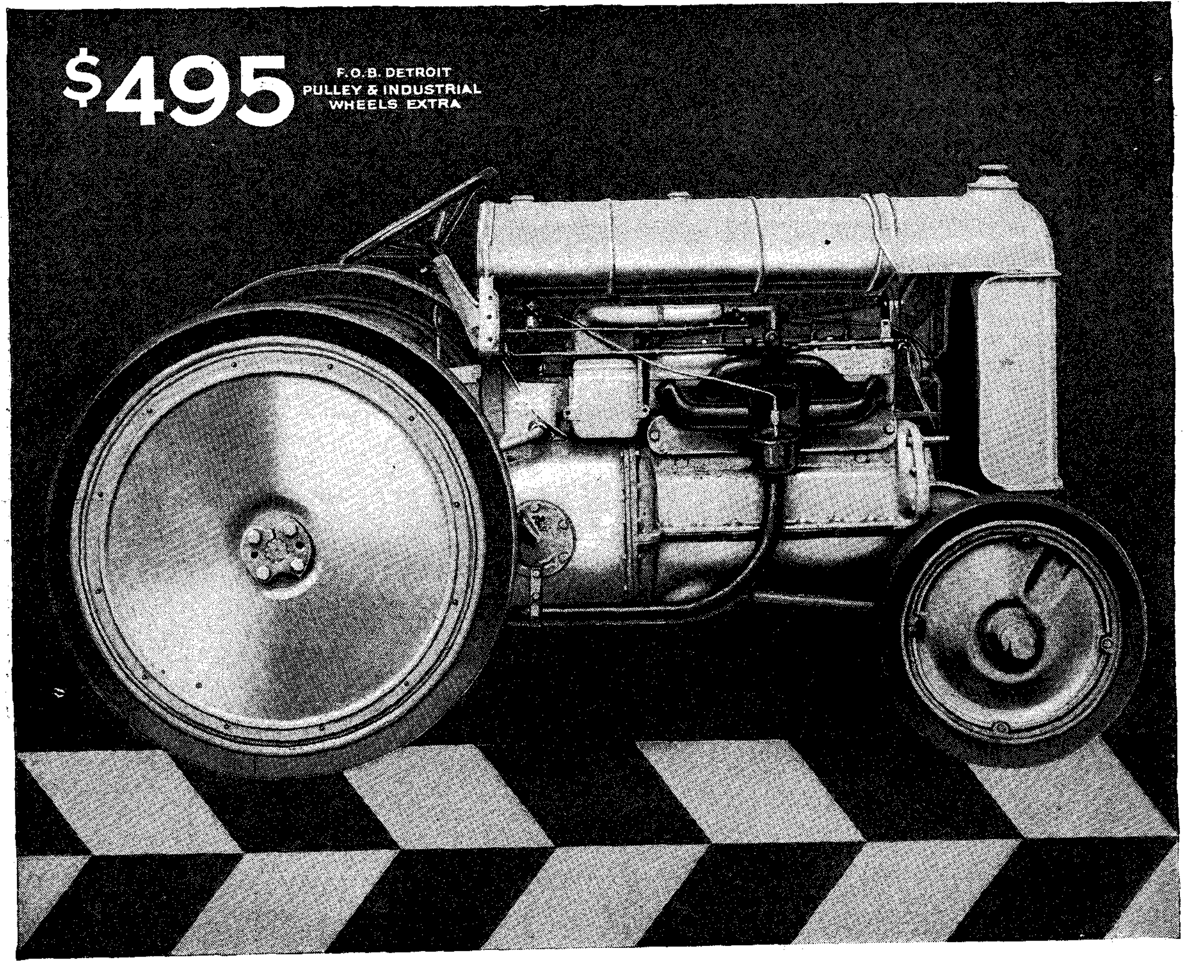

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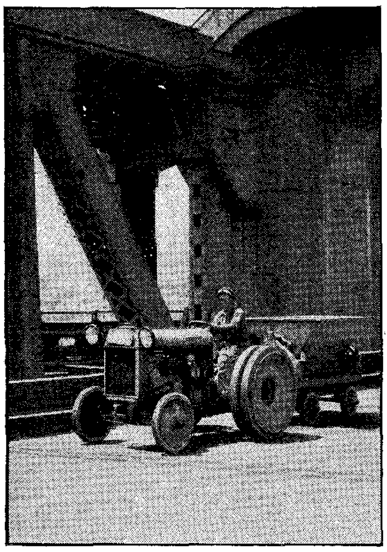

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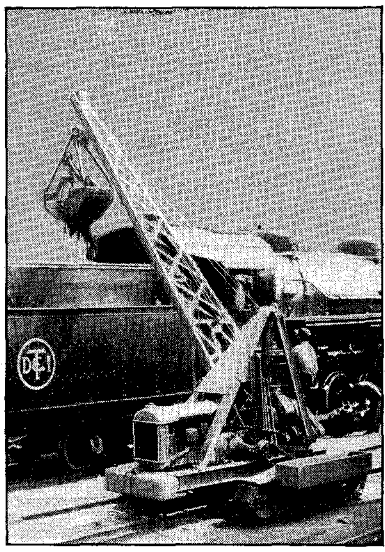

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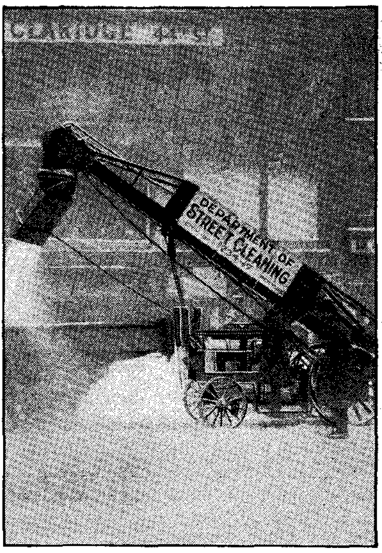

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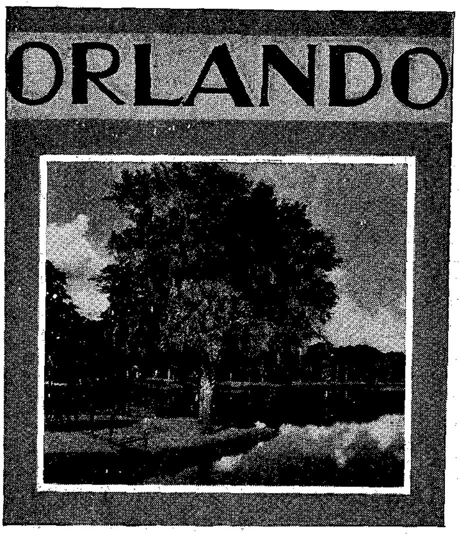

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

Williams, our coach and a former star quarter-back.

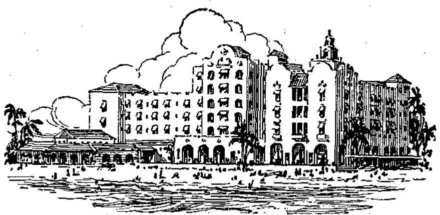
Mr. Metzger goes on to tell of a more recent spectacular use of the lateral pass in a game on the Pennsylvania field. But this time it was used against Pennsylvania by that meteor of the 1925 football skies, Red Grange of Illinois, to make his second touchdown of the game. Incidentally it was the third time that Coach Zuppke had used the play in all his coaching career. As Mr. Metzger describes the way Grange used the play against Penn:

> As used against Penn, Grange knelt down apparently to hold the ball for Britton for a try for goal by place kick. The ball was passed to Grange in this kneeling position, and he gave every evidence of holding it. That drew upon him the charge of all of Penn's linesmen. Just as they were about to block what they thought was to be a kick, Grange arose like a flash and threw a forward pass to his right end, who stood in his position on the scrimmage line. That forward pass in turn drew the attention of all of Penn's men to this right end. Grange was deserted. In fact, no opponent could knock Grange down after he had made this forward pass, for that is illegal.
>
> This overlooking of Grange was just what Zuppke had planned. Off like a scared rabbit, Grange circled back of his right end toward the side line, and his right end made a lateral pass to him as he ran by. Grange caught it far to the right of the scrimmage line with none between him and Penn's goal. That meant another touchdown.

Mr. Metzger goes on to tell of other celebrated instances of the use of the lateral pass, such as that by Georgia Tech in 1906 and that by Glenn Warner's "Pittsburgh Panthers" in 1917. He reminds us that when Frank Hinkey, "the greatest end of all time," was coach at Yale a few years ago, he started the season full of enthusiasm for the lateral passing principles embodied in Canadian Rugby.

What is the effect of the increased use of the lateral pass going to be on football strategy? Mr. Metzger doesn't know exactly, but he is sure of one point, and that is that it is going to make things harder for the defense, and especially for linesmen:

> Figure it out for yourself. Suppose you were backing up a line and your forwards had cut down all the interference. That's what good tackles and ends have been doing for years. There you are coming up the field at full speed for the runner as he breaks for the side of the field in an effort to circle the end and score on your team. "Easy meat!" you say to yourself as you come tearing up and across the line of scrimmage prepared to hit him from the side and turn him into the soil for some three or four yards loss, just the sort of tackle that sets your supporters off into nine long "Rahs" with your name on the end. And then, you note, just on his outside and a few yards to his rear, a trailer, one of his team-mates coming along at top speed. You know that if you make that



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tackle, the ball will be tossed laterally to this trailer. You also know that if you don't, he is going to tear loose for that touchdown and your coach is going to drop the gymnasium right on your head as soon as he can get hold of you after the game.

ART VIA THE SPORT ROUTE

IN connection with "the claim by Tunney adherents that Gene is sport's greatest gift to 'literature, music, and the arts,'" writes John Kieran in the New York *Times*, "it might be pertinent to remark that it was the pursuit of sport that led Dr. McKenzie directly into the field of art." Dr. McKenzie, it may be explained, is head of the Department of Physical Education and general supervisor of all athletics at the University of Pennsylvania. That is his sports side. As to how his artistic side was brought out by the thoroughness with which he studied his athletic charges, we are thus enlightened by Mr. Kieran:

> Robert Tait McKenzie was an intercollegiate athlete of note when he was a medical student at McGill University, in Canada. After his graduation he practised medicine, but he also kept up his interest in athletics by acting as coach and supervisor of physical education at McGill.
>
> It was when he came to the University of Pennsylvania as head of the Department of Physical Education that he was actually driven into art.
>
> He began to make a study of the physical conformation of sprinters, weight throwers, high jumpers, football players, and gymnasts. He tried to discover whether there was a "sprint type" or not. Or a "football type."
>
> To aid his experiments he began to make clay models of the various athletes at Penn. He had never modeled before. He found his "sprint type" and many other "types," and has written many scientific papers on these observations.
>
> The average good sprinter, he discovered, is a man about five feet nine inches in height, light-boned, with a comparatively short torso and long legs.
>
> "And when you come to that conclusion," said Dr. McKenzie, "a chap like Al Miller of Harvard comes along and kicks dust in the face of your whole theory. But the general rule still holds."
>
> Al Miller, it might be stated, is a great sprinter who is built along the same delicate lines as a wardrobe trunk.
>
> But among the statuettes in the studio it could be noted that the wrestlers were not built like the pole-vaulters, or the gymnasts like the athletes. The gymnast, for instance, can be detected by the development of his torso, shoulders and arms; the athlete by the development of his legs.
>
> The queer part of this story is that Dr. McKenzie, from making clay models of athletes for the purpose of studying the relation of bone and muscle to various physical stresses and strains, branched out into real sculpture and has earned world-wide recognition in that field.
>
> He has statues and panels in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Canada Royal Museum at Ottawa, the Royal Academy in London and other art centers of note.
>
> When any mention of sport's gift to "literature, music, and the arts" is made, Gene Tunney should stand aside. And somebody should push Dr. Robert Tait McKenzie into the foreground.

HERE is "The Sunshine City" as you would see it from an airplane. On the left is Mirror Lake; on the right is Tampa Bay and the beautiful Recreation Pier; in the center is St. Petersburg's business section.

Photo by Blake ©

Everyone Has a Good Word for *"The Sunshine City"*

WHEREVER you are, wherever you may go, you will find that everyone who has visited St. Petersburg has a good word for "The Sunshine City." It is only natural to infer that there must be a sound reason for such universal favor. And there is!

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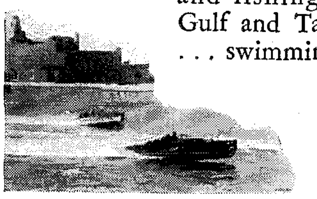

There's Big League baseball (the New York Yankees and Boston Braves train here). There are boxing bouts weekly. There are free band concerts twice daily in Williams Park. And there's the municipal Recreation Pier, one of the finest in the world. Theaters, concerts, lectures, dancing. Festival of the States . . . regattas . . . tournaments . . . conventions . . . the list is almost endless.

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TWO BOY BULL-FIGHTERS ARE ALL THE RAGE IN MEXICO

BULL-FIGHTING, OF COURSE, is the supreme sport of the Spaniard, whether in Spain or Mexico. Considering the dangerous and sanguinary nature of the bull-fighting profession, one might innocently think that it was something to be exclusively practised by full-grown men. But, strange to say, the most popular bull-fighters in Mexico to-day are two little boys. Manuel Bienvenida is thirteen and little brother José is eleven. On the days they fight, writes Clare Ousley in *The World Traveller*, the huge Mexico City bull-ring is packed to its full capacity of thirty thousand—something it takes the greatest of toreadors to do. As we are told:

By courtesy of *The World Traveller* (New York)

THE BIENVENIDA BOYS, BOTH BULL-FIGHTERS

At the left is Manuel, aged thirteen, and at the right the somewhat smaller José, aged eleven. These two young Spaniards are said to be at present the sensation of the Mexican bull-ring.

> When the boys, drest in the conventional costumes of bright silk and heavy gold braid, come out at the head of their *cuadrilla* for the usual parade around the ring before the fight, a stupendous roar of enthusiasm greets them. And during the rest of the afternoon, while they are parrying the charges of the bulls, first with quick, graceful swirls of the cerise-lined capes, and later with the smaller *muleta*, that sinister little red cloth which hides the steel sword, the roar of those thirty thousand *aficionados* can be heard all over that part of town.
>
> The skill and audacity of the Bienvenida youngsters has captured the Mexicans, always receptive to that vicarious thrill which comes to the safely protected ringside spectator at a bull-fight. Manuel and José are quick and supple and often foolhardy. They do tricks which no mature fighter would ever think of risking. They look, from the higher seats in the ring, like midgets open to the charge of monstrous beasts, altho the bulls they fight are smaller than the average, since obviously the boys are not tall enough or strong enough to tackle full-grown animals. They dart about with lightning speed under the very nose of the infuriated bull; the horns graze their gaudy gold braid; they stroll nonchalantly away, the red cloth dragging behind them; they pull the bull's tail; they grab the horns; they kneel, *muleta* in hand, before the charge of the bull, deflecting the angry beast with a slight motion of the cloth and an almost imperceptible change of the body to the side; they grimace and gesture to the spectators; their favorite trick is the "pass of death," a wickedly dangerous business which has caused the death of many an overly audacious matador. They play boldly and recklessly. They are born actors and they are born bull-fighters. And the crowds adore them.

These boys come by their art naturally enough, it seems. Papa Bienvenida was a great matador in Spain in his day, but a couple of wounds persuaded him to retire. He went into business, and he didn't do so well. One day the Mayor of Seville called and asked him whether his two sons would be allowed to fight at a coming charity fight, or *corrida*. The parents were astonished, but they learned that the boys had been playing at bull-fighting in the parks until they had won a city-wide reputation. And, anyway, the bulls would be small, and it would mean much money for the Bienvenidas. So, after much discussion and the setting of a high price on the parents' permission, "Manuel and José fought the bulls in the charity *corrida*, and Seville went mad over them, and the fame and fortune of the family was assured." Continues the writer in *The World Traveller:*

> The day that Manuel and José first fought publicly, Mama Bienvenida looked at their younger brother, still in pinafores, and made up her mind that he at least would never take up so dangerous a career. But as enthusiasm for the two boy fighters increased, and as the house was constantly full of *aficionados* who talked of nothing but bulls and bull-fighting, the smallest son of all naturally aspired to a similar future. One day she decided that his ambition must be squashed once and for all, so she told Papa Bienvenida to take the boy out and let him try to fight a yearling, feeling sure that after he was badly trampled he would not be so enthusiastic over the sport. But the result was not as Mama Bienvenida planned. He killed his bull. And now, altho only nine years old, still too young to enter the ring, he is accounted the best fighter of the three. Poor Mama Bienvenida!
>
> After their first appearance, engagements came thick and fast for Manuel and José. At first they were paid five thousand pesetas for every fight. Their fame spread rapidly, and they were known throughout Spain. A promoter telegraphed for an engagement in San Sebastian. Papa Bienvenida had decided by that time that five thousand pesetas was not enough. And when he wired his terms to the San Sebastian promoter, that amazed person replied: "I do not want to buy your sons." But he accepted the terms, and after that the Bienvenida family got twelve thousand pesetas for all their fights. They became so popular that they took all the patronage away from the older toreadors. The crowds expected from the grown-up toreadors the same exciting tricks shown them by the Bienvenida boys. And the grown-up toreadors couldn't deliver. It was a bad business. So the grown-up toreadors got busy, put political machinery to working and had a law passed prohibiting boys under fifteen years of age to fight.
>
> After that there was nothing for them to do but search for new worlds to conquer. So they crossed the border into southern France, and from there they came to Mexico. The Mexican promoters considered their terms absurd, and refused to have anything to do with them. So Papa Bienvenida bought a few bulls on his own, rented the bull-ring, advertised the affair well, and after the startling success of the performance the promoters knuckled under. Now the boys receive twelve thousand pesos (six thousand dollars) every time they fight. From this Papa Bienvenida allows them each one peso (fifty cents) a day for pocket-money. The rest he puts in the bank. Their yearly income is about three hundred thousand dollars.
>
> When the boys fight, Papa Bienvenida is always in the ring with them, cape in hand, ready to rush to their assistance. And because of their dare-deviltries he is frequently forced into action. One afternoon José was tossed by a bull. José wasn't used to such treatment, and he rushed at the bull without cape or sword, ready to grapple with the beast barehanded. Papa Bienvenida grabbed him and saved him from being gored, but José, instead of appreciating this paternal attention, kicked and bit furiously in a most unfilial fashion.
>
> José insists that he is the best bull-fighter, because he was born in Seville, while Manual was born in Madrid.

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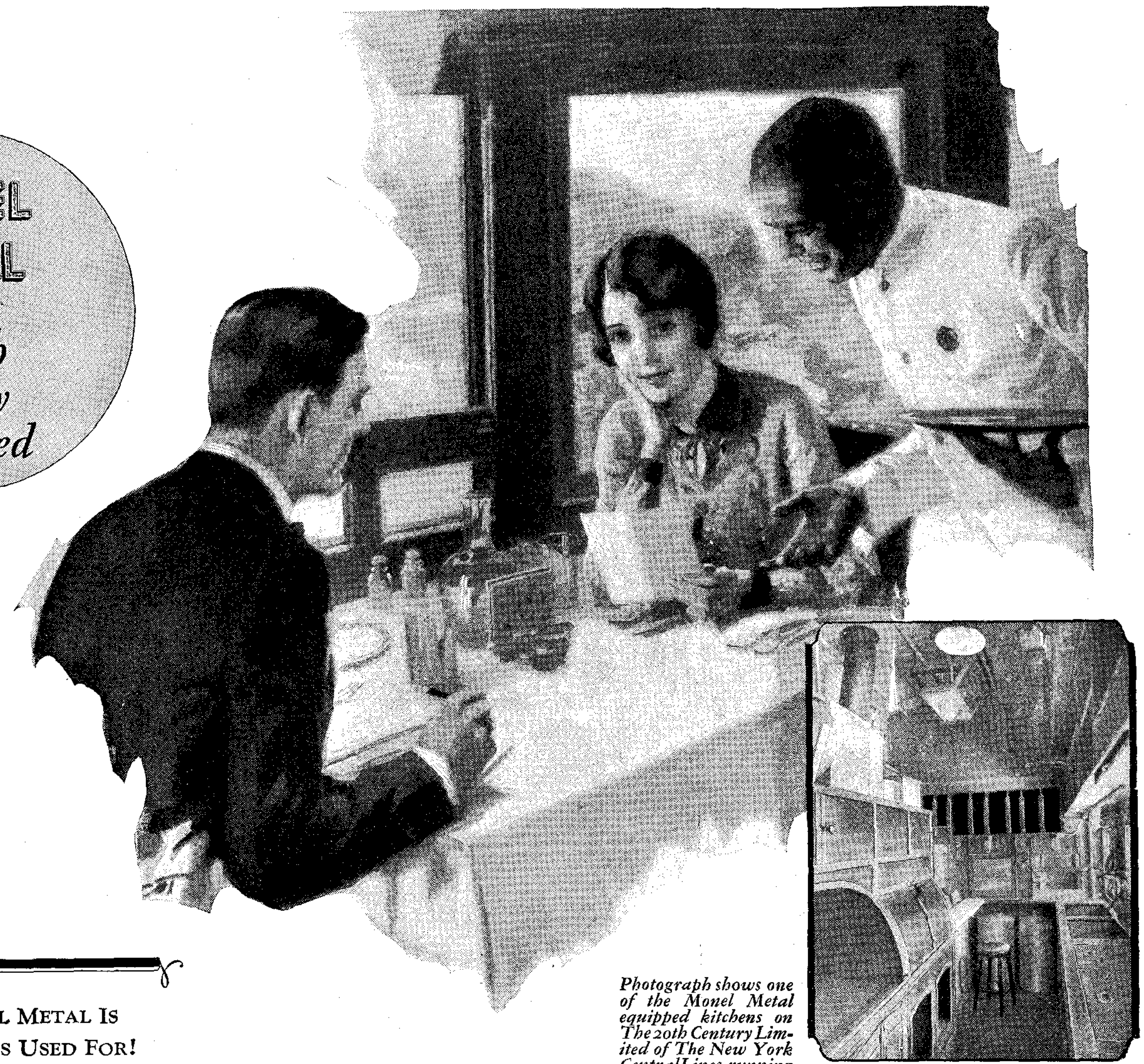

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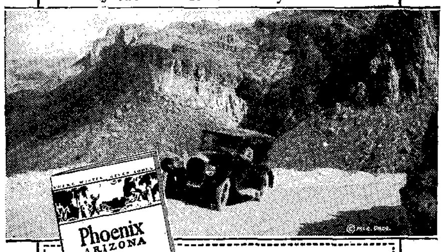

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
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HOW THE BALLYHOO MAKES THE ATHLETE

DOES that deified bruiser, the fistic champion of to-day, rely upon merit alone for fame and fortune? Does his reputation in very truth depend upon the steam behind his wallop, his ability to absorb punishment, or his superfine ring generalship? Not one of these, not all of them together even, can be considered actually responsible for the glittering pinnacle upon which he stands before an admiring world. For this we have the authority of no less a person than the well-known sports writer, W. O. McGeehan, as imparted to us in the pages of *Vanity Fair*. The secret, he tells us, lies not in bravery but in ballyhoo, not so much in packing a redoutable punch as in owning a high-powered press-agent. What makes this possible, we learn, is the fact that there is no yardstick by which the performance of a fighter can be accurately measured. As he puts it most convincingly:

> The statistics in athletic achievement are depressing and a deterrent to the modern Homers of the sports pages. The cold figures show that, in every line of athletic endeavor that can be recorded in regard to time or distance, every known athletic record has been bettered within the last twenty years and, of course, the end is not yet. In certain lines the stop-watch and the tape measure have been killing romance and dissipating myths relentlessly.
>
> There are those who would deduce from this that athletes must have improved in all lines of endeavor. This would leave the inference that the present heavyweight champion must be a greater fighter than John L. Sullivan or any of his predecessors under the Marquis of Queensberry or London prize-ring rules. In some quarters this would be regarded as little short of blasphemy and yet I have heard this point argued by men who were God-fearing, upright and reasonable upon all other subjects.
>
> With this formula in mind we are forced to conclude that Hercules must have been decidedly inferior to one of our second-rate modern wrestlers. It would seem that the serpent he was supposed to have strangled in his crib while he was a babe was perhaps no bigger than a garter snake.
>
> Fortunately, achievement in the "squared circle" can not be measured by time or space, consequently here is one sport where the imagination can run free and where the argument as to the relative greatness of the comparatively ancient and the modern can rage forever. In this regard the modern Homers still may fashion demigods according to their dreams and to just as credulous audiences as those that listened to the first blind chronicler of athletic prowess.

Such being the case, we find ourselves readily agreeing with Mr. McGeehan's conclusion that "your modern champion is as great as his chroniclers make him." He drives home this argument with a verbal vim that recalls the historic blows

Page Mr. Peanut
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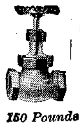

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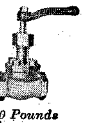

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handed out long ago by the peerless "pugs" of whom he writes.

It was the good fortune of John L. Sullivan to have taken the stage just as the first beams of the spotlight were turned upon pugilism. In the case of a comparatively remote figure like John L. Sullivan it is hard to say how much of this demigod was real and how much was ballyhoo. It is my notion that the figure of John L. Sullivan was largely legendary, and that the figures of many of his immediate successors were equally unreal.

In the ponderously majestic wake of Sullivan there followed a new type, "Gentleman Jim" Corbett. With all due respect to the affable and intelligent actor that Mr. Corbett has become, he was no more gentlemanly in the ring than was his immediate predecessor. On the contrary, Mr. Corbett, when engaged in his ringwork was just as cold and concentrated a killer as any man who took up the manly art. At Carson City, Mr. Corbett was highly amused at the wrath of Mrs. Fitzsimmons (the magnificent Rose Julian) while the fight was going his way.

"The late Robert Fitzsimmons testified to the fact that Mr. Corbett ''it 'im cruel 'ard.'" From all accounts, James J. Corbett was quite as vicious a fighter as any of them, which is no arraignment of his manners, because all successful fighters are forced to be that way.

But the key-note of the press-agenting of James J. Corbett, which was handled by one of the most skilful gentlemen in that line of work, Mr. William A. Brady, was what might be called the "gentlemanly" angle. This seemed to get by, at the time. It would not go very far now, because it has been overdone. There have been too many "gentlemen" in the prize-ring, and their welcome has been worn out.

But the greatest bit of press-agenting was done by Mr. Jack Kearns (born Leo J. McKiernan, but who changed the name for his own reasons) in the promotion of Jack Dempsey. Mr. Kearns had some groundwork in the manly art, having started out as a heavyweight fighter himself. But after being knocked out no fewer than six times, Mr. Kearns decided that there was no future for him in that part of the business. He determined, as they say, "to get himself a fighter."

He acquired Jack Dempsey just about the time it was agreed that young man Dempsey was merely another "palooka" or "pork and beaner." Under the management of John the Barber, a sporting gentleman of New York, Dempsey had met a third-rate negro fighter and, in the encounter, had received a thorough trouncing, sustaining a broken rib and a considerable shattering of faith in his own fighting ability.

No amount of press-agenting, we are informed, can "create a demigod out of absolutely nothing." The article to be sold to the public must possess a modicum of merit. Given that and the friendly help of newspaper writers on ring gossip, who are, it appears, "easy game for the sporting press-agent," a great deal can be accomplished.

Mr. Kearns received plenty of aid from the writers of pugilism, whom he cultivated assiduously.

From the moment he came under the charge of Mr. Kearns no day passed without tidings of Jack Dempsey. After the break with Kearns this continued of its own

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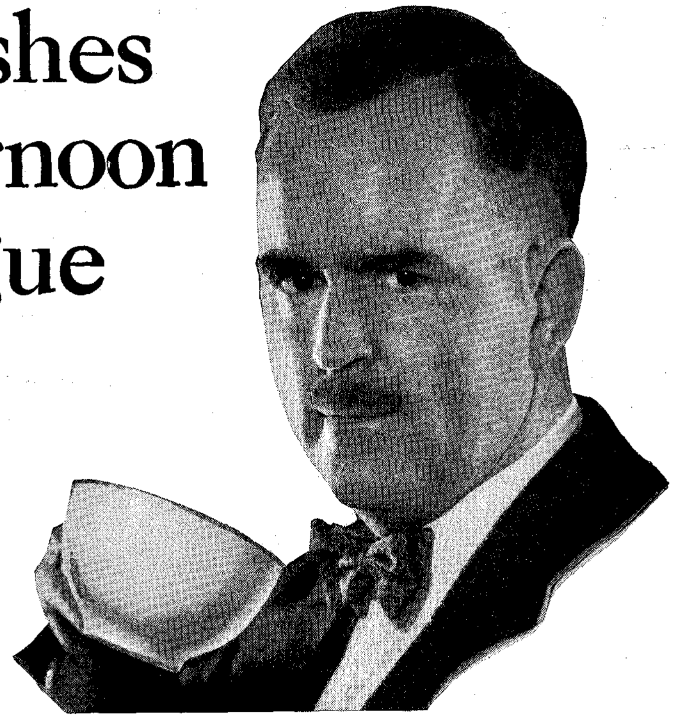

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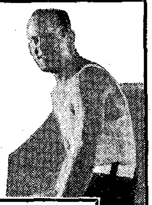

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This book is for those who wish to keep physically fit and maintain normal weight. Not intended as a guide for chronic invalids as all such cases require the care of a competent physician. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

momentum. The successors of Kearns lived on the work of the first real manager and press-agent. When a figure has been as intensely ballyhooed as that of Jack Dempsey it could not pass into the silences at once, and only a little beating of the drum, even by unskilled hands, was required to keep the ballyhoo alive.

For his part in the creation of what we might call the "Dempsey Legend," Mr. Kearns charged his man only 50 per cent. of the net earnings of the pair. When you look back and recall that at the time Kearns took him up, Mr. Dempsey was on his way back to the brake beams and the hobo jungles, this percentage does not seem quite as unreasonable as it at first appears.

There was a greater ballyhoo man than even Mr. Kearns, in the person of the late Willus Britt, who managed, in turn, his brother, James Edward Britt, almost lightweight champion; Battling Nelson; and the late Stanley Ketchell. I think that Mr. Kearns must have learned in that same school, for both he and Mr. Britt came from that district in San Francisco known as "South of the Slot." It produced, among other prodigies, David Belasco and "Tad" Dorgan, the sporting cartoonist and prize-fight authority.

But Britt would insist upon lily-painting stunts. I recall that when Willus was starting east on his first trip with Stanley Ketchell, he confided to me his great scheme for press-agenting that fighter.

"Of course you know that Stanley used to be a fighting waiter," he said. "But that will make no hit in New York. There is no class to that whatsoever, and what we want is class. Now I have got a lot of nice clothes for Stanley, and I have bought him a couple of fraternity pins. I am going to take him east as a University of California student who is fighting his way through college. He is nice looking, and I think I can get away with it."

I threw buckets of cold water on this plan and drenched it so thoroughly that Mr. Britt abandoned it, but not without considerable regret. "Well, then," he sighed, "I guess that he will have to go to New York as a cowboy. I will fix him up with a broad-brimmed hat and chaps. But he is simply not going to go to New York as a fighting waiter."

Mr. Willus Britt had not overestimated the credulity of the readers of sport pages in New York. Ketchell was accepted as a cowboy just as Jack Renault was accepted as a member of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police until the Canadians protested, and as Harry Wills was accepted as an industrious stevedore until the Stevedores' Union, in justice to itself, protested that he was a stevedore only as long as a troublesome world war made it necessary.

We now are treated to a glimpse of the highly successful activities of the greatest of all fight-promoters, both in the way of making others famous and also in the little matter of keeping himself constantly in the public eye:

Luis Angel Firpo, the "Wild Bull of the Pampas," was neither wild nor bovine, but that was a name to pack them in at the box-offices, just as the title "The Four Horsemen of Notre Dame" brought thousands of dollars to the extensive athletic fund of that struggling institution of learning.

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They passed Firpo off as a pharmacist. The editor of the *Pharmacists Magazine* sent something to him for analysis. The press-agent had the work done by a chemist and Firpo was claimed by the pharmacists as one of their very own. As a matter of fact the experience of Firpo in the drug line consisted mostly of sweeping out a drug-store in Buenos Aires.

As a pugilist Firpo had fewer assets than any heavyweight who ever stept into the ring, yet the dream of Tex Rickard, who knows his customers, is to find another Luis Angel Firpo. Also Firpo, with no qualifications for the prize-ring, left the United States with close to $700,000, which is a great deal of money, especially when translated into Argentine *pesos*. It is more than most of them have to show at the end of their ring careers, and those who know Firpo insist that he not only has every dollar of it but that he has added a little to the original sum.

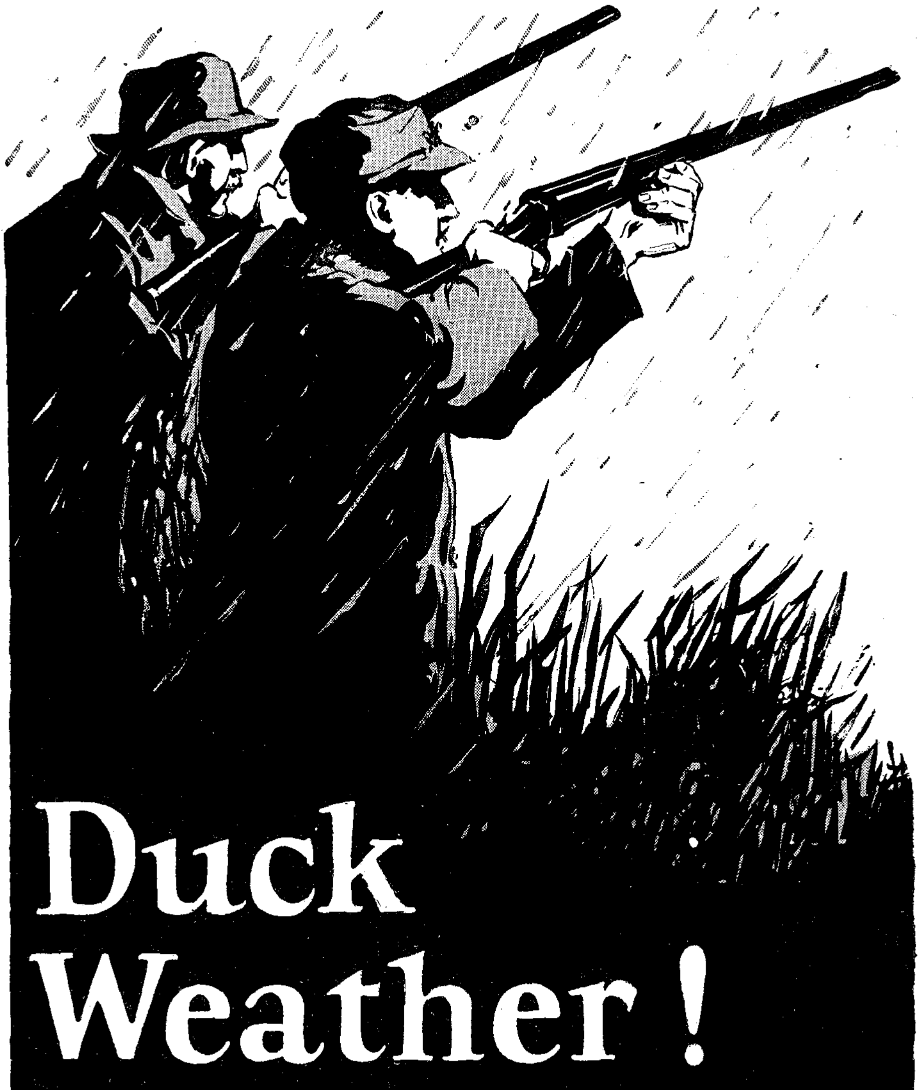
Probably the most successfully press-agented man in the United States is Mr Tex Rickard, promoter of million-dollar prize-fights. All of his business activities constitute news, which is sought with avidity by the sports writers. Mr. Rickard no longer has to make any effort to press-agent himself or his enterprises. Newspapers are fighting to do it for him.

If the Gans-Nelson bout, which started Mr. Rickard on the career in which he has achieved such success, had been promoted by a mere fight promoter named George Lewis Rickard (which is Rickard's original name), and fought in New York or San Francisco, that would have been the end of the matter. But it was staged in Goldfield, a mining-camp, and the promoter was a glamorous character with the name Tex Rickard.

He kept a square gambling-house and a square saloon. Of course a square gambling-house paid, and so did a square saloon. The natural percentages and profits from both were all that anybody could ask, but emphasis was placed on the squareness of both. When Rickard came to New York behind this ballyhoo the rest was so easy that even Mr. Rickard was surprized. His fame has reached such proportions that he has almost become fearful that one of these days he may become over-press-agented.

The article closes with a brief reference to that hero of the gridiron whose name has become a household word to football lovers:

> Of course the big money and the more enduring athletic fame seems to be in the prize-fight game, but the figure of Mr. Red Grange, the football player, is no inconsequential one. I will always insist that there have been greater backs and greater all-around football players than Red Grange of Illinois, but that is of no particular importance. The fame of Red Grange, through the press-agent genius of Mr. C. C. Pyle, reached all corners of the earth.
>
> But why continue trying to destroy old and beautiful legends, especially when those who pin their faith on them will fight for their preservation?
>
> Let us not inquire too closely as to whether or not John L. Sullivan could lick any fighter in the world, and did lick no few of the greatest fighters in it. Let us not too long, or too closely, examine the ice carried by Red Grange, lest it melt away into thin air.
>
> Admitting that most of our athletic heroes are quite as legendary as those of



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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

Homer's creation they are certainly better than no heroes at all. How much of their fame is pure metal and how much of it is mere ballyhoo does not matter as long as they add to the gaiety and credulity of nations.

SOME OF THE GAME GUYS OF FOOTBALL

"TALK about the courage of ring-fighters," Tim O'Mara the sportsman is said to have exclaimed: "Why, nine football players out of ten have taken more punishment at times, suffered more and shown greater heroism, and said less about it than most any prize-fighter I ever heard of!" Burris Jenkins, Jr., puts his emphatic endorsement on this statement in his sports column in the New York *Evening World.* He knows of "untold cases of wounded football players whose chief concern was to hide their injury so they could play on." Mr. Jenkins goes on to tell a story of some of the "game guys" of our great autumn sport, in a disconnected fashion, because it is set down as the report of the conversation of a group of old football men in a New York apartment:

"Remember Red Barron—played for Georgia Tech some time ago?

"Well, I don't know how many of you know how Red went into that game with Center back in 1920. Red's jaw was busted and held together with silver wire. He'd busted it a few days before, and yet he had to get in that Center game. They didn't have another back who could fill his shoes. So Red got the doctor to sew the jawbone together with this picture-wire stuff, and Red was there when the whistle blew. Played a great game, too, if you remember. . . ."

"Ike Williams, wasn't it—played four years for Georgia Tech with a busted neck? I remember him—used to wear an iron and leather brace up around his back and head that made him look hunchbacked. . . ."

"That's not so unusual. Eddie Hart of Princeton had his neck broken or dislocated or something, and used to wear a brace like that. And I hear that Harry Herbert, who broke his neck up at Syracuse, is now playing for Boston University. And Ike Williams is still playing pro football somewhere. . . ."

"Ever hear of Charlie Weirs of Savannah? He played two years of football and three years of basketball at Georgia with a hole in his head! Yes, sir, big as a half-dollar in his skull. Fractured on a rock, and they had to cut out the bone. He wore a metal protector and a special headgear all the time. . . ."

Somebody mentioned Joe Prendergast of Princeton and his broken nose and the trick mask he used to wear to protect it.

"A broken nose isn't anything," one of the Southern boys drawled scornfully. "Nearly everybody gets a busted nose, and thinks nothing about it. I know many fellows who played with them busted, and without any masks either. Playing half a game when you're out on your feet is another pretty common occurrence. I've done that myself. Didn't remember anything except maybe a couple of flashes

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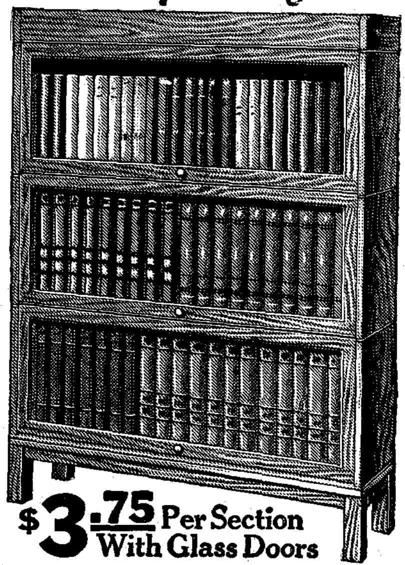

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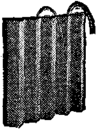

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through the whole game. Once, when I was a freshman, that was, at the University of Georgia.

"But it was funny about George Morton—he was playing quarter for us that day against North Carolina. Well, George got kicked in the head on one of the first plays. He started calling signals clear up in the millions—gone clear cuckoo! So one of the backs took George by the arm and led him aside and told him to keep quiet or they'd put him out. The other back called signals, and George just stood there, not saying anything. The only time he'd come to life was when he'd hear his signal. That seemed to get through his groggy brain like a flash, and away he'd go, perfectly accurate according to his signal. Didn't remember a bit of the game afterward!"

Right here a Columbia man broke into the conversation—

"Reminds me," interposed a Columbia man, "of Walter Koppisch in that Dartmouth game when Haughton was there. Koppisch's left arm was torn loose and paralyzed about the middle of the game. It was cold, too, and in order to deceive the Dartmouth team into thinking he was all right, Koppisch kept slapping his hands together by swinging the useless arm up against his good one. But it didn't deceive Haughton for long, and he had to take Koppisch out. The Columbia team so depended on Koppisch that it went to pieces, and Dartmouth had a walkover. Walter knew this was going to happen, which was why he wanted to bluff it out, arm or no arm. . . ."

"Say, here's something hard to believe. At one time under the Haughton régime, at Columbia, thirty-seven of the members of the varsity squad each had a floating cartilage in either the knee or some joint. Thirty-seven of 'em! Yet every one of 'em wore a brace and reported for practise every day. . . .

"Benny Friedman tells a funny one," one of them contributed finally. "In the Michigan-Northwestern game last year, both teams came off the field loaded down with ice and sleet—frozen up solid in the blizzard they'd been playing in. Benny said he had to get under a hot shower to thaw his clothes off, and that the only way he knew the water was hot was to see the steam rising off the ice on his shoulders. . . ."

"That's a cold one, but here's a hot one. Tom Thorpe said the toughest game he ever played was against Penn back in 1903, or thereabouts, and he never knew why until the other day. Tom met an old Penn football man when he was refereeing a game in Philly. 'Remember that time you played us here, Tom—' 'Do I remember!' says Tom, 'I'm all over bruises yet—' 'Well, I'll tell you how that happened,' laughed the old Penn grad, 'you wore some new shoes—' 'That's right,' says Tom, 'I lost my old ones and had to buy some shiny tan ones, the only ones I could find to fit me—' 'Well,' explained the old grad, 'our coach was giving us final instructions when Columbia came on the field. He saw you in those shoes, and he says get that big beef in the yellow shoes! So—' 'I'll tell you the rest,' interrupts Tom. 'I thought a building fell on me every scrimmage. I couldn't understand it! Somebody would work on an elbow or a knee or my neck every time I got under the pile! I never suffered so in my life. I got some relief the second half by putting on black stockings, but I could hardly move at the finish. And so it was all because of those blame yellow new shoes!'"

Jan. 7, 1927
Dec. 9th, 1926
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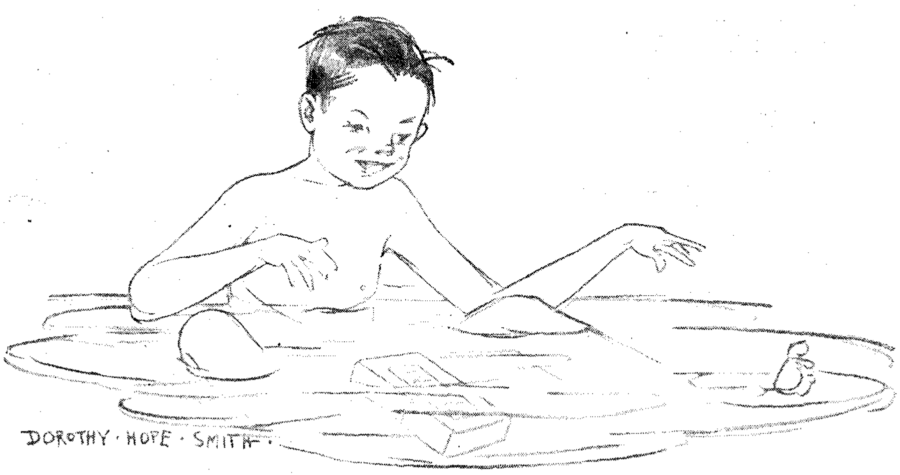

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

EXPLAINING OUR PUZZLING "PROFITLESS PROSPERITY"

A PREDOMINANT SUBJECT of discussion in trade and industry during the fall has been the growing intensity of competition, writes Frank Greene of *Bradstreet's*, in his monthly analysis of business conditions for *The Nation's Business.* Undoubtedly, as Franklin K. Sprague, financial editor of the New York *Herald Tribune* has observed, a change has come over American business since the war: "The margin of profit in intensified competition has been reduced and success of business has been depending more and more on a narrow profit and large volume." Practically the same story was told recently by President Magnus W. Alexander of the National Industrial Conference Board in a speech at Atlantic City; he asserted that anyone with his hand on the pulse of business to-day knows that "a good deal of business that is being taken is accepted at a low profit." And so some one has coined the phrase describing the present period as one of "profitless prosperity." *The Magazine of Wall Street* thinks this is "a rather extreme way of putting it, since the majority of soundly managed companies are in reality making money, tho on a lower plane than for several years." The New York *Journal of Commerce*, on the other hand, taking a less rosy view of the situation, argues that a profitless prosperity isn't prosperity at all: "a prosperity that is profitless is no prosperity and full employment that gives no margin for saving, owing to high living costs—may indeed coincide with a declining standard—is a questionable boon." In the same editorial *The Journal of Commerce* quotes an unnamed manufacturer who defines profitless prosperity as "a time in which labor is well employed at good wages, demand for goods is vigorous, agriculture tolerably successful, and money abundant," also a time "in which most concerns are making but little money, and many are failing."

In a careful study of the underlying trend of business in the current *Magazine of Business* (formerly known as *System*), the editor, A. W. Shaw, calls attention to the strange fact that the number of failures has been increasing during the last five years, while such indications as construction figures, motor production, bank transactions, railroad records, advancing wages, improving living standards, steel output, employment statistics, have been continuously pointing to prosperity. What is the explanation of this kind of prosperity? Mr. Shaw finds it in the fact that our present prosperity is accompanied by declining commodity prices. The prosperous intervals before the war "were characterized by rising prices—and during them almost everybody made money on current operations because of these rising prices, while the more venturesome made large gains through what amounted to speculation in inventories." But now international financial complexities have resulted in a tendency to keep prices down in this country while the gold standard is being reestablished abroad. We have been encountering declining commodity prices along with prosperity. The increases in output, due in part to more productive labor and better machinery, have caused the stiffest sort of competition—

> With each decline in prices came the demand for reduced costs, with insolvency as the only alternative. And with each increase in output came a new price decline. The weaker went constantly to the wall.
>
> The results of the change are as evident. No longer did prosperity mean profits for almost everybody. Instead, it meant profits for those able to control large volumes and those able to manage with exceptional effectiveness. Inventory speculation meant losses, usually, instead of gains.

Now, continues the editor of the Chicago monthly, this new sort of prosperity has met easier going for—

> 1. The efficient and the strong—able to command ample supplies of cheap credit with which to install cost-cutting facilities and to control supply sources sufficiently to counteract, at least to some extent, the effects of falling prices;
> 2. The railroads and the public utilities—able to satisfy their needs at the lowered prices, and supplied with ample volumes of business at satisfactory rates, the while largely sheltered from new competitors;
> 3. The great majority of industrial workers—able to obtain employment at high wages in a market protected by immigration restrictions;
> 4. The officials and the security owners of the efficient and strong corporations;
> 5. The run of the professional and fixed-salary population—placed in much the same position as the railroads and the public utilities.

But the new prosperity, we are told, has meant "appreciably harder going for these five groups":

> 1. The farmers—altho their situation has been improving;
> 2. Those inadequately financed;
> 3. The majority of the smaller, and not very effectively managed, industrial producers in highly competitive fields, and many of the distributers in some lines;
> 4. In the main, jobbers, wholesalers and middlemen—because the declining prices made their inventories persistently troublesome;
> 5. All backward producers and distributers, and all those unable to "keep up with the procession" in reducing costs.
>
> In other words, a sellers' market formerly characterized prosperity; recently just exactly the opposite has been the case, a buyers' market having accompanied the last two years of prosperity

Of course, Mr. Shaw admits, "there are reasons for holding that a day may come when financial requirements will prescribe the old-time prosperity-with-rising-prices." If it does not come soon, "we must perfect a new generation of business men if the problems of declining-price prosperity are to be met." Mr. Shaw is inclined to think that what we really need "is a generation of business men capable of meeting the problems of both rising-price and declining-price prosperity"; and if we do develop such a breed of business men "at the cost of the present failure record, the price will not be high."

A suggestion is made by W. S. Cousins on the financial page of the New York *Evening Journal* that one reason why a number of our most important industries are "making less money nowadays" is because "they are outwitted by more skilful and shrewd buyers, who are ever on the alert to purchase goods at the lowest possible scale of prices."

With money cheap and plentiful and business active, why is the promise of profits less attractive, asks Benjamin Baker, editor of *The Annalist.* Of course, he replies, nobody can answer this with precision, but "one particular fact may be of suggestive value":

> A private research bureau of very high authority lately found that in the early Summer an average of 20 per cent. of all the grocery stores in American cities of 25,000 or more inhabitants were in the hands of receivers; and that in some cities as high as 75 per cent. of all grocery stores were in this predicament. There is no reason to question the substantial accuracy of this finding. And it may well be set in contrast with the monthly reports of increasing sales by chain stores, department store chains and mail order houses, as indicating that some parts of the business of retailing have acquired a new efficiency which has shifted the promise of profits and has deprived some groups of that promise altogether.
>
> This change in the retail field is in essence entirely comparable with the increased efficiency of physical production of commodities which is due to advances in machine equipment and especially in management. A parallel development in wheat

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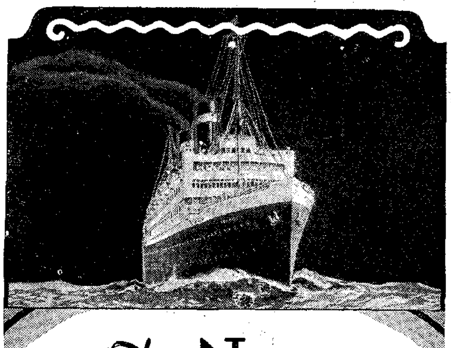

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

raising, namely, the use of the reaper-harvester combine, has brought a similar disturbing element into parts of agriculture. Even cotton farming has been affected by machine power. This general process, involving competitive production in every direction, has involved also the fall in competitive prices, and a lessened return on plant and business capital of which much was invested at a time when the competitive profit margin was apparently larger than it is now. Industrial and manufactured prices having been brought to their present level by competitive efficiency, it would seem unlikely that the ultimate purchaser will have to pay higher prices than the present, because the reserve of competition will tend to check any attempted substantial advances. The broad inference is perhaps justified that the stage ahead of American industry is one of decapitalization—in other words, attainable profits must carry a lighter burden of capital charges, or industrial capital must content itself with a lower rate of return.

A characteristic of the situation, as the New York *Journal of Commerce* sees it, is that "the low-cost producers in a number of industries are able fairly consistently to earn moderate profits, and a few are able by reason of more or less special circumstances to earn really large profits." "The active business man and the investor or owner of capital are getting much less than their share":

"Labor," so-called, has a large and disproportionate part of the social product, the farmer, tho long deprest, is getting a larger income and some of the natural monopolies, such as public utilities, here and there are doing very well indeed. A few large concerns are making brilliant incomes. Is this prosperity, profitless or otherwise?

That some enterprises continue to expand, make large profits and develop business is usually attributable to one of two or three major causes. In some instances the conspicuous examples of high profit at present are furnished by industries whose rates of charge are somewhat inflated. Public utilities, for instance, soon after the war succeeded in getting material advances in rates, and have held them even in spite of price declines which would normally have reduced the return to these concerns had their charges been subject to periodical revaluation. Another group of enterprises is illustrated by the concerns which have succeeded in building up special monopoly positions in one way or another, and a third by those which have succeeded in getting a start in new lines of enterprise here and there where profits came easily and there was little competition. Take, for instance, the fact established by recent analyses that three-quarters of all our automobile concerns lost ground this year as compared with last, but that the inclusion of the returns from some half dozen highly profitable enterprises makes the industry as a whole show a large gain, and we have a fair picture of the situation.

"Inefficiency," usually cited by smug self-admirers in business as explanation of poor profits by others, is hardly an explanation of present conditions. Just as it is out of the question to indict a whole nation, so it is absurd to impeach or condemn a whole branch of business. It is not inefficiency but bad credit and economic conditions that have raised our present failure record to high notch. Some enterprises are being greatly favored by tariffs, freights, and especially by access to low-cost credit and loan funds, while others are in the opposite position. Some classes in the community are being greatly opprest by organized labor and by its abstraction from the industrial fund of resources which should have been much more widely shared. Some others are being held back from reaching a better position by the gradual closing of many avenues of expansion as a result of discriminating legislation and in other ways.

While prices have been working downward, demand for goods has been declining, partly because the peak of the building boom has been reached, and partly, according to *The Journal of Commerce*, because "we have drawn off most of the cream to be obtained from the institution of a widespread system of instalment selling." The explanation of this state of affairs is that:

Consumers, or many of them, having already spent their income for a year ahead, can go on buying on past scales only if they are permitted to mortgage their income more than a year hence for the purpose. Even the most reckless are inclined to hesitate at so drastic a step as this latter. These and other conditions are now beginning to demand attention and to refuse to be ignored longer, as they have been in the past.

After this rather solemn discussion of the serious side of our "profitless prosperity" it is interesting to quote a vigorous call to the present generation of business men to go ahead and win under the new conditions. In a recent advertisement the Chicago *Tribune* says in part:

Before the mighty columns of good business rise the cries of the timid.

Business is good, tho the spiritless find the new competition tough going. New forces, which as yet have not been measured, are in play. There are new sweeping currents in business which have been set in motion and which are puzzling.

The gas of war boom has escaped. There still remain great volumes of business for those who want it hard enough to take it.

True, because ten new products are now clamoring for a share of the public's dollar, business may be harder to get. But the prizes are just as lucrative as ever. Tactics must change. If people are not buying from a certain group of factory owners, it is because they are buying elsewhere. Some manufacturers suffer not because people are not buying at all but because the public does not want their commodities or does not know about them. Compare your own diversity of expenditures with those of your father's.

Who is getting the money? Check payments, less-than-carload merchandise shipments, savings deposits, investment purchases, all are on a rising tide. Business is different, but also it is bigger. The saddle-worn have little to give to the new competitive selling. Mass production and an increased wage scale have smashed them. The diehards face disaster. The alert ride with the winds.

A FEW FRENCH THOUGHTS ABOUT WAR DEBTS

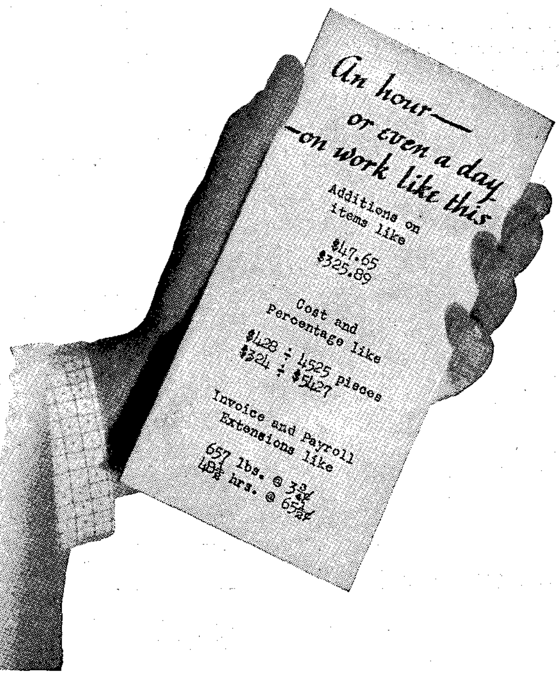
THE attitude of many French people upon the question of paying the debt to the United States is briefly summed up in five theses by C. Bertrand Thompson in *The Magazine of Business* (Chicago). This clear statement of the popular French position challenges our attention and is here offered as a contribution to the debate still going on in both the United States and France:

> 1. The war debt does not exist, as the funds advanced by America were but her contribution to the common cause.
> 2. If France accepted the obligation to repay, she did it under compulsion and the contract is void, being under duress.
> 3. If the debt is valid, France can not pay it in the present generation, and has no right to saddle future generations with it.
> 4. Even if the present generation had the means to pay, it needs these means for other things.
> 5. If France had the money to spare, now or later, the United States is already suffering from a plethora of gold, and it would be unfriendly to burden her with more!

WHERE OUR PROSPERITY IS "DISCOURAGING"

THAT place is Europe, where in the face of distinct improvement, there is a deep feeling of discouragement, according to Paul Warburg, Chairman of the International Acceptance Bank, "partly because there is still so long a stretch to be covered and partly because the Old World, in spite of its advance, feels that it is constantly losing ground in its effort to catch up, or, at least, to keep pace, with us." Mr. Warburg's further comment, made upon his return from a recent visit to Europe, is quoted as follows in the Alexander Hamilton Institute's *Business Conditions Weekly:*

> The question most frequently put to an American abroad is: "How long is your prosperity to last?" And in this question there lies an equal fear that it might continue too long as well as that it might come to a sudden end, because at present Europe's own stability and progress are closely linked up with ours.
>
> One of the most puzzling economic questions is the world's excessive capacity of industrial production and the desperate efforts of all countries by artificial means further to stimulate the growth of their productive powers in order to conquer new markets or conserve old ones. America's natural resources, her large-scale manufacturing methods, her high efficiency, her huge home market and her financial strength give her so great an advantage in this struggle that there is danger that the scales may tip so much in our favor that the world may become too lopsided for our comfort. Paradoxical as it may appear, our greatest economic problem may become the art of not using our advantages to excess. We may have to learn that we serve our own interests better by leaving some markets to others rather than by bending our efforts on conquering them wherever we can.



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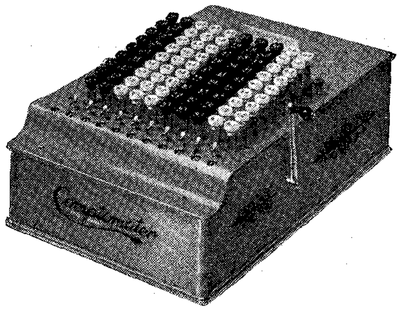

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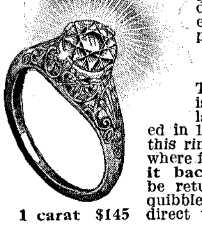
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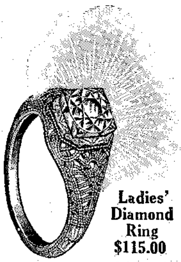
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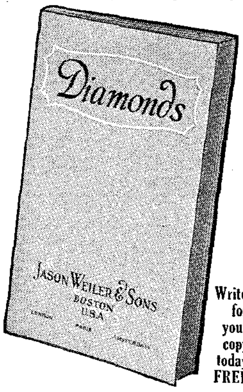

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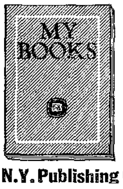

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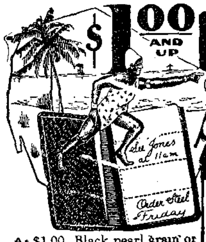

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

November 1.—Mustafa Kemal Pasha is unanimously reelected President of the Turkish Republic by the Grand National Assembly.

November 2.—An engagement between guerrillas and United States Marines, in which sixty of the guerrillas were killed or wounded and one Marine was wounded and two national guardsman were killed, is reported from Managua, Nicaragua.

November 4.—Turkey's first census puts the population at approximately 14,000,000.

The discovery at Sakkara, near Cairo, of what is believed to be the tomb of King Zoser, famous Pharaoh of the third dynasty (about 4000 B. C.), is reported from Cairo.

November 5.—Gen. Arnulfo R. Gomez, one of the presidential candidates who led the recent revolution against the Calles Government in Mexico, and his nephew, Francisco Gomez Vizcarra, are executed by a firing squad in the hamlet of Teocelo, State of Vera Cruz.

November 7.—The tenth anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution is celebrated in Moscow and elsewhere with parades and speeches, and in Moscow a general holiday is declared.

November 8.—News comes from Managua, Nicaragua, that Second Lieut. E. A. Thomas and Sergeant Frank Dowdell, American Marine Corps aviators, were killed a month ago by Nicaraguan outlaws.

DOMESTIC

November 2.—Justice Frederick L. Siddons rules the Fall-Sinclair oil conspiracy case a mistrial and dismisses the jury because, it is alleged, Edward J. Kidwell, one of the jurors, had been tampered with by agents of the defense.

A memorandum urging him to accept the proposal of the French Foreign Minister, Aristide Briand, for a treaty outlawing war between France and the United States, signed by 700 clergymen from all parts of the country, is presented to President Coolidge.

The Bureau of Internal Revenue reports that in 1926 the 117,000,000 people of the country had an income of $90,000,000,000, an increase of about $27,000,000,000, or more than 43 per cent., in the five years since 1921.

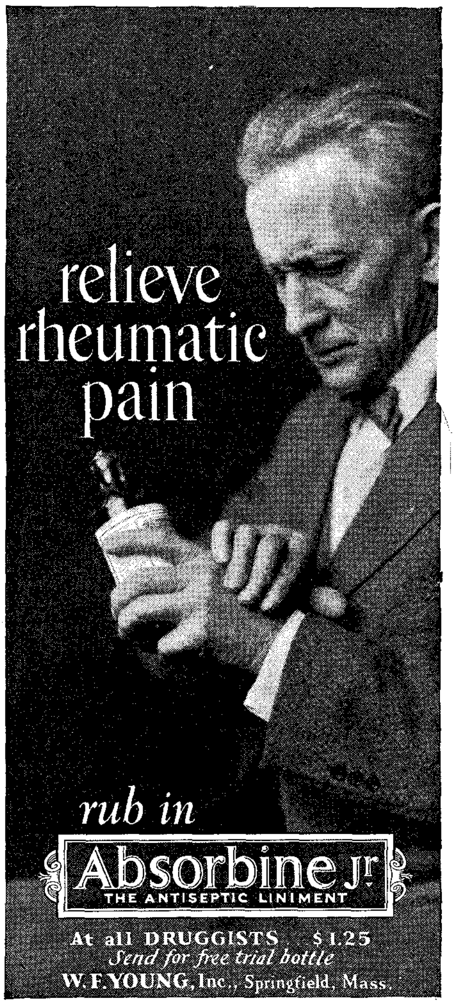
November 3.—Continued heavy rains bring on a flood in New England, especially in Vermont and Massachusetts, resulting in the death of 132 people, the destruction of hundreds of homes, and general damage amounting to many millions.

November 4.—H. Mason Day, one of the Sinclair Oil Company officials, is arrested in connection with the jury-tampering scandal which brought the Fall-Sinclair criminal conspiracy trial to an end, and is released in $25,000 bond.

November 5.—Capt. Hawthorne C. Gray is killed after his balloon had ascended 40,000 feet, an unofficial world's altitude record for free balloons.

President Coolidge orders the War Department to cooperate in every way possible in aiding the flood sufferers in New England.

November 6.—Snow-storms and a cold wave add greatly to the suffering of the victims in the New England flood-area.



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To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

Raeburn.—"R. L. R.," Clemons, Ia.—According to Harrison's "Surnames," the name *Raeburn* is from the Old English *rae*, roe, plus *burne*, a brook. *Roe* designates the "roe deer." Bardsley in his work on the same subject says: "*Raeburn* or *Reyburn* is the name of a stream in the parish of Eskdalemuir, the county of Dumfries."

Sunday.—"M. O. B.," Vienna, Va.—The earliest recognition of the observance of *Sunday*, as a duty, dates from a constitution issued by Constantine in the year 321 A.D. It enacts that all the courts of justice, the inhabitants of every town, and all workshops are required to be at rest on Sunday. The statement to which you refer is evidently based upon the Mosaic law—"Six days shalt thou labor and do all that thou hast to do, but the *seventh day* is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God," etc.

Now, the question of the *first day* of the week and the *seventh day* has been one of controversy in the Church for centuries, and we have among us the *Seventh Day Baptists;* the *Seventh Day*, Saturday, so called by the Society of Friends, and the *Seventh Day Adventists*, who observe the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath. This organization was formed in New England in 1846.

In ancient times *Sunday* was the day set aside as a day of adoration paid to the sun. Among Christians, it was commonly called *Dies Dominica*, or the *Lord's Day*, because of the Savior's appearance after His Resurrection on that day.

Eusebius in his "Life of Constantine" points out that the law issued for the observance of this day combined it with that of the *seventh day Sabbath* and other festivals. It was followed by several imperial edicts in favor of this day which formed part of the body of Roman law, the earliest being March 7 of the year 321. The Sabbath ordained by God (*Genesis ii: 2; Exodus xx: 8; Isaiah lviii: 13*) was observed by the Jews as the *seventh day* in commemoration of the creation of the world and of their redemption from the bondage of the Egyptians. The Christian observation of the *first day* of the week is in commemoration of the Resurrection of Christ from the dead and the redemption of man.

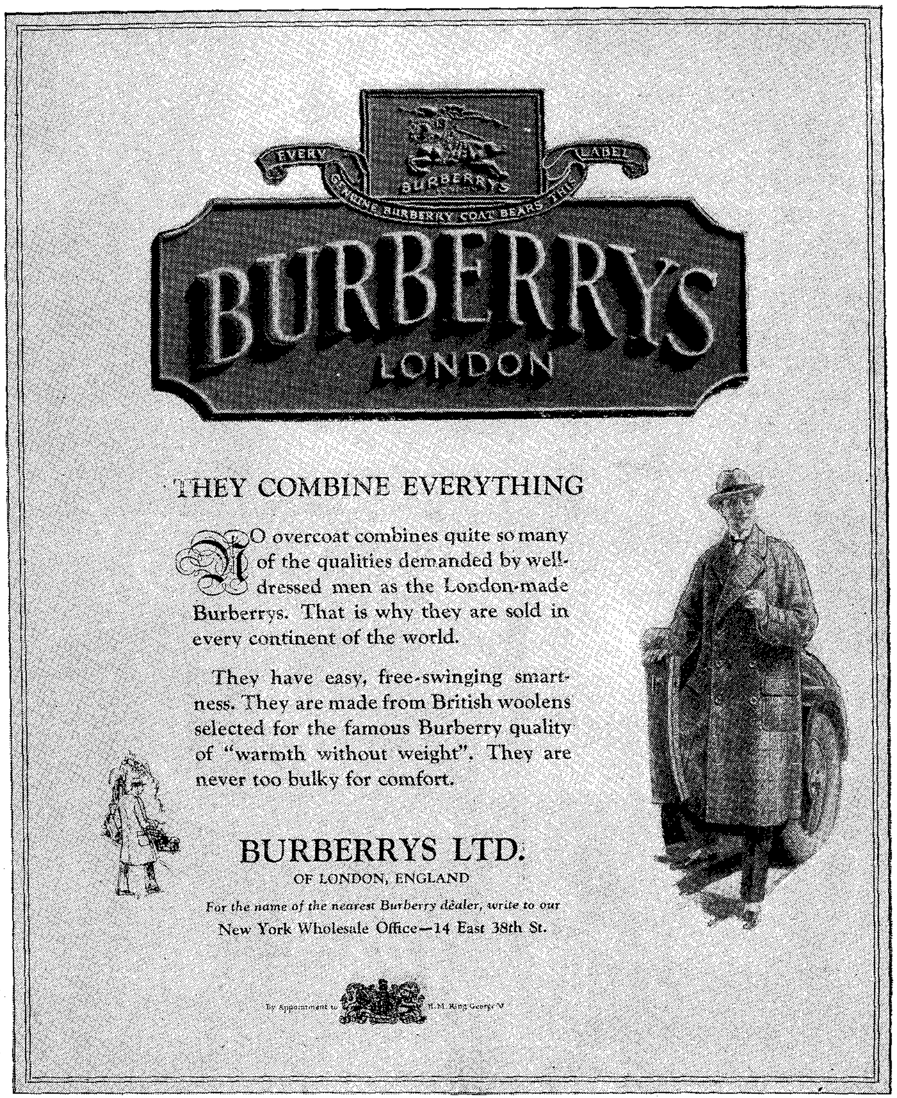
From the history of various countries we learn that at different times it was found necessary to reaffirm the observance of Sunday, so in 538 the Council of Orleans, France, prohibited country labor. In 960 the *Sabbath Day* was ordained to be kept holy in England from *Saturday* at three in the afternoon until the break of day of Monday. This is according to the 4th Canon of Edgar. In 1606 the British Parliament, by the 3d Act of James I., levied a fine of one shilling on every person absent from church on Sunday, but twelve years later, under the same King, Parliament authorized that certain sports might be indulged in after divine service.

In 1625, under Charles I., restraint was put upon Sunday amusements. In 1676, under Charles II., restraints were placed upon all services, outside of the church, on that day, the exceptions being the sale of milk at certain hours, of meat in public houses—not the drinking-places of the Victorian period, but the inns for the entertainment of man and beast—all works of necessity such as might have been brought about by act of God or mishap, and charity. The fine for the non-observance of this ordinance was five shillings. In 1855 efforts were made to suppress Sunday trading entirely, but these met with such opposition as to be abandoned. When the Jews were readmitted into Great Britain under Cromwell, the compulsory observance of Sunday was imposed on all persons alike, and not until the 28th of May, 1721, was this compulsory service abrogated.

In 1875 efforts were made in England to maintain and enhance the value and importance of the English Sunday, and the agitation received the support of Dean Stanley of Westminster, Professors Tyndall, Huxley, and other prominent men, with the result that certain places of entertainment, such as the Aquarium at Brighton in Sussex, were cited for violation of the Sunday observance on April 27, and their directors were fined. The penalties were remitted by Act of Parliament, August 13th, but the Aquarium Company was again cited and fined, April 28, 1877.

In the summer of 1878, the thin edge of the wedge was inserted by the Grosvenor Gallery that opened its doors to a public exhibition of works of art. The proposal for the opening of museums and galleries in London, introduced in Parliament, was negatived by the House of Lords, mainly with the support of the Church, by 67 votes to 59, May 5, 1879; by 41 to 34, February 22, 1880; and by 91 to 67 on May 8, 1883, but on March 19, 1886, it was assented to by 76 to 62 votes, and finally agreed to by resolution of the House of Commons, 178 to 93, on March 10, 1896.

The late C. F. Moberly Bell, managing editor of the London *Times*, writing in 1904, said, "Socially, London is ruined, and become a provincial town by the hideous habit of week-ends. Much aggravated by the new House of Commons rules, nearly every one going away on a Friday."



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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Preparing the Alibi.—Lady—"Tell me, doctor—I want my husband to take me to Cannes. What ailment do you recommend?"—*Punch.*

Slapping the Goodies.—"Are you rushing some good prospects for the fraternity?"

"I should say so! Two fur coats, one Cadillac, and three beautiful sisters."—*Life.*

Lady Methuselah.—Mrs. Catherine Holler, 101 years old, died at City Hospital of Senility. She is survived only by a grandson and a great-grandmother.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Onto His Job.—Wanted—Experienced dairy foreman, one who is capable of producing grade A milk.—*Ad in the Houston Post-Dispatch.*

Soul of Discretion.—Sambo—"Did Brudder Brown gib de bride away?"

Rastus—"No, sah; he gwine let de groom fin' her out for hisself."—*Hardware Age.*

Magic Number.—
WE KILL
OUR POULTRY
3 TIMES DAILY
—*Handbill of a Jamaica (N. Y.) market.*

Patronizing the Local Product.—A party of forty American visitors to England brought their own cars with them. The trouble is that they'll probably use our pedestrians.—*London Opinion.*

Compound Interest.—"So you met Alice to-day."

"Yes, I hadn't seen her for ten years."

"Has she kept her girlish figure?"

"Kept it? She's doubled it."—*Boston Transcript.*

Putting the Treat in Treatment.—Doctor—"Your temperature seems to have taken a drop."

Patient—"Can't you fix it so I can do the same, doctor?"—*Boston Transcript.*

The First One, No Doubt.—Rockford, Ill., Sept. 12—Incensed by the text of letters which she asserted he had written about her to her landlady, Genevieve Taylor, 25, fired three shots at Alfonso Payne, 26, at noon to-day. One of the bullets took effect in Payne's grin.—*Danville paper.*

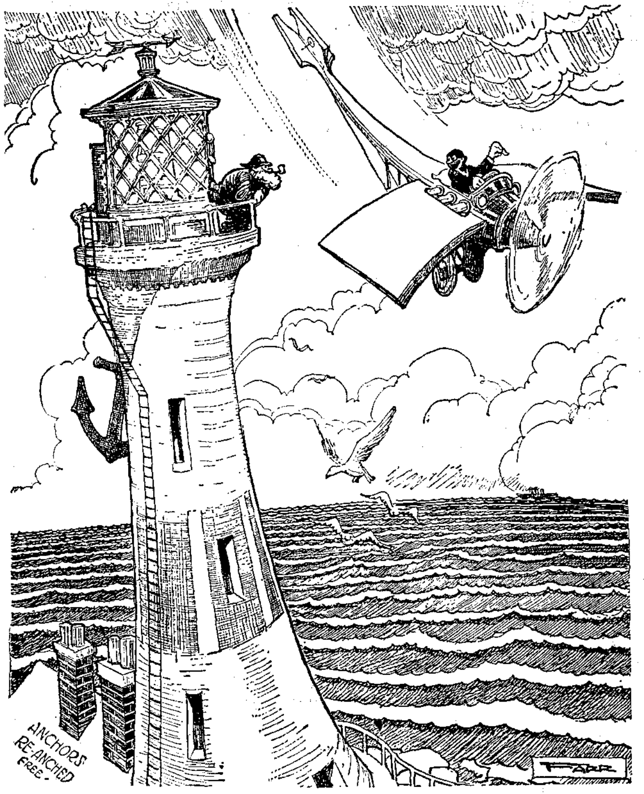
Mum's the Word.—The *Cincinnati Enquirer* man wishes to know which interferes most with driving; having a wife in the back seat or a sweetie around the neck. Having carried both impedimenta, we are qualified to answer, but beg the gentleman's leave to do it privately.—*Lexington Herald.*

Anyway, we can guess your answer, old top.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Hoop-La!—Carl—"Life is just a merry-go-round."

Paul—"Yes—with all the girls reaching for the gold ring that means a free ride."—*Life.*

Thanksgiving Cheer.—The June bride walked briskly into the market and said, "I want a half pound of mince meat and please cut it off a nice tender young mince."—*Hardware Age.*



IN THE YEAR 2000

"Good mornin', Skipper; I'm just down out of a fog. What's your ocean—the Atlantic or the Pacific?"

—*Judge.*

New Dry Terror.—
CHEMIST'S HEADLESS
BODY STARTS SEARCH
FOR RUM SUSPECTS.
—*Washington News.*

Stealing Her Stuff.—Mistress (to applicant for position as maid)—"And why did you leave your last place?"

Applicant—"The mistress copied every new hat I bought."—*Smith's Weekly.*

Quite at Home There.—The party was a dinner participated in only by Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge and John. The family spent the afternoon, which was quite warm for this season of the year, together on the front page.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Lioness In the Path.—Business Man—"Why did you leave your last position, Miss?"

Fair Applicant—"There was no future to it."

Business Man—"Indeed?"

Fair Applicant—"No; the boss was already married."—*Life.*

Mañana.—ORDERS RECEIVED BEFORE NOON SHIPPED SOME DAY.—*From a Chicago bookseller's catalog.*

Perfumed Static.—"Are you going to the flower show?"

"No, it's too much trouble. I think I'll stay home and get it over the radio."—*Life.*

Ducking the Cussing.—Jones—"Why have you that courtesy sign on the rear of your auto?"

Green—"So people can see it when I cut in past them."—*Allston (Mass.) Recorder.*

Admiral's Boots?—
RELIC OF PERRY'S FEET
FOUND ON LAKE SHORE
—*Bridgeport (Conn.) paper.*

Senior Wrangler.—First Man—"Ever been married?"

Second Man—"Yes, I've been through it from courtship to court-house."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Shake-down.—The New Jersey coast, from Asbury Park northwards, was shaken to-day by earth tremors moving from south to north. The Western Union at Highlands, N. J., vibrated violently for 20 cents.—*Boston American.*

Blow a Police Whistle.—Townley—"You remember the recipe for cooking a hare. It begins: 'First catch your hare.' "

Subbubs—"That's old. The up-to-date version begins: 'First catch your cook.' "—*Boston Transcript.*

Stilling the Tumult.—Radio Dealer—"Want one with a loud-speaker?"

King Solomon—"No, I want a little quiet. Give me one thousand pairs of headphones."—*Life.*

Quite Transparent.—Philadelphia, Sept. 17 (A.P.)—The Rev. Ernest E. Weaver, a former "marrying parson," of Elkton, Md., with more than three thousand marriages as one year's record, was harried here to-day.

Mr. Weaver's bride formerly was Mrs. Alda Meyer, a window, of West Philadelphia.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

Beating Her to It.—"Henry," exclaimed Mrs. H. P. Bloop to her husband, "at the bridge club to-day I told them you had failed, owing nine thousand dollars, and then that Mrs. Mitz chimed in and said her husband had failed, owing over twenty thousand to his creditors. The cat!"—*Life.*

Placing the Static.—Mrs. Witsend (from stairway)—"Wilbur, for mercy's sake, turn off that radio! That woman has the awfullest voice I ever heard!"

Wilbur—"Ha! Ha! This isn't the radio, Ma. This is Mrs. Highpitch come to call!"—*Life.*